Esquire

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

AUGUST

ARTICLES
ERNEST HEMINGWAY
UPTON SINCLAIR
GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY
HENRY M. ROBINSON
EDW. M. BARROWS
FRED C. KELLY
PAUL KEARNEY
F. GREGORY HARTSWICK
HANSON W. BALDWIN
W. BERAN WOLFE, M. D.
BERNARD SOBEL
LAWTON MACKALL
ALBERT PARRY
JACK WOODFORD
DEAC MARTIN

FICTION
JOHN DOS PASSOS
MORLEY CALLAGHAN
MANUEL KOMROFF
THOMAS BURKE
CARL CARMER
WALTER DURANTY
PAUL ANNIXTER
WILLIAM SAROYAN
EDW. L. McKENNA

POETRY
WM. ROSE BENÉT
OGDEN NASH

SATIRE
REX BEACH
NEWMAN LEVY
WALTER BROOKS
REED JOHNSTON

SPORTS
JOHN R. TUNIS
ROBERT BUCKNER
TRAVIS HOKE

DEPARTMENTS
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BURTON RASCOE
SIGMUND SPAETH
JOHN V. A. WEAVER
FRANK BLACK
MEYER LEVIN
A. de SAKHNOFFSKY

CARTOONS
JOHN GROTH
E. SIMMS CAMPBELL
R. VAN BUREN
GILBERT BUNDY
D. McKAY
HOWARD BAER
RODNEY de SARRO
PAUL WEBB
GEORGE PETTY
GEORGE LICHTY
JAY IRVING
TY MAHON
ABNER DEAN
SAM BERMAN
(COVER)

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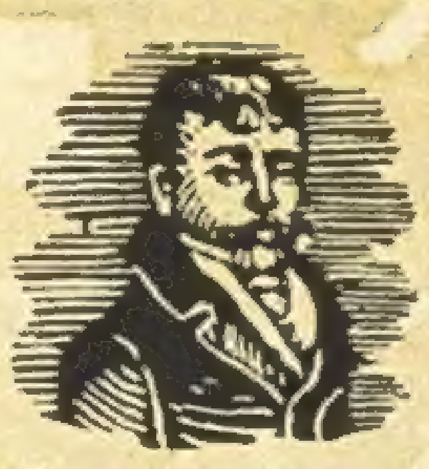
FICTION • SPORTS • HUMOR
CLOTHES • ART • CARTOONS

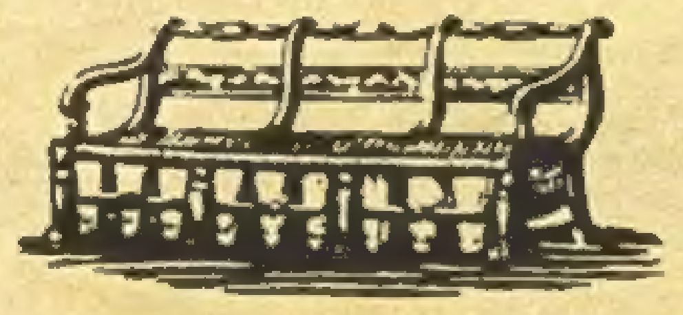
ICE FIFTY CENTS
CANADA FIFTY-FIVE CENTS

Vanities of 1810

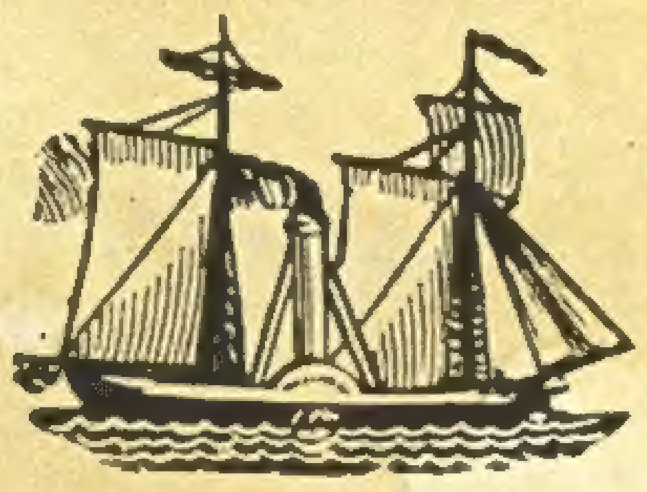
Gentlemen dressed like
this



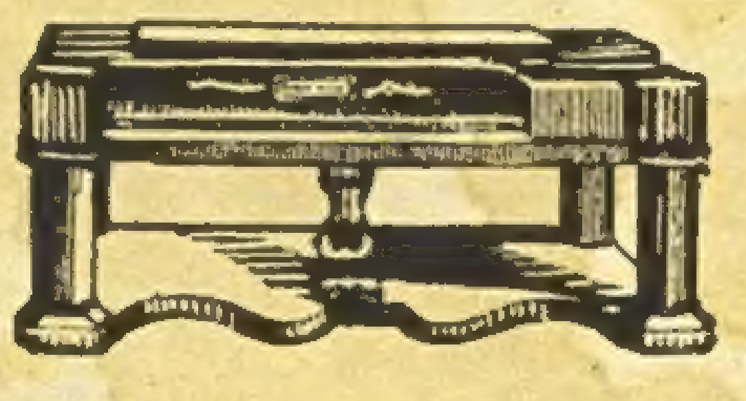
Wooed and won
(Or lost)
On settees like this



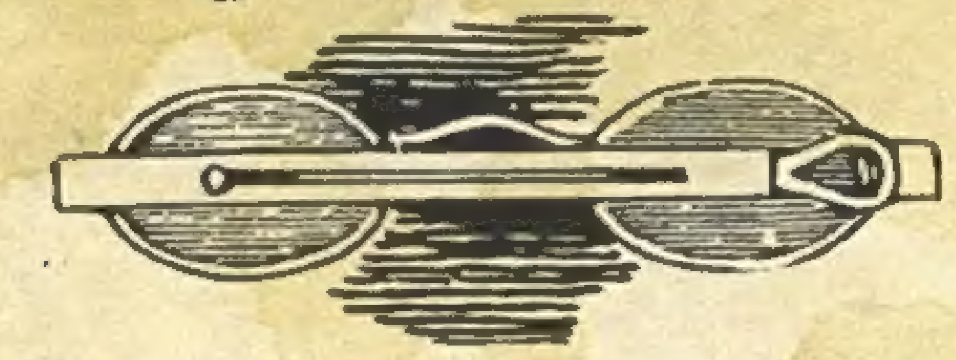
Honeymooned
On boats like this



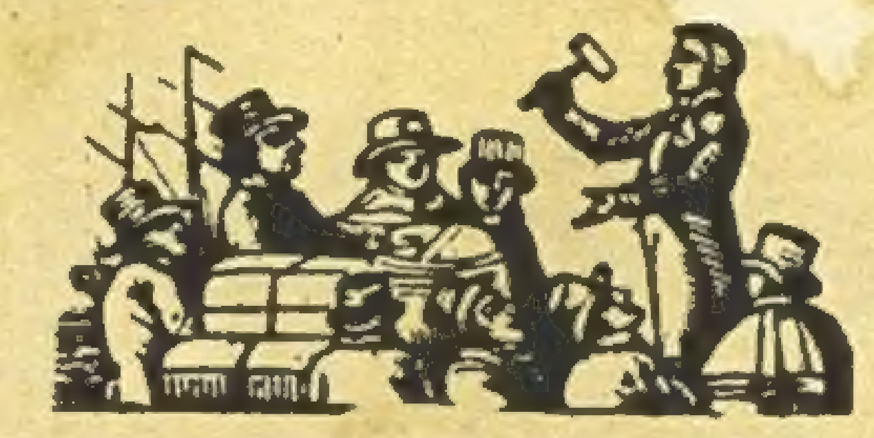
Sang to pianos like this



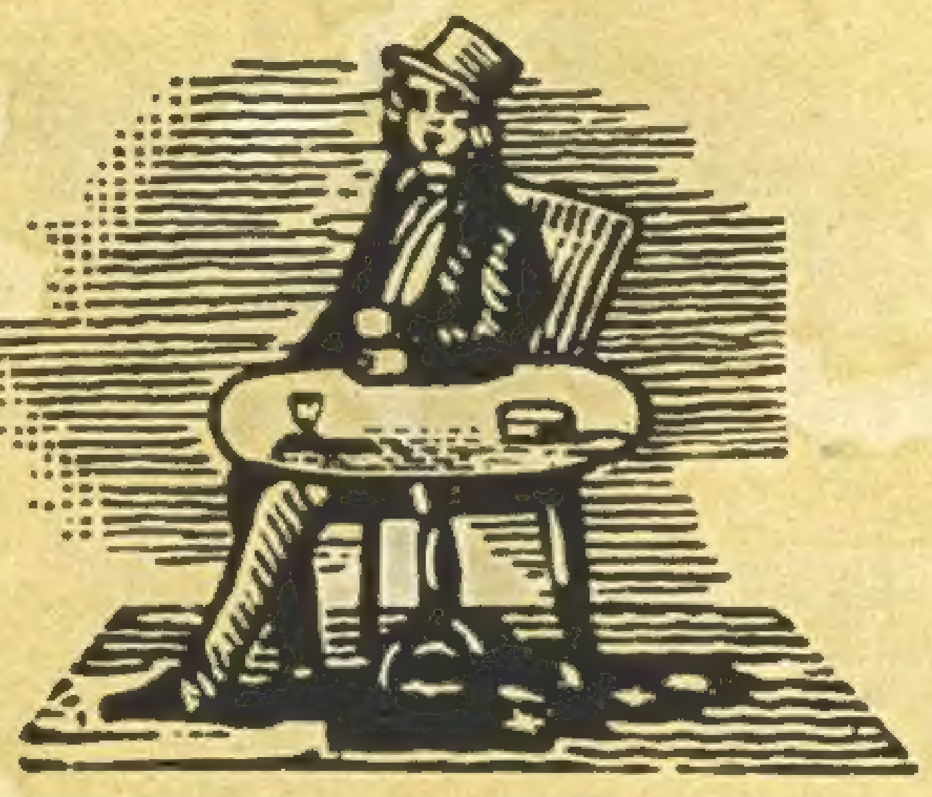
Wore spectacles like this



When grand Old Overholt
Straight rye whiskey
(In 1810)
First won renown
Among folk like this



If you want to know why
Just do like this



Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

A. Overholt & Co. Inc

OLD OVERHOLT

BOTTLED IN BOND

UNDER U. S. GOVERNMENT SUPERVISION

A GOOD GUIDE TO GOOD WHISKEY

© 1935, A. Overholt & Co., Inc., Broad Ford, Pa.

open
phaeton s
(closed)
super-charged
AUBURN
over 100 m.p.h.
HIGH
DUAL RATIO
LOW
SUPER-CHARGED
AUBURN
3198

NEW
Super-
Charged
SPEEDSTER
Racy, torpedo type, with outside exhaust pipes of polished stainless steel

The Artist and his Car

Alexis de Sakhnoffsky

Being an artist, he fell in love with its design and color. Being an interpreter of what is new, smart, and ahead-of-others in style, he bought one for himself. If you admire his pictorial creations and share his intolerance for mediocrity, you, too, will get a kick out of driving an Auburn Super-Charged Model.

AUBURN AUTOMOBILE CO., AUBURN, IND.

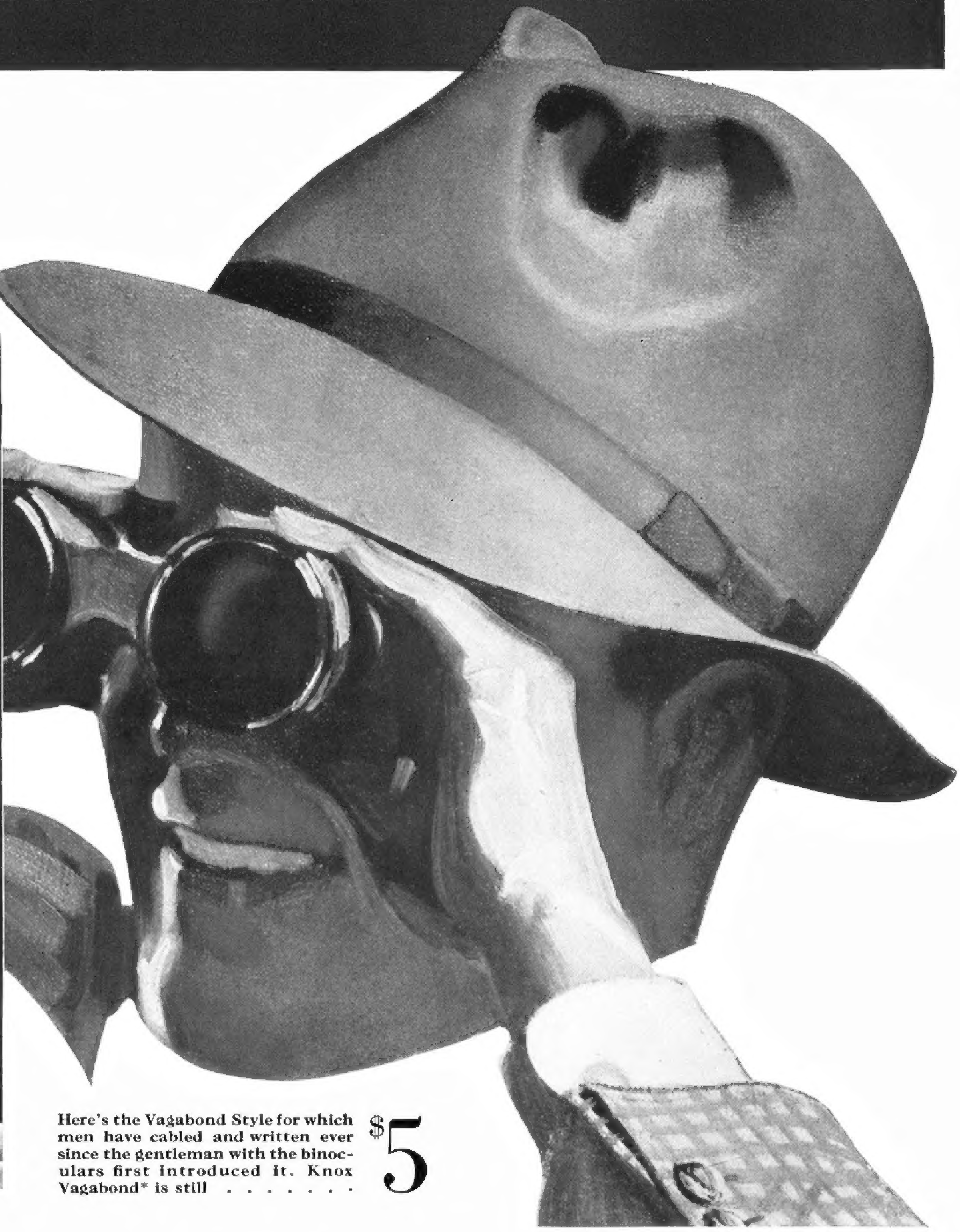
Knox Introduces TWO NEW VAGABONDS

Roll Them Up

A Handful of Compressible Felt.

Unroll Them

A Hat Full of Irrepressible Style.



Here's the Vagabond Style for which men have cabled and written ever since the gentleman with the binoculars first introduced it. Knox Vagabond* is still $5

VAGABOND* *King* $10 – VAGABOND* *Prince* $7

Luxurious Versions of the World's Most Famous Crushable Hat

HERE'S A NEW kind of smartness in summer-weight hats! The brim of Vagabond King has that narrow, customized edge, felted in by hand, that identifies only the finest felts.

Both the King and Prince are hand-blocked into sound-bodied, tissue-weight, crushable hats with a new finish, soft as doeskin to the touch.

Their brims are hand-planked...hand-curled...and, soft as they are, snap neatly into any swing you want to give them, and never lose their "spring." They're shaped, not cut, mind you, to the proper width while the felt's still wet and workable...result, a soft, natural finish.

Both new Vagabonds are lined...both have a new Comfit* feature in the band, a new way of shaping it so that no stitches can touch your forehead. And both are made in Knox Ovalized Sixteenths*...shaped the way your head is shaped, sized to fit, not by a compromise eighth, but to an exact sixteenth. In short, they're the final achievement in perfect comfort.

So buy all three, and make these smart Vagabonds your good companions wherever you go.

Wear your favorite hat wherever you are . . . in the game, in the gallery, or on the Avenue, anywhere in the World!

KNOX THE HATTER

KNOX

FIFTH AVENUE AT 40th STREET • 161 BROADWAY • MADISON AVENUE AT 45th STREET • 57th STREET AT MADISON AVENUE • BROADWAY AT 43rd STREET

*TRADE-MARK

Edited by
Arnold Gingrich

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Publishers:
David A. Smart
Wm. H. Weintraub

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Art Directors: John Groth, Eric Lundgren

Use of any person's name in fiction, semi-fictional articles or humorous essays is to be regarded as a coincidence and not as the responsibility of *Esquire.* It is never done knowingly.

Editor in search of a new job

Now that the dinguses are neatly installed at the end of each story and article, and now that the carryover pages carry as many numbers as a state highway, and now that the stock for the cover has been strengthened so it will stay on (estimated) four weeks instead of (alleged) four days—now, after all that, we're fresh out of editorial repair jobs. There was that matter of getting Ambrose Bierce's ghost properly laid, but we did that last month. And since then nobody's squawked about anything or suggested anything. So here we are, in this newly enlarged and air-conditioned editorial space beneath the table of contents, rattling around like one lone toy soldier in an attic trunk. The sign outside our door says Editing Neatly Done, but nobody seems to want any today.

Greener pastures in the bus. dept.

It's very different down in the business department. We've been hanging around there lately, looking on wistfully, because that's where all the shooting is. Their fall advertising schedules are coming in, and they're all in a dithering tizzy over this and that big advertiser coming in over the transom. It seems there are two ways you get advertisers into a magazine. One way you camp on their doorsteps, hat in hand, and wear 'em down with dazzling tall talk about the super-charged pulling power of the good old "medium" and fill 'em full of facts about "reader-interest" and all that stuff, until they're so sick of you they sign up to get rid of you. Down in the business department they call that salesmanship. The other way, though, the advertiser just hops in of his own accord when you aren't looking. That's over the transom. As opposed to salesmanship, that's called acceptance. Anyway, when there's a lot of that happening, we get thinking that the business department would be a very nice place to work. There's a lot of activity but it's fun, like fishing and fighting, etc. But all they say is, "Aw, go on back and edit."

The big money's in the mail room

Then, too, there's the mail department. That's another exciting place. We'd like to work there, where we could enjoy, as an obbligato to our thoughts, the cheerful clink and ping of all those thousands of quarters. We'd like that. But they don't seem to. All they say is, "Lay off those little blocks of copy offering reprints of those center spreads. There's no profit in them and they're driving us nuts." We stutter awhile before we think of an answer to that one. We don't think of it, in fact, until we're passing the business department again. Then it comes to us—*we're* demonstrating the pulling power of the good old medium; *that's* what we're doing, every time we bring on a hailstorm of quarters from a little block of small type, offering reprints, tucked away in one corner of a page. We're showing that the magazine gets read—and read by people who can spare more than a dime. Now that's a very interesting thought for the business department. Maybe it helps to explain why some of those new advertisers are coming in now for fall. We think we ought to point this out to the business department. We try, but they can't seem to hear us, there's such a to-do going on. Something big just dropped in over the transom. Back in our office there's a crypt-like quiet. Nothing ever happens.

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Vol. IV, No. 2
Whole No. 21

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

FORGIVEN IF NOT FORGOTTEN

Well, Esky, maybe you're right. Maybe it is extremely unlikely that one reader in a million would be so naïve as to attempt to use Williams as an excuse for pawning off a phony, and in righteous indignation you may feel justified in considering the matter closed.

But I remember the time, about ten years back, when I felt myself destined to be—I forget what—. I had read a thrilling story about *The Man Who Would Not Die*, and I could not rest until I, myself, had written a swell play about the *Man Who Would Not Die*. I felt it would be a shame to deprive so many people, who would otherwise never come across it, of the opportunity of sharing my enjoyment of this particular thriller. Fortunately, I now suppose, my efforts proved to be just some practice for me. Yet, without ever having even heard of Blanche C. Williams, I was doing exactly the same thing that Mr. Harmon did. Had some gullible publisher fallen for it, I, too, would have been branded as a punk plagiarist, and all my hopes forever dashed to the ground.

However, I merely want to point out to you the actual possibility of there being a couple of people so-o naïve. And I'm a bit relieved at coming across another as dumb as I was. You see, having made the same mistake myself, I'm inclined to believe Alvin, and I plead with you not to hold it against him.

Bien á vous,
Woodside, L. I., N. Y. Vincent Standish

WHAT LOOKS SMART NEVER LOOKS CHEAP

What is this? Presumably intelligent people read Esquire, yet month after month you insult that intelligence raucously:—

1. By supposing that they *give* a damn what is "correct" wearing apparel, and
2. By demonstrating a belief that those clothes which are loud without reason, combined without taste, and greatest in hick hideosity are "smart."

God save us! I'm not conventional in dress (or anything), but feel a little ill when I see you gayly mixing a checked topcoat, a yellow-striped shirt, a tie of 1890 vintage, and a hat of 1880 vintage and calling the outfit wearable, let alone lookable. What looks cheap never looks smart. But I'm afraid you're too steeped in the hooey type of sophistication to grope through the fog to the real thing.

I hate like the devil to water my nastiness with a compliment, but that *Washing the Hands* (July) was one of the most truly delicious things I've read.

Sincerely,
Stapleton, S. I., N. Y. Edward Otto Lindemann

NOT A SOPHISTICATED ONE

It seems that you are really getting to be quite well known. Definition of "well known" being that Hollywood has noticed you.

I have just seen the movie *In Caliente* twice, and while Esquire is not published in New York (*Manhattan Madness* was the name of the magazine in the picture, you remember) and your editor is not a sophisticated sot (evinced by his writing a book, or does he have a smart secretary as MacArthur did?) the magazine covers around the wall of the editor's office in the picture were strangely familiar, as were other casual scenes, remarks, etc., in the picture.

I suppose you noticed this when you saw the picture, but I thought I would let you know that someone else did too (or perhaps you and the movie moguls planned the whole thing, eh what?).

I enjoy Esquire as much as I enjoyed *In Caliente*, and that is a lot.

Yours very truly,
Bluefield, West Virginia Henry Cofer

SECOND DEFENSE WITNESS

I want to say a word or two in defense of Alvin B. Harmon who wrote the *Perlu*. I think you ought to send him another cheque or maybe you have. He created more interest in your magazine than any thing you have published in a long time. If he did put one over it is a good one and I am for him. A lot of your stories are founded on the *Decameron* any way and Alvin took one from one of the greatest of all writers. Also he tested the smartness of a lot of your readers and that is worth something. I had not read the *Perlu* but hunted it up and read it after you said what you did. And that makes me think. A year or two ago I read a story called *The Invisible Man* and could not keep from thinking that it was founded on *The Damned Thing*.

Alvin got caught and H. G. got away with it. I am wondering now if Alvin is a mythical character and you published the *Perlu* just in order to test your readers. It makes a fellow feel better after he has caught up with some one else and is a boost to your paper.

Yours truly,
Stephenville, Texas J. E. Fitzgerald

HEM SAYS YOU'RE A SLAP HAPPY

Popeye on the front cover, the superannuated mummy, has blossomed out to be a real man. He is what is most generally known as a ladies' delight. His "racket" is heavily strung and his leg is ponderously swung.

Hem may be a good fisher but he tells it very boringly. He was once my ideal of what a writer should be. Well, I suppose every dog must have his day. Herrick Ward's story, *Yesterday's Sweetheart*, is by far the best story in the issue. Some find! Congratulations.

I did not care for *Perlu* last month, even if Ambrose Bierce did originate it. There is nothing to raise a squawk about. It was dead and buried for twenty odd years and Harmon dug it up. It will boost Bierce's works a little. It smells to the heavens of a publicity stunt.

I like McKay's cartoon on page 72 best. My ideas however are worth very little as I wear my pants hind-side before and my clothes wrong side out. There is no music to me like the sound of a siphon on a Vichy bottle. This will grate on your ears as you are a music lover.

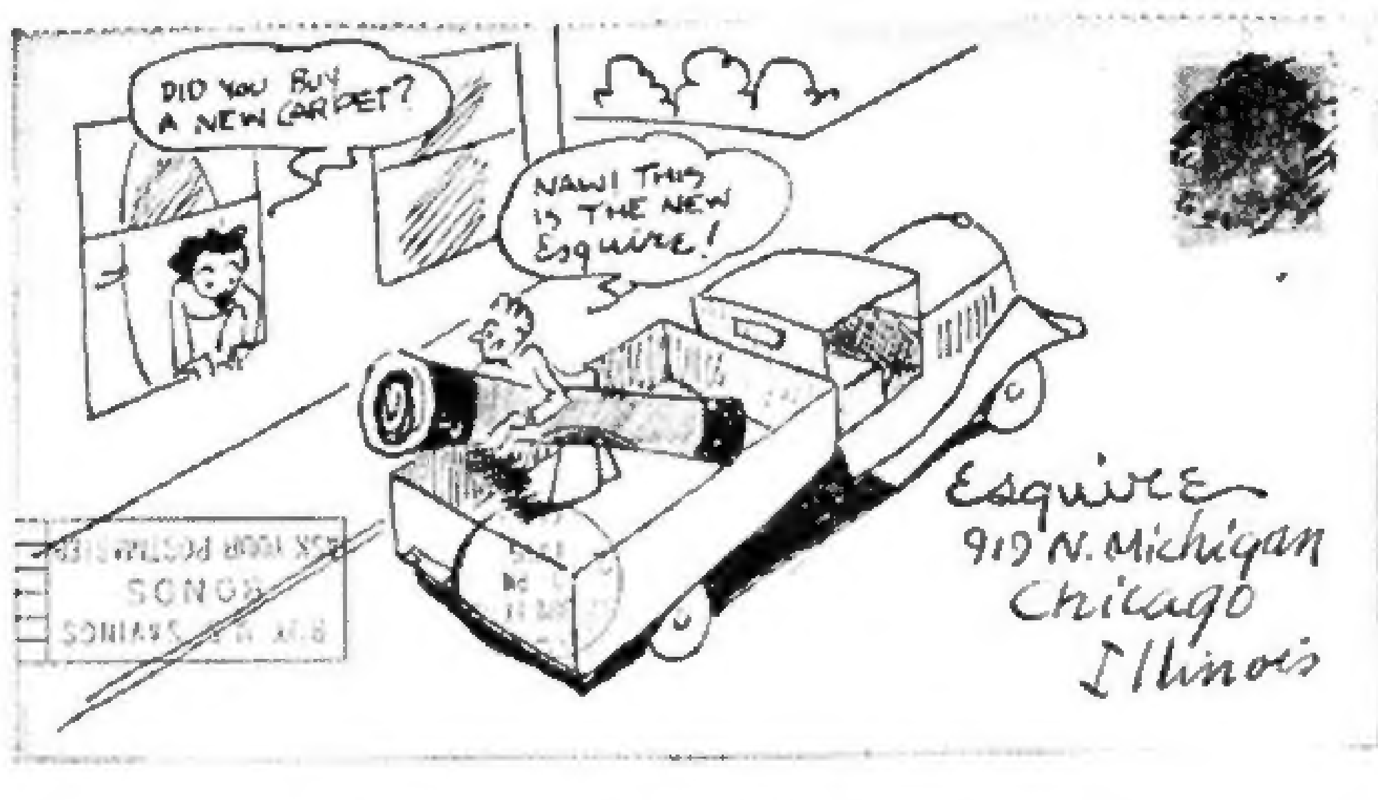
If Kreymborg's verse is poetry then I'm the greatest fiction writer on earth.

Sincerely yours,
Brooklyn, N. Y. Herbert L. Dickerson

Editor's Note: *Somebody had a right to squawk about the Perlu and didn't. We mean A. & C. Boni, Inc., who own the copyright on the Damned Thing, and could have been plenty nasty about it, but weren't, because they aren't the nasty type.*

WE COULDN'T ANSWER ANYWAY—WE'RE BIASED

Didn't you guys ever hear of the summer slump? How come Esquire isn't like other magazines—kind of weakly looking these (gone-to-the-) dog days, hey? Never mind. DON'T answer! I like my Esquire plenty big, because that's just that much more good stuff to read. Of course, once you get past the Sound & Fury (always good for a singe), it cools down to something like a breezy day in late September.


DID YOU BUY A NEW CARPET?
NAW! THIS IS THE NEW Esquire!
SONGS
Esquire
919 N. Michigan
Chicago
Illinois

I bought my copy down town today and had to hire a truck to get it home. The taxi drivers said they weren't allowed to haul freight, and the surface lines don't have trailers. When I got home, it kind of puzzled my wife, as she thought I had brought her a new carpet.

By the way: Let's have more and more cartoons. I've got a weakness for this department, being some sort of an ink slinger myself. (Petty, Webb, Groth, et al, move over!).

Another thing: How the hell do those guys in Sound & Fury get that way? I mean, about reviewing practically a whole number for the following issue? If I can get half way through my Esquire in a month I feel lucky. I hope to catch up during vacation.

Yours for continued virility,
Chicago, Ill. Stephen Tedor

Editor's Note: *The envelope is reproduced herewith for two reasons, first because we like it, and second because the first paragraph sounds so much as if we'd written it ourselves that we relish a chance to show that we didn't.*

TRY PERNOD

Don't Esk-Me-Why:

This is really for Lawton Mackall—He said when inviting a lovely in to see your collection of rare seashells or was it etchings?—I'm confused or reminiscing—an Alexander would promote sweet unreasonableness . . . (Page Elinor Glyn). Now I thought this might work both ways—but ah men! After five and no results—he said—God! who ever suggested this drink—so I broke down and confessed! Woe is me!!!!!!!

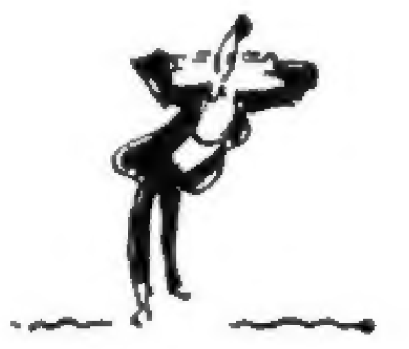
Sincerely,
Milwaukee, Wis. Elizabeth Hedwig

PS: He said if I wrote this letter—I'd be fibbing like hell—and besides—he added—you'd have to give *some* girls dynamite. Does that make me an ostrich?

PSS: Now you can make amends Lawton—is there any drink that would put a suspecting male in a mood to propose?

MUST OUR PARENTS ENTER INTO THIS?

What prompts me to write this note (and I'm definitely *not* a "sender-inner" of notes to magazines) is your very decent behavior anent L'Affaire *Perlu*. You gentlemen acquitted yourselves in a thoroughly praiseworthy manner.



And your editor's note appended to Mr. Whoosis' plea of confession and avoidance will always be for me a classic of gentle annihilation. From now on that guy's gonna think twice, I bet, before he gyps Mamma's Raspberry preserves when she's out to market.

And so—Salutations once more! You're probably the best bred bunch of bastards that ever published a magazine.

Sincerely,
New York City Louis S. Warshaw

FOOTE HAILS FROM PASADENA, CALIF.

Scallions to your sports writer, Robert O. Foote, for leaving three of the most up and comingest of College Polo Teams . . Namely, University of California, University of California at Los Angeles (the "branch"), and, above all, that of the University of Southern California out of his line-up of Western College Polo teams in the June Esquire.

Foote shows that he does not follow affairs out here on the coast by ignoring the fact that there is already a semi-official conference consisting of Stanford, Arizona, Cal., U. C. L. A. (the "branch") and U. S. C. Our team has already beaten those of California and U. C. L. A. and came within a narrow margin of defeating the Stanford polo machine. Arizona, however, wiped the earth with us as it did with the other teams that it has played—But there will come a day!!!!

Hoping you stand as corrected, I remain—

Polosophically yours,
Los Angeles, Calif. Jack Warner, Jr.

ESKIE'S BEEN DIETING SINCE

My complaints are few and far between but I feel that at this time several are necessary:

1. Surely gardening and betting on horse races haven't made Eskie so fat? (Don't think for a moment that those two are my only issues.) Please get him on a diet or give him plenty of tennis to take off that second chin.
2. I have to hand it to Harmon for picking a good story to make a carbon of—or is that the unmentionable?
3. Aiken A. Dehan's gag about *Washing the Hands* is indeed a satire—on himself. He must have told the teacher some "hi-fallutin'" stories when he went to school. I wonder what his hostess would think if he asked where he could wash his face.

Well, I'm afraid that that completes the complaint department. If I were to start a praise department, I should fill several volumes of *Anthony Adverse* (advt.)

Advice: More E. E. Cummings; he is amusing if nothing more.

Esking for Esquires,
New York, N. Y. M. S. Koch, Jr.

Editor's Note: *We weren't going to prolong the Perlu matter beyond the July issue, but so many of this month's letters mentioned it that we had to let it ride. Note that, in general, they are less severe on Harmon than last month's, proving that indignation, like everything else, must come down after the first flare up.*

Continued on page 8

"Yes, suh, Colonel, I'se comin'!"

THE ORIGINAL KENTUCKY MINT JULEP

Put a dozen sprigs of mint in bowl, cover with powdered sugar and enough water to dissolve sugar. Crush mint gently. Put half of mint and liquid in bottom of tall glass; fill glass half full of shaved ice, add remaining mint and liquid, fill glass to top with shaved ice. Pour in Four Roses Whiskey until glass is full. Place in ice-box for at least an hour. Garnish with mint—and serve.

"One mo' sprig o' mint, wavin' its green head ovah the silv'ry frost o' the glass. A dash o' powduhed sugah on the leaves—and there, bless yo' thirst, is a julep!"

AND there, bless your thirst, *is* a julep—if Four Roses mingles its fragrance with the fresh young mint.

Four Roses was born for just such a sublime duty. It has the rich bouquet that old-fashioned distilling methods give. It has the full, lush flavor that comes from Kentucky and Maryland limestone water.

And so when Four Roses goes into your julep, when its genial soul blends with the heart of the mint and rime forms on the glass, the drink you raise to your fortunate lips is no longer a drink . . . it is a lyric of fragrance and friendliness.

We exaggerate? This afternoon, make yourself a julep—or have one made at your favorite hotel or restaurant. Be sure the whiskey is Four Roses! Then you'll get a julep at its finest. Four Roses is very reasonably priced.

Frankfort makes a whiskey for every taste and pocketbook, including PAUL JONES, Old Oscar Pepper, Antique, Mattingly & Moore, Shipping Port, Wolf Creek Rye. Send 10¢ for "Irvin S. Cobb's Own Recipe Book."

Lovers of fine gin will appreciate the rare flavor of Paul Jones ★★★★ Gin

FOUR ROSES WHISKEY

Made by Frankfort Distilleries of Louisville and Baltimore
America's largest independent distillers

Four Roses
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES
Four Roses
ONE PINT

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

MERRILY WE GO TO POT

I'm glad you returned my mss. Sending same to Esquire was a slip—unintentional.

Your magazine will be extinct in a year or so for four reasons, towit:

First: Despite legend it is not for men. It is for pornographic morons, lounge lizards, male dolls who think themselves sophisticated.

Second: The expressionless, goggle-eyed idiot cartooned on the cover suggests too aptly the imbecilities inside.

Third: It is not worth 50c.

Fourth: It has not scratched the surface of American journalism.

Yours truly,

Spokane, Wash. J. T.

Editor's Note: *First, you read it yourself, J. T., don't you? Second: Can't you take a warning when you see one on the cover? Third: What is? Fourth: Aw, nuts—scratch the surface and you find a bore.*

LOW-DOWN ON THE LOW-DOWN

In going over *The Low-Down on Rifle Shooting* I marked paragraphs open to question, or downright ridiculous or incorrect. Counting them up, I find my pencil marks encircling more than thirty of 'em! Major Brown kindly tells us how good he is so we will know he is an expert. I feel tempted to do the same, but will forbear, beyond stating that I also have trained thousands of recruits, and qualified repeatedly as an expert rifleman. I have also fired at ranges up to 1000 yards, on miniature ranges, on revolver ranges, and used thousands of rounds in all sorts of rifles in hunting big and small game and in shooting for the fun of it. I have also taken courses in musketry and read widely on the subject. So I guess I qualify to question the Major's statements, or do I?

An open sight is not always a V-shaped wedge; it is as frequently, and preferably, U-shaped. "Point-blank range" has nothing to do with the level of the muzzle; it relates to the "line of sight," for, barring the flip of a barrel, which sometimes throws a bullet high, the bullet never rises above a prolongation of the axis of the bore. "Aim a foot below a lion's eyes, you will hit him in the forehead." If that's the way your rifle is sighted, you shouldn't be there. Open sights do not "Afford immediate aiming vision" compared to peep sights, for the back-sight blocks out from half to three-quarters of the field of vision, unless you shoot with both eyes open, which is almost necessary in anything but target shooting. And even at that, the eye cannot find the V or U of an open sight as quickly as the aperture of a peep-sight, which is set closer to the eye. The Major says you mustn't wrap your thumb around the stock, or the recoil will break your nose. Major, I have fired the .30 Govt., the .300 Savage, the .303 British in all positions with my thumb over the small of the stock, and never even had the skin of my face broken, let alone my nose! How can you squeeze the trigger by closing your entire hand if the thumb is already closed and there is nothing to oppose the pull of the fingers? Also, where is this "*soft shoulder muscle*"? My shoulder has a very hard collar bone, but the *chest muscle* is a help in saving it from grief. The "insignificant charge" for mounting a scope correctly is usually about the price of a fairly good low-powered rifle! The prone position is *not* steady without a sling or a rest for the left arm, neither of which the Major deigns to mention. Also, a running buck can do 40 to 60 m.p.h., and how can you use an "immobile" position in shooting him, even if the brush allowed you to see from so close to the ground? No sir, you've got to do your shooting off-hand, and if the Major can hit the aforesaid buck by supporting his rifle with the fingertips beneath the stock, I want to be there. You want a firm hold with both hands, to swing a rifle into position when one of those boys starts, and to keep it on him as he goes. And don't think he's easily dropped, as the Major says. A 220-gr. bullet at 2700 ft.-secs. through the heart of a small red deer will not lay him on his back. He will sometimes run a quarter of a mile afterwards. You've got to wreck his chassis by hitting his shoulders or backbone or hips before he'll stop where he is the first shot.

Now we come to the Marine Corps team of ten men who made a possible on a 9-inch bull's-eye at 300 yards, comparable to hitting the heads of 100 groundhogs three city blocks away. Tut-tut! I never saw a ground-hog with a 9-inch head, and I have shot a lot of them. Three inches is more like it. And a pal of mine once got 47 of them in 49 shots, shooting a .22 long rifle offhand at all ranges from 20 to 70 yards. He didn't support his rifle with his fingertips or jam an elbow into his belt either. Also, he could snap his rifle to his shoulder, pull the trigger, and hit what he aimed at. We both could and can, the Major to the contrary. We practised at aerial targets, never raising the rifle from the hip until after the chunk of coal, spool, or flashlight cell was in the air. As for the trick of dipping your bullets into vaseline, it is a bad one, for besides lubricating the barrel, which is not necessary with a good rifle and good ammunition, it lubricates the chamber as well, which runs up the breech pressure to an often dangerous point. This stunt was advocated by Colonel Whelen in a very fine book about 13 years ago, but subsequently condemned in the *American Rifleman* by the Colonel himself.

I could go on, but you are not paying me to write an article about shooting, and this letter is far too long for the columns of Sound and Fury now. It is possibly a good thing, you will think, that this fellow did not read *all* the magazine, or he would have written a book about it! You did have some good articles, however, so don't feel discouraged. I would compliment you on them, but feel they are the sort of stuff you should stand for anyway, and you might feel hurt if I commended the expected. But boys, you are a relatively young publication, filling a big need in periodical literature. You cater to the man who wants to know, or to hear discussed, things of interest to men. A little more of the bunk which I have tried to expose in this letter is going to give you a name for unreliability that will be hard to shake; so pull up your socks and shake it before you get it. In closing, let me congratulate you on the style and class of your magazine, which I hope will never lack interesting and authentic contributors. Adios, amigos.

Yours very truly,

Winnipeg, Man., Canada J. A. Jaeger

Editor's Note: *All right, you qualify. But don't shoot the Major, because we're dying to know what'll come next, after the mermaids in the July issue.*

CHEER UP, WE'VE BEEN TOLD

It breaks my heart to tell you so, but Major Paul Brown's *The Low-Down on Rifle Shooting* in your June issue is absolutely the goddamnedest thing I have ever seen in print. It is inaccurate, goofy, foolish, and ill-informed, both from the standpoint of the hunter and the rifleman. Surely it will make Hemingway, if he reads your mag as well as contributing to it, chortle into his whiskers.

In fact, it is about on a par with the article on sheep-hunting in Sonora you published some time ago. It was by a Major somebody—perhaps the same bird—but anyone who had hunted sheep there would know immediately the author had never even seen a desert bighorn.

I am deeply moved by the appearance of such astounding balderish in an otherwise reputable and amusing magazine, and to prove it—this is the first letter I've ever written to a magazine editor except for business reasons.

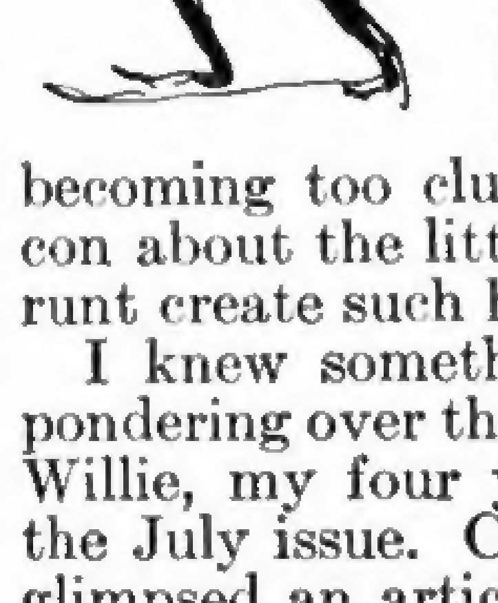
Henceforth, whenever I see another shooting article, unless I have written it myself, I'll pass on to Petty's disturbing and voluptuous houris and ignore it.

Sorry to see you thus taken in!

Tucson, Arizona Jack O'Connor

IT'S A GENEROUS THOUGHT

Frankly I was worried . . . I had seen old friendships ruined by argument . . . an acquaintance normally healthy lost weight—couldn't sleep—finally had a nervous breakdown. A strict teetotaler suddenly took to drink. The boss called in Jones, told him he was falling down on the job, to perk up or else. . . . A man respected highly by friends and business associates, suddenly went looney and signed a check "Eskie"—A faithful wife repeated the name in her sleep and found herself on the street. But, what hurt most of all, my favorite *Sound and Fury* was becoming too cluttered up with letters, pro and con about the little sap. Why should such a little runt create such havoc?



I knew something had to be done. As I sat pondering over this grave situation, I idly watched Willie, my four year old son, "glumming" over the July issue. Coming to page twenty-three, he glimpsed an article by Ernest Hemingway—with a snort of disgust he threw your magazine across the room (bright kid, eh?). Recovering the magazine, I discovered that the cover had parted from the rest of the book. Like a flash I had the solution. Instead of having only one cover like all other magazines, Esquire would have two covers, perhaps three, or even four. Each cover would be perforated for easy tearing. For example:

Cover No. 1—"Eskie" for "Eskie's" friends.

Cover No. 2—"Blonde" without her slip for????

Cover No. 3—The title Esquire for the hard to please.

Cover No. 4—You can have it.

Think of the advantages, you could read John Brown's character by just observing which cover he preferred.

God—what an idea—guess I should have patented it—do I get orchids or scallions?

Yours very truly,

Detroit, Mich. Wm. D. Thackeray

PETTY AIN'T, ANY MONTH

What the devil is everyone kicking about Eskie for anyway. *The Sound and Fury* was an amusing department before the nation went up into arms about the cover, now its beginning to pall a little. It's your magazine, isn't it? Alright if you like the cover that ends it. Don't start catering to the public, because after you have, they'll only start squawking about something else. As far as I can see you haven't got an original cover suggestion in the whole flock of letters anyway, so the hell with them. Speaking of catering to the public, the Long Island Railroad (did their best, I'll grant them that) distributed decks of cards to amuse their passengers on their weary journey homeward. But lately the decks have been tossed aside to make room for Esquire on the cardboard tables. And every so often one catches the conductor sneaking up looking over your shoulder at the cartoons. And when you toss a glance over your shoulder at him (in a friendly way I assure you), he laughs right out loud in your face, and says, "Petty ain't bad this month."

My idea of life is a box of saltines, a sandy beach, and Esquire. And once more I'm not contemplating the cover, but what's inside the cover. Here's hoping this Eskie letter will end all Eskie letters, to bigger (not much bigger though) and better Esquires.

Yours,

Roslyn, L. I., N. Y. Valentine Wheelock

EVOLUTION OF A PACIFIST

I have just finished reading the article *Man May Love War*, by Edward F. Roberts, and all I can say is to use his own word, "Baloney." The thing is so full of holes I don't know where to start on it. He says it is ridiculous to suggest the World War could change man's age old predilection for fighting. So it is, but it isn't ridiculous to say it could change his attitude to modern warfare. There is many a pacifist today who would never have been one if warfare had continued in the style of the Boer War or the Spanish American War, and that includes myself. In those altercations if one got his it was in the shape of a bullet, rifle or shrapnel, or vanquishment in a hand to hand encounter. In the Great War one probably either came down in flames, was buried alive or splashed over the landscape. I once saw an H.E. shell explode in the middle of a group of six children, average age ten; only one was killed outright, of the rest all were conscious though horribly mutilated and all save one died within two hours. It took me some weeks to get over that.

PEACE
PEACE

His fifteen Munsters who threatened mutiny if they were not sent back to France are a little hard to believe in: my experience was that men who wished to return to France were moved by a sense of duty or ambition; the one who was anxious to get back through a mere love of fighting was a very rare bird. The usual attitude was that they would go back if they were sent, and would make no move to dodge it, but the longer circumstances conspired to keep them in England the better they were pleased. I wonder how many of the brash laddies who were so anxious to re-enlist fought their war in the Army Service Corps and similar units. People forget how large a proportion of the warriors made the world safe for democracy in some base camp.

Yours, etc.,

Alex. H. Gillespie

Christie Street Military Hospital,
Toronto, Canada.

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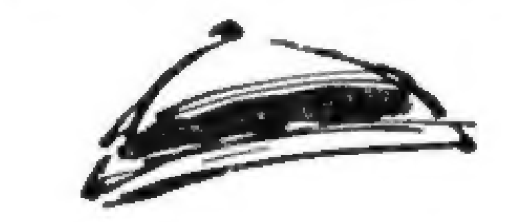
For the sons of the beaches there is no longer the need to swim a mile in from the float to get a smoke. They may now carry them in a water-proof cigarette case which has room for matches as well and is attached readily to their belts by a small metal loop. There is also a place in this gadget for comb and mirror for fussy guys, but we imagine its appeal in this direction is intended for the ladies.

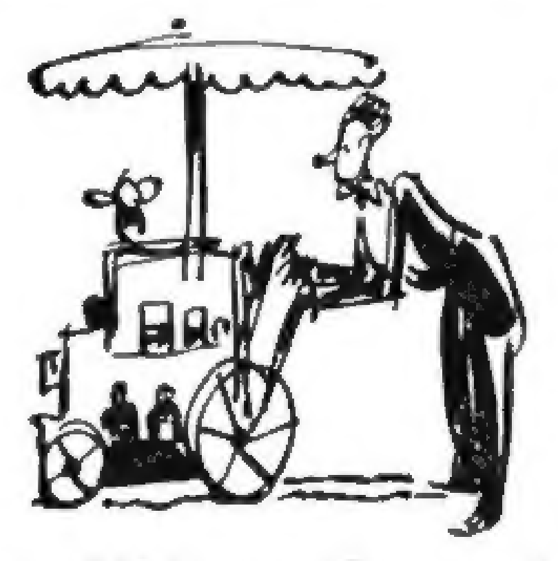


Under the heading of "Enemies of Man's Appearance No. 1", is the unsightly pot-belly that has the habit of creeping upon us unawares particularly when we reach the age when we are doing more eating than exercising. It is now possible to eliminate this painlessly by using a rolling pin shaped affair which has a corrugated roller, heated by electricity, combining the two proven fat reducing agents, heat and massage.

With all the boys making a hobby of "candid camera" shots a guy won't be able to get away with anything. Some of the newest cameras come equipped with very fast lenses which will get results with almost any kind of lighting. These new cameras are being made so that they are simple to manipulate, and one of the latest designs features a shutter release made like a revolver trigger so that even if you have the jitters it won't blur the picture when you snap it.

To avoid that very unpleasant experience of having the operator unexpectedly say, "Your three minutes are up, please" on toll or long distance calls, and so that you may be sure that you've taken care of the important part of your message before it's too late, there's a special time-teller for this purpose that registers for three or six minutes with a bell that tinkles a warning twenty seconds before the time's up.

If you go in for garden parties in a big way we have seen several very sumptuous looking pushcarts which are being sold for the purpose of serving drinks about the grounds of one's estate. We recommend getting an estate for this idea, as under usual suburban conditions the neighbors will either raise hell about the noise or rush in to join the festivities.



This is no kidding, if you're unfortunate enough to have to use store teeth, which sometimes have to be put up for repairs . . . a feller has invented a triple-bladed scissor shear arrangement known as a masticator which will do the job for you while the bridge-work is in the shop. This spikes the old gag about bringing the meat grinder to the table.

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PEOPLE . . . and Things

—being a series of extracts from the regular news columns of the New York Herald Tribune, a morning newspaper nationally-known for color, clarity and conciseness in reporting news.

Priodon Gigas

John O'Reilly, Herald Tribune reporter and haunter of animal silences, zoos, aquaria and such, had just arrived at the famous Bronx Zoo. So had the second baby sea lion to be born there in thirty years. Dr. W. Reid Blair, staid and normally placid director of the Park, was toying with his food, fidgety and excited, in a park restaurant. Suddenly he tore off to the zoo's hospital . . .

(From the Herald Tribune)

When he arrived at the park hospital a large truck from Louis Ruhe, Inc., importers of animals, was in the driveway. Dr. Blair climbed up the side and peered into a large crate. He remained motionless for a moment, made a few clucking noises and then climbed down again.

"I've never seen one before," he said in a hushed voice.

By this time word had spread that Priodon gigas, a good deal rarer than the aardvark, had arrived. Officials began to arrive from the various departments.

The truck was driven to the small mammal house, where the crate containing the armored visitor was unloaded. After the crate had been carried into the cage, Toomey slowly raised its door. Swaying from its ungainly gait, Priodon gigas waddled into its new home. The crowd in front of the cage took a deep breath, and used it in voicing a wide variety of exclamations.

Priodon gigas proved to be a creature three feet long with about two feet of tail. Its brownish and rounded back was composed of rows of bony plates. Its triangular head and weak eyes resulted in a rather unintelligent expression. Its hind legs, large for its size, were equipped with five toes.

Herald Tribune photo—Acme

The front feet, however, composed the most astounding part of the animal. The legs were smaller than the rear ones. The feet bore only four toes, but the second toenail was curved, and extended to a length of almost four inches. Dr. Blair explained that this great hook was used in tearing open termite nests and digging into the ground for ants and other insects.

Dr. Blair said that the armadillo would be fed once a day. At 5 p. m. he will receive five eggs mixed with one and a half pounds of chopped beef. In the morning he will consume from a pint to a pint and a half of pure water.

✓ ✓ ✓

An Industry Groans

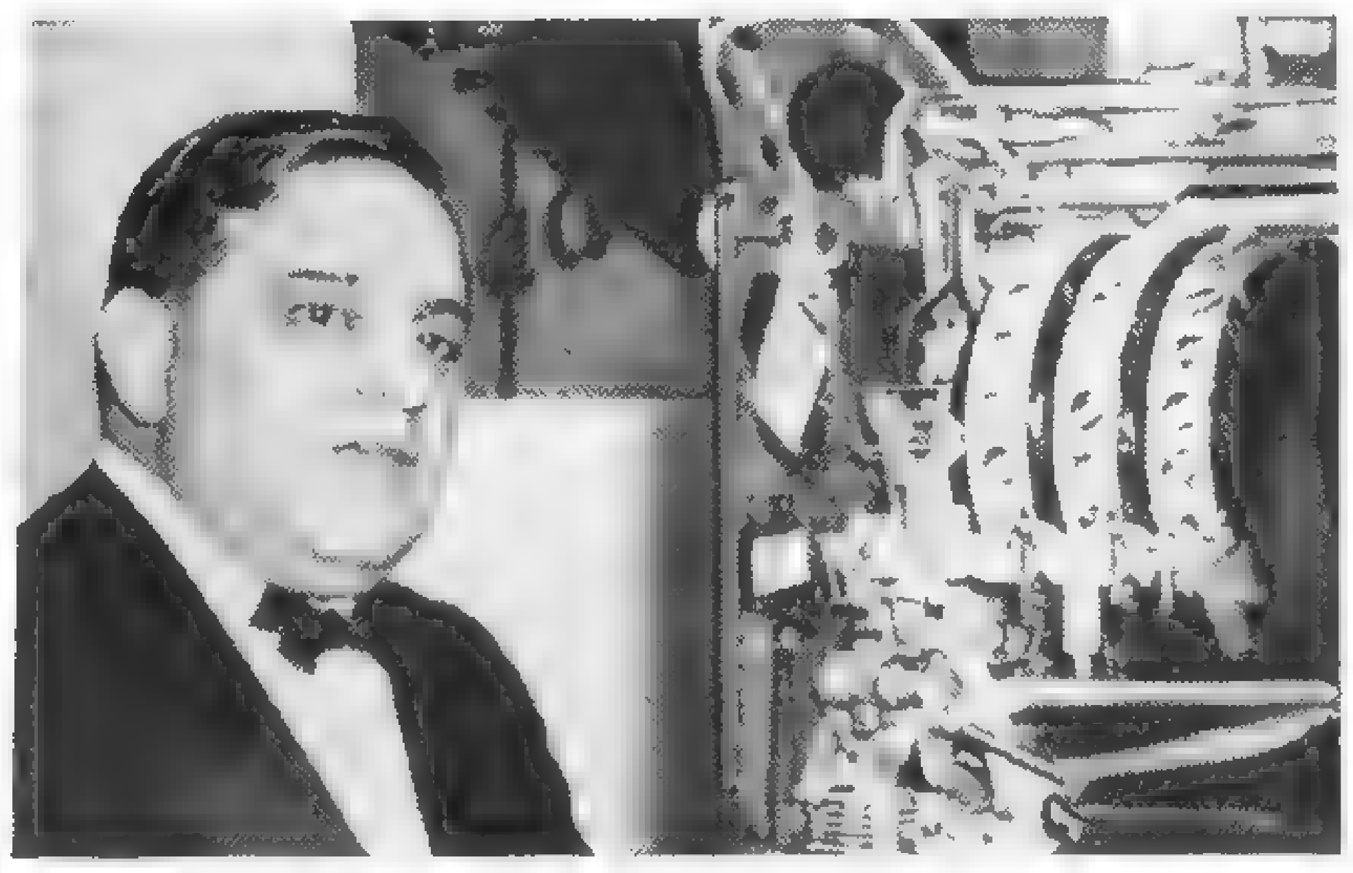
Down at the Battery on Pier A, Mayor LaGuardia bid bon voyage to a tug-full of slot machines, guns, blackjacks, brass knuckles and two ton of spurious coin from the city's Independent Subways, all of which was to be dumped at sea. Then he announced that no more pin ball games would be licensed in New York till the courts decide whether they're gambling devices or games of skill . . .

(From the Herald Tribune)

"Pin games," he observed, "Have this feature: It takes three or four minutes to play, while with the slot machines your nickel disappears immediately."

Glum predictions that 75,000 persons would be thrown out of work should pinball be declared illegal were made by Leslie G. Anderson, founder of the Skill Games Board of Trade.

"It will throw the industry into panic," he said. "Besides throwing 20,000 operators out of work it will ruin factories whose products are bought by the sportlands for premiums. Seventy-three per cent of these premiums are national-advertised merchandise. The sportlands alone give away $9,000 worth of cigarettes a month.


Herald Tribune photo—Acme

"The trouble with this business is that it is misunderstood," lamented Mr. Anderson. "Abuses creep in because the industry is harassed by the politicians, by the police and license departments and by moralists who don't understand the business.

"When people play pinball they enjoy themselves and keep out of mischief," he continued. "If this business were killed they would probably spend their money doing something a lot worse."

✓ ✓ ✓

Hippomenean Thief

Arthur Holves, out of Scranton, Pa., took $21.96 from the cash register of Henry Weirstod's Gasoline station, over Jersey City way. Arthur was a good sprinter, but so—it developed—was Henry, who was just a step behind him . . .

(From the Herald Tribune)

Recalling the legend of Atalanta, a fast and beautiful lady of ancient Greece, who lost a race to Hippomens because she stopped to pick up three golden apples he had tossed to her in the course of the contest, Holves flicked a $5 bill over his shoulder. Weirstod broke his stride and snatched at the fluttering currency. Holves gained a few yards. Then Weirstod began to close up the distance again. Holves pealed off a $1 bill and the "gas" station proprietor dropped behind a second time. Again the distance narrowed down and again Holves tossed a $1 bill to his pursuer. By this time he was well out in front.

As the long strides of the fugitive, who now had only $14.96 of his loot, took him to Duffield Avenue and the shores of the Hackensack River, the screams of three radio police cars shrilled behind him. Some one had given an alarm. Holves sprinted along the ties of the railroad bridge that crosses the river from Jersey City to Kearny. Close on his heels pressed a phalanx of policemen. Holves left the bridge in a neat swan dive and landed in the river with a churning of brown foam.

"You're under arrest," shouted the police, "come ashore."

"The water's fine," replied Holves. "Wanta see me imitate a porpoise?" He picked up his heels and did a few undulating surface dives.

The police pleaded with him to come ashore, pointing out that the water wasn't clean, and that they weren't very good swimmers. Holves just splashed around in circles. Finally Patrolman James Dunphy peeled off his uniform and dived in. When the policeman came within reach Holves grabbed him like a water-polo player defending his goal.

Patrolman Dunphy must have resorted to some non-collegiate hold, for when the two men came up for air after a protracted under-water session Holves was unconscious.

✓ ✓ ✓

Dictator's Scion

Vassily—"Vasya" for short—Stalin, sandy-haired son of the dictator of all the Soviet States, heads the group of juvenile Communists at his school. Ralph Barnes, the Herald Tribune's Moscow observer, checks up the present standing of the fourteen-year-old Stalin hope . . .

(From the Herald Tribune)

Vasya applies himself to his task of being a leader, of setting an example for his schoolmates. He is active in his troop, active in the "social work" in which every Communist, juvenile or adult, is expected to participate, and active in athletics. Among other things he plays soccer football, which is popular here.

In fact, Vasya is interested in so many things that he does not shine in his studies. Examinations are over and school is out for the year. Stalin's son has passed from the sixth grade to the seventh—the latter corresponding, roughly to the eighth grade in American schools—but his name was not on the scholastic roll of honor. His picture is not among those of the school's thirty best students which hang in the hallway. This year, as last, there was no "Excellent" ratings for him; and there were some "Fairs," which mean that in certain subjects Vasya just skinned through.

Herald Tribune photo

Contrary to the bent of most Soviet youngsters these days, Vasya does not appear to incline toward things mechanical. He has trouble with his mathematics and does not seem particularly interested in natural science. In literature he does better. In this subject his examination mark was "Very good."

Though Stalin is said to be greatly interested in his children's work, he has never visited their school. He is known to desire that, in school, they shall be just two children among others, granted no favors.

✓ ✓ ✓

(Advertisement)

The New York Herald Tribune is edited by men who combine the art of knowing with the art of conciseness in telling. Physically, the Herald Tribune is as clear, orderly, and easy-to-read as modern newspaper typography can make it — having twice received the Francis Wayland Ayer cup for typographic excellence.

Included among the Herald Tribune's staff are men of as opposite political schools as Mark Sullivan, historian of "Our Times," and Walter Lippmann, commentator on immediate world problems. Herald Tribune's H. T. Webster put himself among the cartoonist-immortals when he created Caspar Milquetoast. America's 1935 Pulitzer-prize newspaper reporter is a Herald Tribune staff man.

Growing in fame are such Herald Tribune names as Lucius Beebe, reporter of that American institution-by-himself—the Manhattan *Boulevardier*, George Hughes and Gerald McCann—a men's fashion reporting-and-illustrating team, C. Norman Stabler, one of New York's youngest financial editors and one of its most-quoted market trend interpreters.

These men are but a fraction of the reasons why, as a well-informed newspaper reader, you may want the Herald Tribune in your life. (By mail, daily and Sunday, $15 one year, $7.50 six months. $3.75 three months. U. S. only).

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BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

We pondered a long time before selecting a sparring partner for **Upton Sinclair** for this issue. Sinclair's article, *We Choose Our Future*, seemed to us to be a splendidly definitive expression of the collectivist point of view, and we wanted an equally lucid and forthright presentation of the capitalist viewpoint. The only trouble is that there are so few articulate conservatives. Looking for one, it struck us that what capitalism needs is not so much a redistribution of wealth as a redistribution of soap boxes. To find a capitalist who could argue aggressively as well as defensively, we had to seek out a reformed radical, **George E. Sokolsky**, once redder than any Russian, and now the most eloquent advocate of the existing economic order. He usually appears as lead-off man in the *Atlantic Monthly's* batting line-up.

•

There's a phony going round impersonating **Ernest Hemingway**. That, in itself, is not news, as this guy has been indulging himself in this strange perversion for well over three years, doing all the things that Hemingway himself hates to do and doesn't do—reading stories aloud before literary groups, autographing books, getting free meals and lodging at various sportsmen's clubs, etc. The point is that he bobbed up again recently in Chicago after having been unreported for many months. We missed him, because, for some curious reason, he didn't seem to regard Esquire's offices as a logical place to put on his act. From all we can gather he must look even more Hemingwayish than E. H. He has even taken in people who know Hemingway. His assortment of scars seems to be virtually perfect, although we doubt very much that he can match Hemingway's best one—a sort of embossed Christmas tree on the sole of his right foot. So if you meet Mr. Hemingway this month, make him take his shoes off before you let him inscribe your first edition of *The Sun Also Rises*. That is, if you meet him north or west of Bimini, Miami, and Key West.

•

Newman Levy's main occupation is the practice of law although he has been writing for magazines for years. He was assistant district attorney for New York County for four years, he has written four books of verse including *Opera Guyed and Theatre Guyed*. He has also contributed dozens of sketches to Broadway reviews including *Garrick Gaieties*, *The Little Show*, *New Faces*, etc.

•

Discovery of the month is **Major Charles E. Cox, Jr.**, the superintendent of the Indianapolis Municipal Airport, whose first published short story is *To Laugh and Sing* on page 62. He is a major in the air corps reserve, commanding the 309th observation squadron. He describes himself as "a transport pilot holding not a single endurance or speed record."

Major Chas. E. Cox, Jr.

As this was written, **John Dos Passos** was headed for his home in Provincetown, after over a year spent in tropical climates combating an illness that made it impossible for him to attempt to live in the north.

•

Walter Duranty was the subject of a biographical note last month, at which time we didn't know that he is one-legged. Now he turns out to be one of the star members of the cast in Frank Scully's *March of the Wooden Legged Soldiers*, which will appear in an early issue.

•

Paul Annixter's latest book is *Wilderness Ways*, issued late in the spring by the Penn Publishing Company of Philadelphia. He lives in California and is married to Will Levington Comfort's youngest daughter.

•

William Rose Benét's latest collection of poems is *Golden Fleece*, published in February by Dodd, Mead. He was graduated from the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale in 1907, and was with the *Century Magazine* from 1911 until he went into the air service during the war as a ground officer. His first wife was a sister of Kathleen Norris and his second wife was Elinor Wylie, the poet and novelist. He has been associated with the *Saturday Review of Literature* from its inception, as a book supplement to *The New York Evening Post*, in 1920.

•

We almost classified **Albert Parry's** article on page 80 as fiction, but a note reminded us that it is straight autobiography. He was taken to be shot at the age of nineteen.

•

John F. DeVine is twenty-nine, a newspaper man by unconquerable habit, married, with a year old daughter, and a sucker for slot machines. His home is in Morgantown, West Virginia, a sufficiently far cry from the Bronx.

•

Gilbert Seldes is in Hollywood —or was.

•

Excerpt from a letter from **Morley Callaghan:** "For political reasons I think these are terribly difficult and dangerous times for a writer, especially if he wants to preserve his integrity, and you can't preserve it by putting a pair of blinkers on, or sitting on the fence. I used to be billed as an 'official' hard boiled writer. No one seems to be aware of it but I renounced that long ago. Someone else can have my ticket. This is beginning to sound like a manifesto, so I'll cut it off. The truth is when you're writing a novel nothing much happens. You just sit at home and write and wish it were finished." We weren't going to add that his story on page 48 is a hunk out of the new novel he mentioned, but it is. The book will be called *They Shall Inherit the Earth* and will be published in the late summer or early fall by Random House.

•

The incomparable **Saroyan** has gone to London. It's fashionable not to like Saroyan any more (a recognized state in all literary success) and as one of fashion's more obvious slaves, we were prepared not to. The thing nobody can forgive about Saroyan is his being as good as his boasts. We weren't feeling any too forgiving, either, the day we saw him at the Plaza just before he sailed, but he talked with such sweet reasonableness and solid sense that we turned around and practically begged a new story off him. It's on page 39.

•

Jack Woodford has gone to Mexico, after a long residence in Hollywood.

•

W. Béran Wolfe has had more fan mail than anybody since Nathan signed off. That reminds us that Nathan promised us two new articles over three months ago, and this is to remind him.

Bernard Sobel is the drama critic of *The New York Daily Mirror*. He is the author of *Burleycue*, the only history of the leg show ever written, and *Indiscreet Girl*, both published by Farrar and Rhinehart.

•

Charles W. Ferguson is a native of Texas who has been a minister, an associate editor of *The Bookman*, editor of religious books for Doubleday Doran, and an editor of *The Reader's Digest*.

•

Jack Filman was born in Hamilton, Ontario, where he played football, lacrosse, and hockey with the renowned Hamilton Tigers. He is the author of the articles on lacrosse and hockey in the *Encyclopedia Britannica*.

•

David Ewen has contributed articles on music to the leading literary and musical journals in America and England. He is also the author of five books on music. He is twenty-seven and lives in Brooklyn.

•

Ty Mahon is back in New York again after almost two years away when he worked, successively, in Chicago, Detroit, and Cincinnati.

•

When we printed **Travis Hoke's** piece on hockey some time ago, it seems we referred to him as having been the editor of *The American Weekly*. In his time as associate editor there "the" editor got a salary of $250,000 a year, so he hopes his friends and relatives realize that it wasn't he. Well, how were we to know—Frank Black works here, doesn't he?

•

Bob Buckner, Esquire's prodigal son, is hereby welcomed back. He was with us from the beginning and then got strayed or stolen. At least we must admit that he's been in some nice places, having sold his stuff to *Cosmopolitan*, *The New Yorker*, *Vanity Fair* and *The Atlantic* during the time he was a.w.o.l.

•

Deac Martin, whose initials are C. T., runs an advertising and publicity service in Cleveland. His outside interests are galley and cabin cookery, tough going in woods, mountains or lakes, American first editions, Sweet Caporals, barber shopping, guitaring with Don Knowlton, and people whose minds haven't jelled.

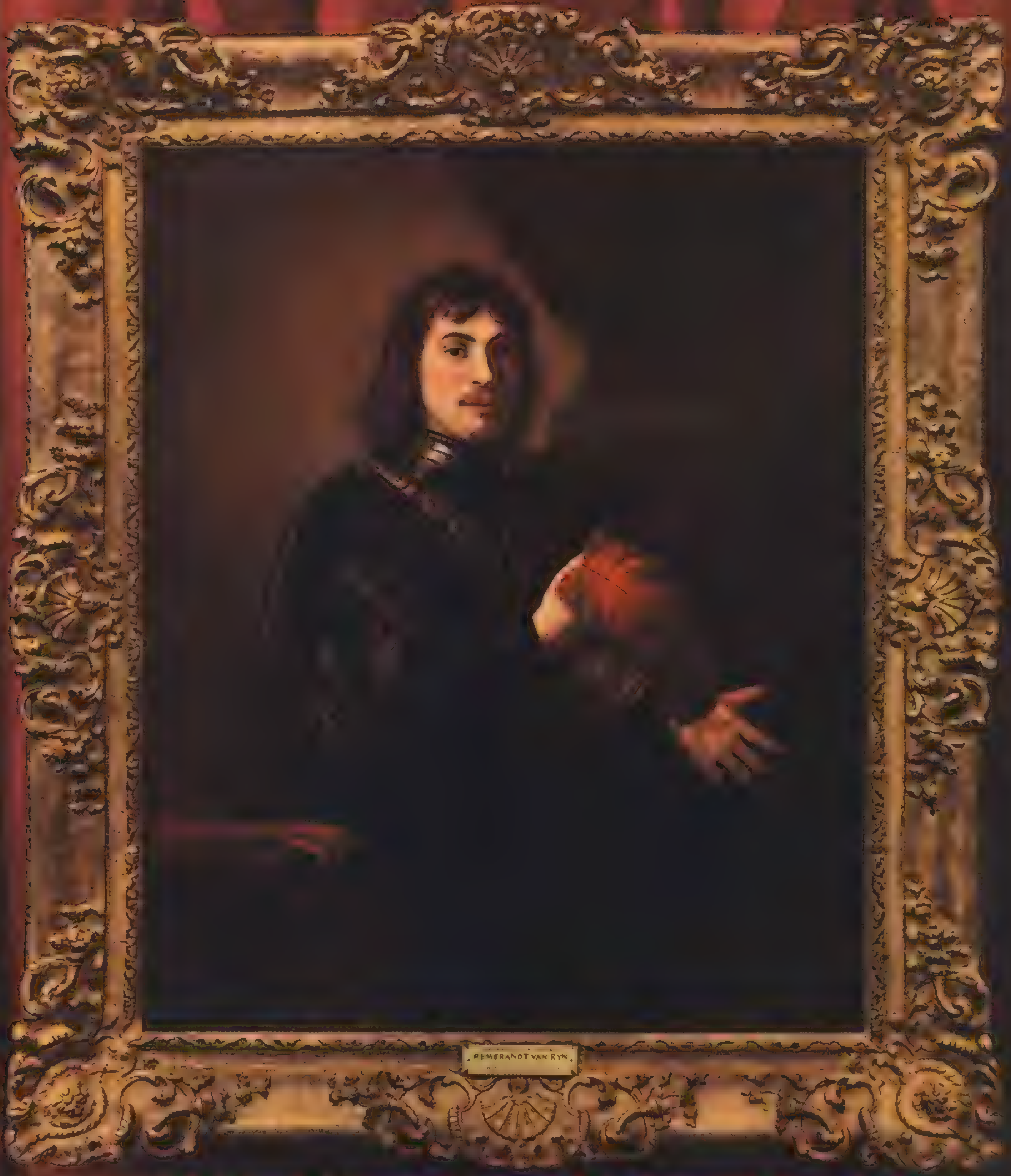
•

Ogden Nash lives in Baltimore.

•

Carl Carmer achieved fame by writing about the south (*Stars Fell on Alabama*) but his ancestral home is at Dryden, New York. He's writing a new book on upstate New York.

Carl Carmer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ANYONE in a hurry to get to his table on the Astor Roof should bring a bicycle. It's that spacious, broken up into promenades, bosky belvederes, right and left bower-cafés overlooking the bright cañon of Broadway. Fountains splash. Gold fish are on display. I let them alone and, in the large dining pavilion where Jack Berger's orchestra plays for dancing, was content to excavate baked lobster Thermidor while my companion toyed with sea bass baroqued with almonds—protected against dryness by a bottle of Pouilly, that delicately dry white Burgundy that fish seems to clamor for.

Towering further north in the theatrical district, the Hotel Edison is a large-sized novelty, repaying discovery from its street-level cafés up. On fair evenings its Crow's Nest is a swell place to get star-kissed while you dine and dance to the persuasive rhythms of Michael Tree and company and Ramoni's Argentines. The decorations by Lyonel Margolies are ingenious, and food service is excellent.

Over at the Biltmore it's a Moonlit Terrace newly dolled in sky-blue, silver, and red, with Dick Gasparre and orchestra busy amid fifteen-foot silver trees, color fountains and a gesunkt garden. Virginia Verrill sings; likewise Hibernian John Keoghan. Florence and Alvarez dance cleverly.

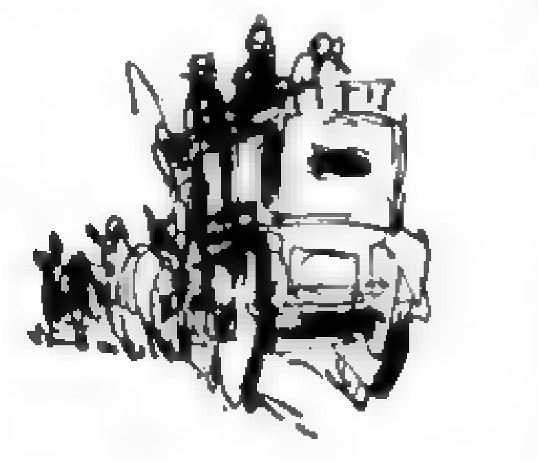
The Pennsylvania, with its railing-side tables in command of the Hudson, offers that easy going beguiler, Jack Denny, whose music would lure even if one had to climb to it. Incidentally, the room itself is pleasant and well appointed. Damn clever these Statler people.

Down the sunrise trail of Long Island to Glenwood Landing, near Roslyn, we find Society taking down its hair at Al and Marrianne Davis' Club Miramar. Sitting on their Ship's Bridge dining terrace looking over Roslyn Harbor, and being mellowed by Dick Ross' music, one gets to thinking Al might install a training table or the Westbury polo players will be swinging swizzle sticks this year.

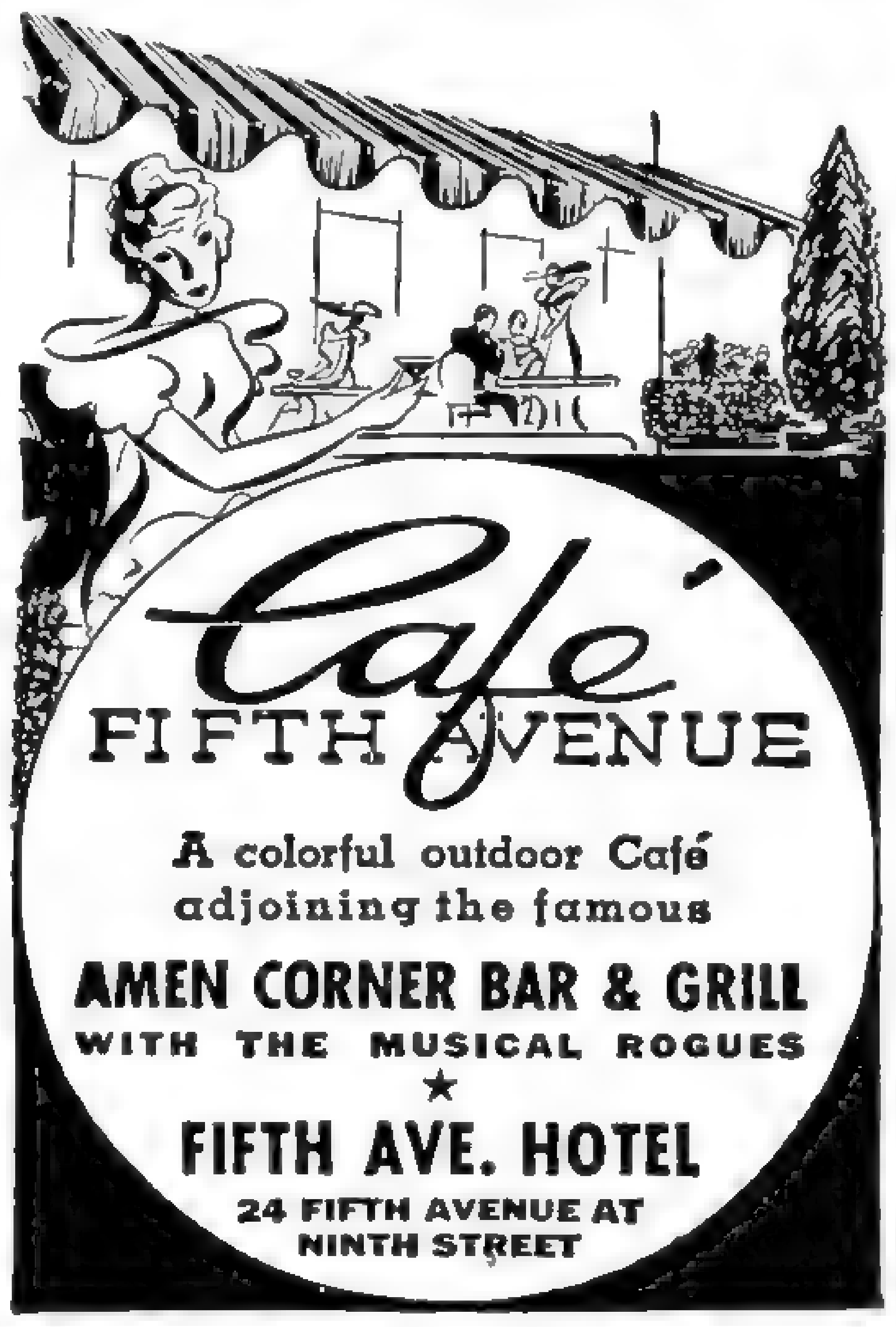
The McAlpin, in need of a bracer after 25 years of roof life, has installed young maestro Enoch Light. And he's good!—approximately the equivalent of a gland by Steinach. Assisting, Mary Danis sweeties the mike, Agnes Anderson lets her heart go pop at the piano, and a gents' chorus minnesings. As to what's to be seen *from* the McAlpin Roof I don't know, having failed to peek out.

Curious, this neglect. But prevalent. Taking advantage of it, the Hotel New Yorker has blandly snubbed the entire Manhattan scene, basementing Clyde Lucas and orchestra in a modernist, air-conditioned "Ancient Chinese" garden such as no Chinaman ever saw or breathed the likes of—and not a night hawk has complained.

Really to enjoy the spectacle of New York's skyscraperdom one must go over to Columbia Heights in Brooklyn where the Bossert's Marine Roof serves as grand outlook deck, in charge of the universe. Dick Wilson's orchestra functions from sunset hour on to the wee sma's, and just incidentally there are meals and beverages for those not satisfied with being breeze fed.



Away from all such modernities, and daring to scorn them, the Stage Coach Inn at Locust Valley, Long Island, offers the proud picturesqueness of Colonial days. Frilled-cuffed waiters in silken knee breeches and high silk stockings. Acres of old-fashioned garden where Japanese pheasants strut among the massed roses and peonies. Nourishment served to you on thousand-dollar antique tables as you loll in two-hundred-dollar chairs. Quaintness is so conscientious that the door of the ladies room is belle-lettered "Privy Council."



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Anyway, there's *dancing* at dinner and supper every night except Sunday. Dinners are from $2.00; also a la carte.

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P. S. The Roof is open for luncheon, too. Very delicious. From 75c.

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City slickers are sizzle dodgers these days. Evenings especially. What with sky-poked roofs and trick conditioned spots of all kinds serving climate *à la carte*, and beaches to breeze to, nobody but a saxophone player need go *noisettes* with heat.

Over at the Waldorf's upper crust affair it's Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians conniptioning melodiously 'neath festoons of stars, in one of the best-looking hoof-shakeries ever contrived. Betweenwhiles, for rumba and tango purposes, Xavier Cugat and his men of Spain dish the exotic. Milton Douglas gives voice to his sentiments in the spotlight. Georges and Jalna slink and twirl while you sup. For outdoor two's-ing there's quite a terrace parapeted above Park Avenue, and eastward the Bar.

The Plaza's Persian Room, located just inside the Entrée des Best Families (Fifth Avenue façade) acknowledges the presence of summer coolly, with no let down of super-spotism. Emil Coleman and band have gone fishing, but George Sterney and his sterneyfiers hold the platform effectively; the Persian illuminations still gleam, and headwaiter Paul, whose suavity knows no season, presides over a general perfection calculated to leave the flaw-seeker stumped.

Another doorstep to which bright and shiny motors come purring is that of the Central Park Casino, or grass rootery. A sweet shack. During the absence of Eddy Duchin (June bridegroom, now doing a transcontinental) Leo Reisman, the maestro in whose orchestra he served his pianistic apprenticeship, purveys the music—a less drastic change than has occurred at the Versailles, where the art of the dance has been crashed in upon by the priceless Hartmans with their clutch-as-clutch-can travesty thereof.

Larue (smart yet conservative, located at 58th and Park Ave.) has a cuisine dedicated to such productions as Supreme of Guinea Hen, "Brook Trout in its Shirt" (I'm translating), breastworks of duck, etc.—all prepared so lovingly that reciprocity of affection is automatic. In addition there's a Bar *Intime*, an outdoor department, and Arthur Warren's music for dancing.

Down in the below-Grand-Central section of Park Ave. where Number 70 Bar is the official oasis, something new has cropped up, by the name of Madeira House. The big idea is to lead 120 million Americans back into ancestral drinking paths; and those jamming the opening night seemed ready to swallow it, though mostly in the form of Madeira Coolers, Madeira Goblets, etc., rather than straight Madeira. Master of Ceremonies Sig Spaeth, duly refreshed, sat down at a piano half his size and sang *My Mother Was a Lady* most affectingly. So anything may happen.

For such trifles as bullfrog limbs, washed down with white Chianti Capelli 1931, dinnertime adventurers from here and there invade the remoteness of West 13th Street where, at 126, Little Venice is located, with three live trees growing up through the ceiling, presumably giving the wide open skylights somewhat the feeling that patrons get at the Bar with the aid of Dave's supply of old Armagnac. Henry, the other brother, sings, and the Night Watch gets well organized.

Equally serious delays may be run into at Armando's, 54th Street east of Madison, the detainers consisting of cool back terrace, snug bar, the Three Dandies (zippy lyricists), and Armando's moonly rotund smile.

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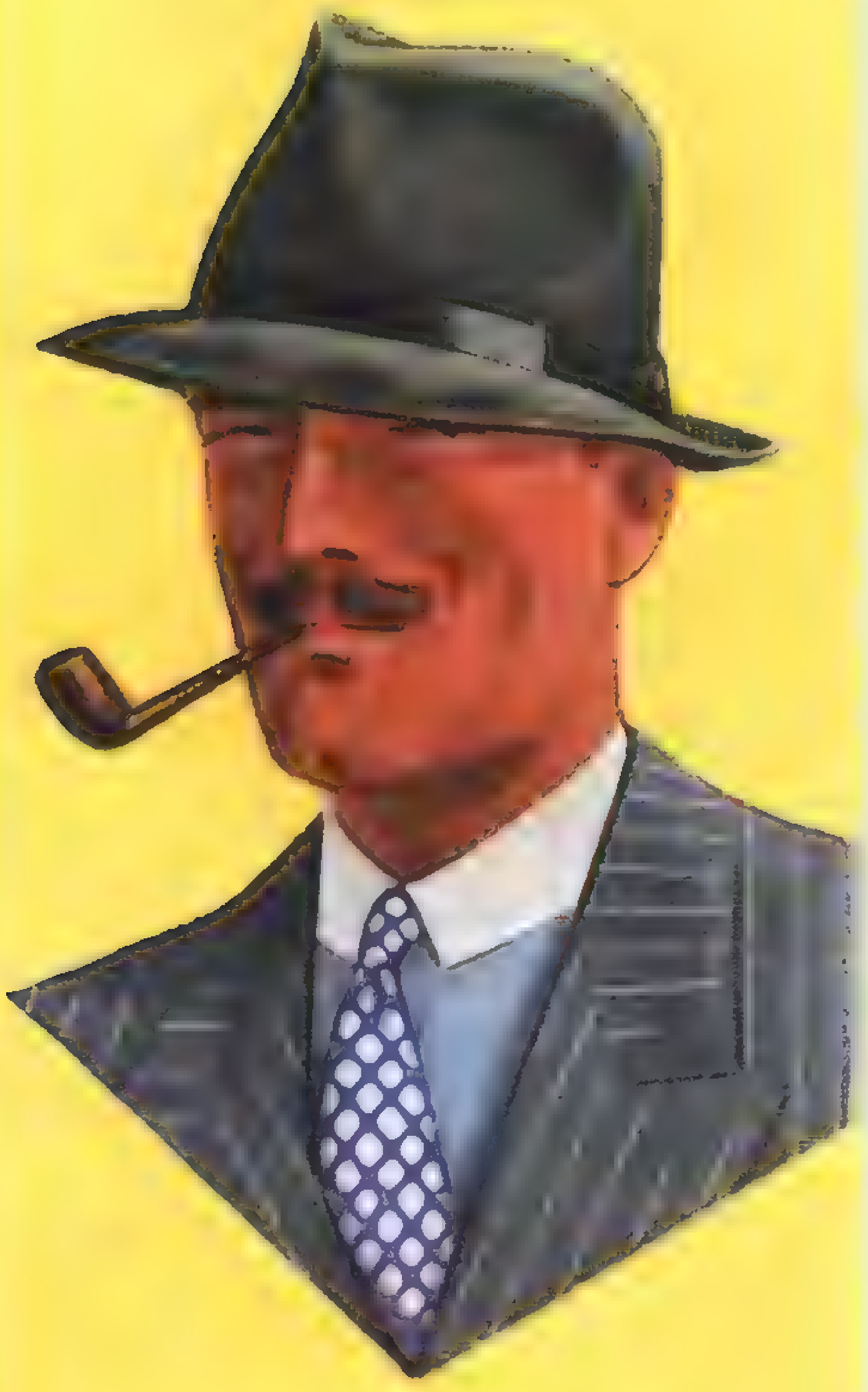

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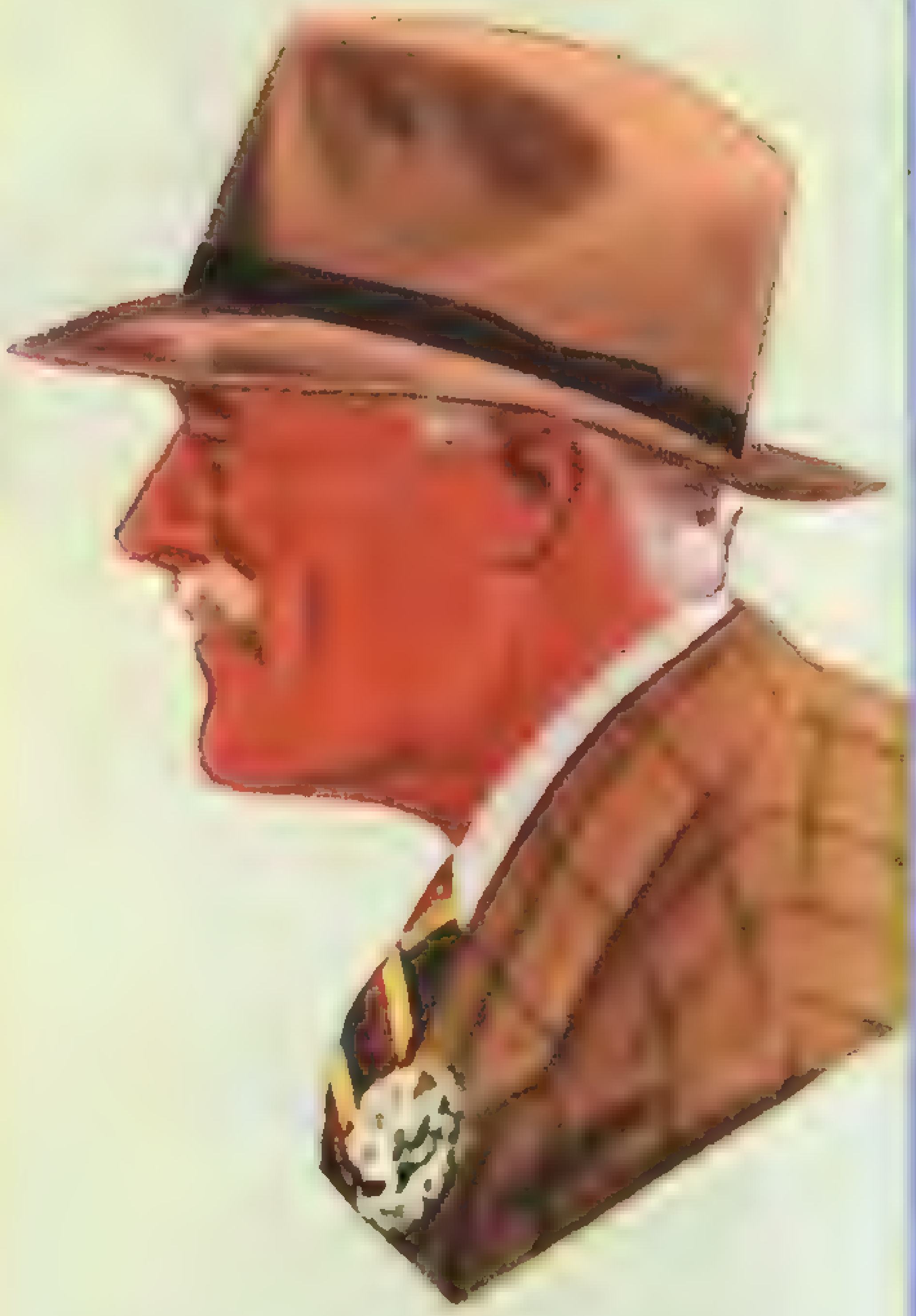
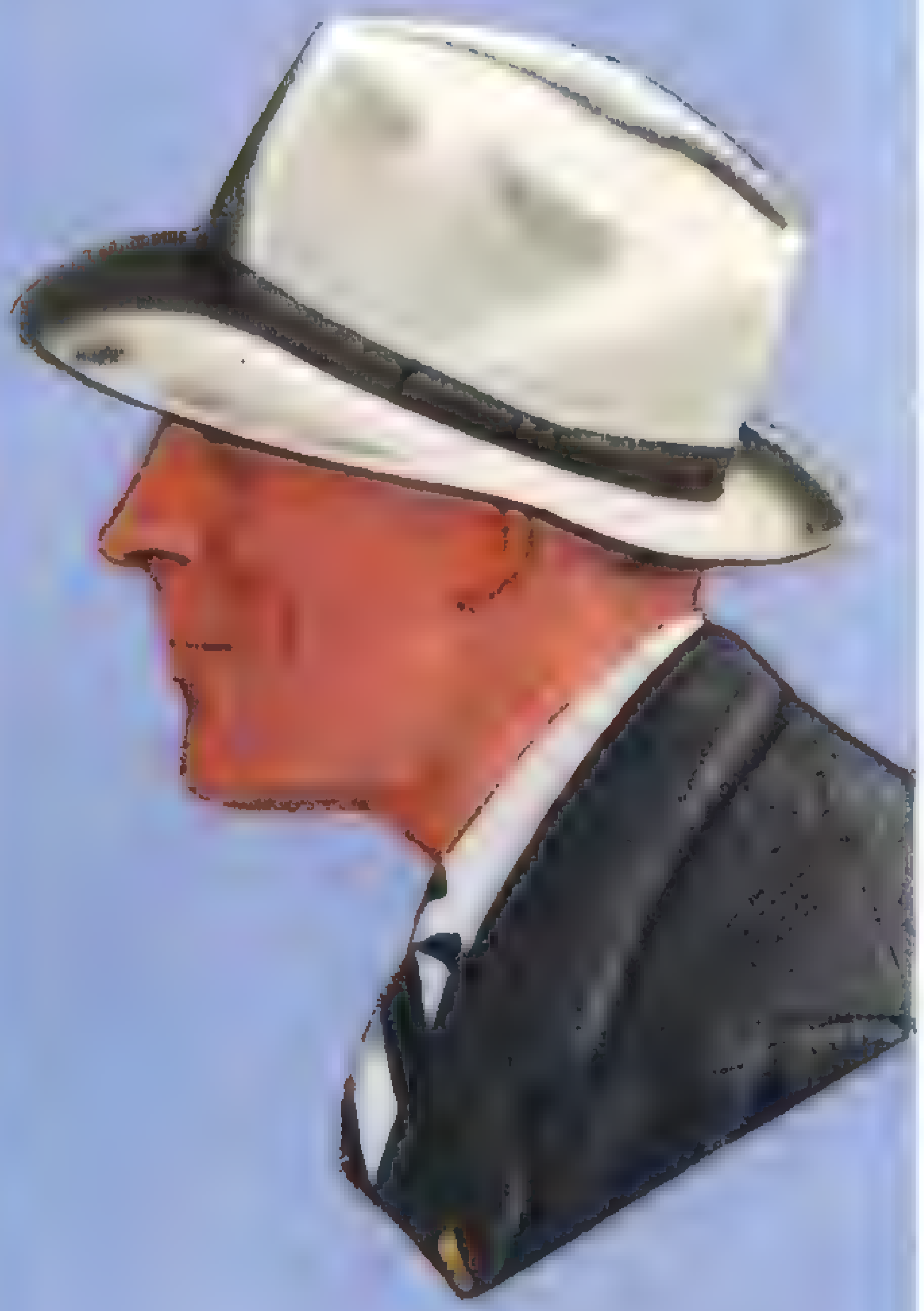


The Cross Country Supreme with the new Superedge **$7**

The Cross Country **$5**



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He Who Gets Slap Happy

A Bimini Letter

by ERNEST HEMINGWAY

It is all just as serious as you take it. Certainly a fish is only a fish while a man is more than often a sonofabitch and you cannot make a good nine ounce tip out of a sow's ear nor a sportsman out of what you give horses when you touch them with a spur. What is a sportsman, anyway? In what does he differ from the average four letter man?

A sportsman is an individual who practices any difficult art for the pleasure he derives from doing it. If he is good enough at it to make his living by it that makes him no less a sportsman. The main thing is that he must love to do it; not love simply the winning, nor the applause, nor what it brings him. A four letter man is one who because he does not enjoy doing a thing believes it impossible for anyone else to enjoy doing it and so sneers at them.

America has always been a country of hunters and fishermen. As many people, probably, came to North America because there was good free hunting and fishing as ever came to make their fortunes.

But plenty came who cared nothing about hunting, nothing about fishing, nothing about the woods, nor the prairies, nor the small hills, nor the many rivers, nor the big lakes and the small lakes, nor the sea coast, nor the sea, nor the mountains in summer and in winter, nor the trees turning in the fall, nor when the geese fly in the night, nor when the ducks come down before the autumn storms, nor prairie chickens in a corn field, nor about the timber that is gone, nor the marshes, nor about a frozen country road, nor looking from one hill across to another, nor about leaves burning in the fall, nor about any of the things that we have loved. Nor do they care about anything but the values they brought with them from the towns they lived in to the towns they live in now; nor do they think anyone else cares. They are very sure no one cares to read about hunting and fishing because they don't.

So I say the hell with them. When they finally make their money they will imitate the people who do the things because they like to; not because it is the thing to do. Then when they become Post-Depression sportsmen they can look up the back numbers and see what it is all about.

Meantime let them write letters to the magazine about how lousy letters such as this one are. It has been a long time since your correspondent could not take it and he is still able to hand a little back. He has made an extensive study of the four letter man at home and abroad; what he will wear and what he will say on different occasions including social, domestic, sporting and dramatic and there is no pleasure like seeing a perfect specimen in print. Let the boys write.

A writer should judge a book he finishes by the quality of the stuff he is able to cut out and still have his book intact. If he cuts out damned good stuff the chances are that what remains is better. The only way he can judge the impact of anything he writes in a periodical is by the type and quantity of four letter folk that protest. If you hit them they write. If they write they read it. Of course lots of them would have been happier if they had never learned to read but what is happiness to the Slap Happy?

The finest lot of Slap Happies your correspondent has ever been privileged to hoist a beer with hang out around Mr. Josie Grunt's bar in Key West when the veterans from the C. C. C. camp at Matecumbe come in on pay day. The other day as your correspondent slipped in for a quick one the bar was crowded. In the back of the room, where he was sitting on a billiard table, a man with a crutch waved cordially, "Hello Pal," he said. "Come on over Old Timer."

"Don't you go, Ernest," Mr. Josie said, cutting the foam with a spatula. "He asks everybody over there just so he can get them in range to hit them with that crutch."

"He's mean," another veteran said. "I don't see why a man's got to be that mean."

"I see him lay out four men with that crutch this morning."

"All strangers, too."

"He's mean all right," said Mr. Josie. "What the hell does he want to hit somebody he never seen before with that crutch?"

"He's been mean ever since he broke his leg," the first veteran said.

"He was mean before that. He broke his own leg he was so mean."

"Hey Pal, come on over," hailed the crutch man gaily. "I want to see you, Old Timer."

"I'd take the crutch away from him," Mr. Josie explained, "But he can't walk without it."

"Come on. Come on Old Timer," called the crutch man. "Have one with me."

"Hear him talk pleasant like that? You wouldn't know he was mean would you?"

"No," agreed your correspondent. "I wouldn't have thought he was mean."

Just then one of two veterans who had been standing in contemplation before a lithograph of Custer's Last Stand placed a hand on your correspondent's arm.

"Can you pick out Custer, Buddy?" asked the veteran earnestly.

"There's Custer," said your correspondent pointing to where the general brandished his sword while the Sioux closed in on him.

"That's right," said the veteran happily. "That's him."

"Givin' 'em hell isn't he?" said the second veteran, his eyes never leaving the scene where the squaws were already scalping the bodies of the dead of the seventh cavalry.

"That ain't nothing to what he done in France," said the first veteran proudly.

"Na," said the other veteran. "You can't beat those Americans."

Your correspondent returned to the bar leaving them still contemplating Custer's Victory.

As for Bimini; the tuna came late. I was steering into the sea with a big southwest breeze blowing when we hooked the first one. I saw a big yellowish brown fish pass alongside the boat travelling with the swells and mistook it for a marlin. All dark blue colored fish show a tawny brown in the

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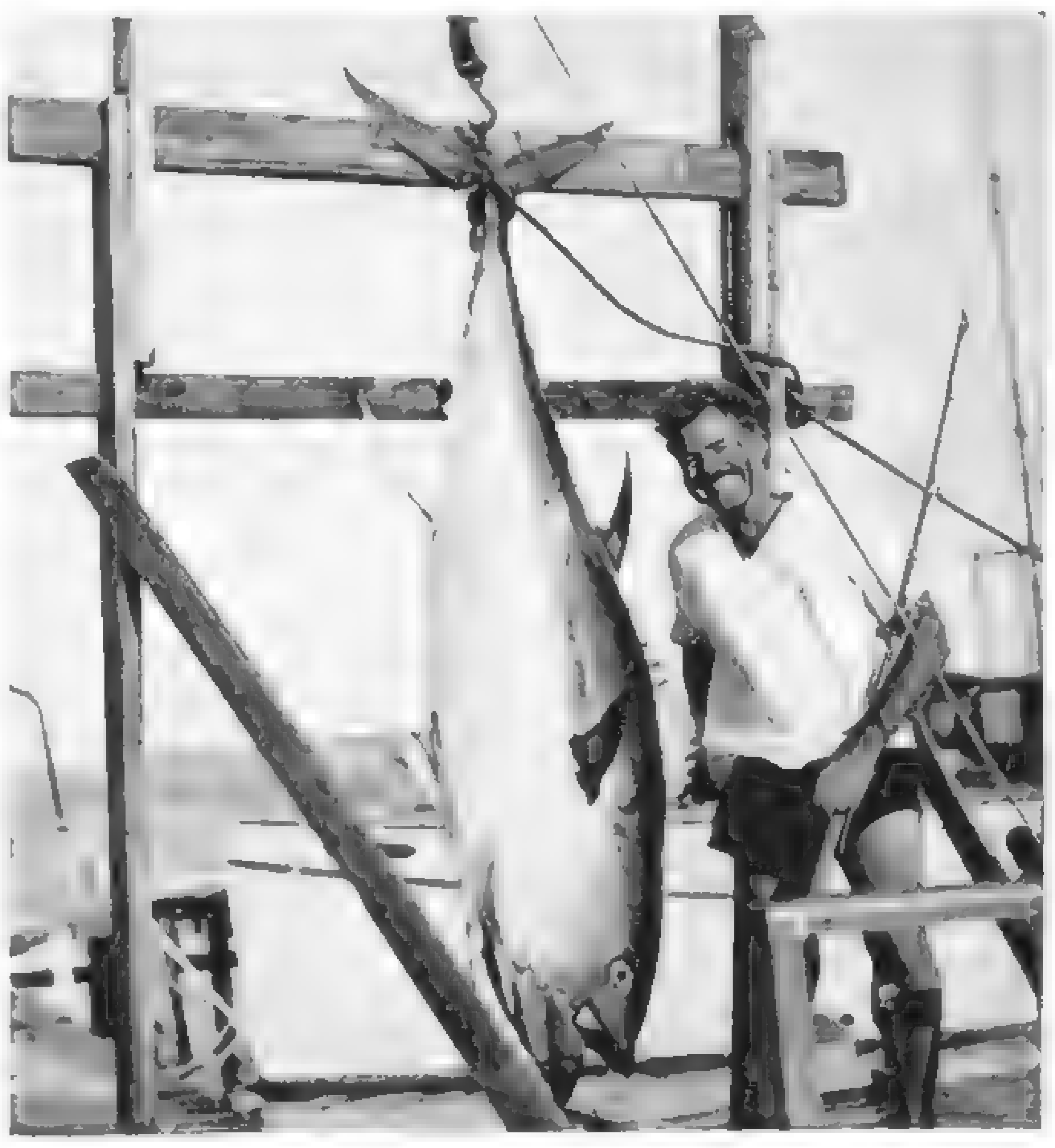
The 381-lb. tuna, first big one ever landed intact south of New York.



The 319-lb. tuna, landed after a run of forty-eight minutes.

We Choose Our Future

Thesis: Capitalism has used up all markets and must turn to war, fascism, or collectivism

by UPTON SINCLAIR

• ARTICLE •

In 1858 or thereabouts, when Abraham Lincoln said that "A house divided against itself cannot stand," his enemies made much of it, and accused him of seeking to tear down the house. In the same way, when in 1934 I remarked to a newspaper reporter that "Private business is through," my enemies accused me of seeking to destroy it, and that may be the reason why I write this as a private individual, instead of as Governor-elect of California. But election results do not alter the economic situation; and like Galileo sentenced to the dungeon, I mutter beneath my breath: "*Eppur*—private business is through!"

The trouble we face is usually attributed to the invention of machinery. We have made it possible for one man to do the work of ten, and that necessarily throws many men out of work. But if I am right in my observations, all that machinery has done is to speed up the process, which would have happened anyhow, and has happened in every civilization where business for private profit has been carried on for a long time. They had no machinery in ancient Rome; but they had capitalism, and joint stock companies, and speculation, and crises, and luxury constantly increasing at the top, and misery constantly increasing at the bottom, until in the end the society decayed and collapsed.

The easiest way to realize what happens to us is to do a sum—almost any sum—in compound interest. Take a million dollars and put it out at compound interest at six percent for a hundred years, and see what it amounts to, and then you will know why ancient Rome decayed, and why Mussolini isn't going to last as long as he thinks, and why they have Hitler in Germany, and why France is tottering on the edge of another bout of inflation, and why everybody in the United States is asking everybody else where we are and what is coming next.

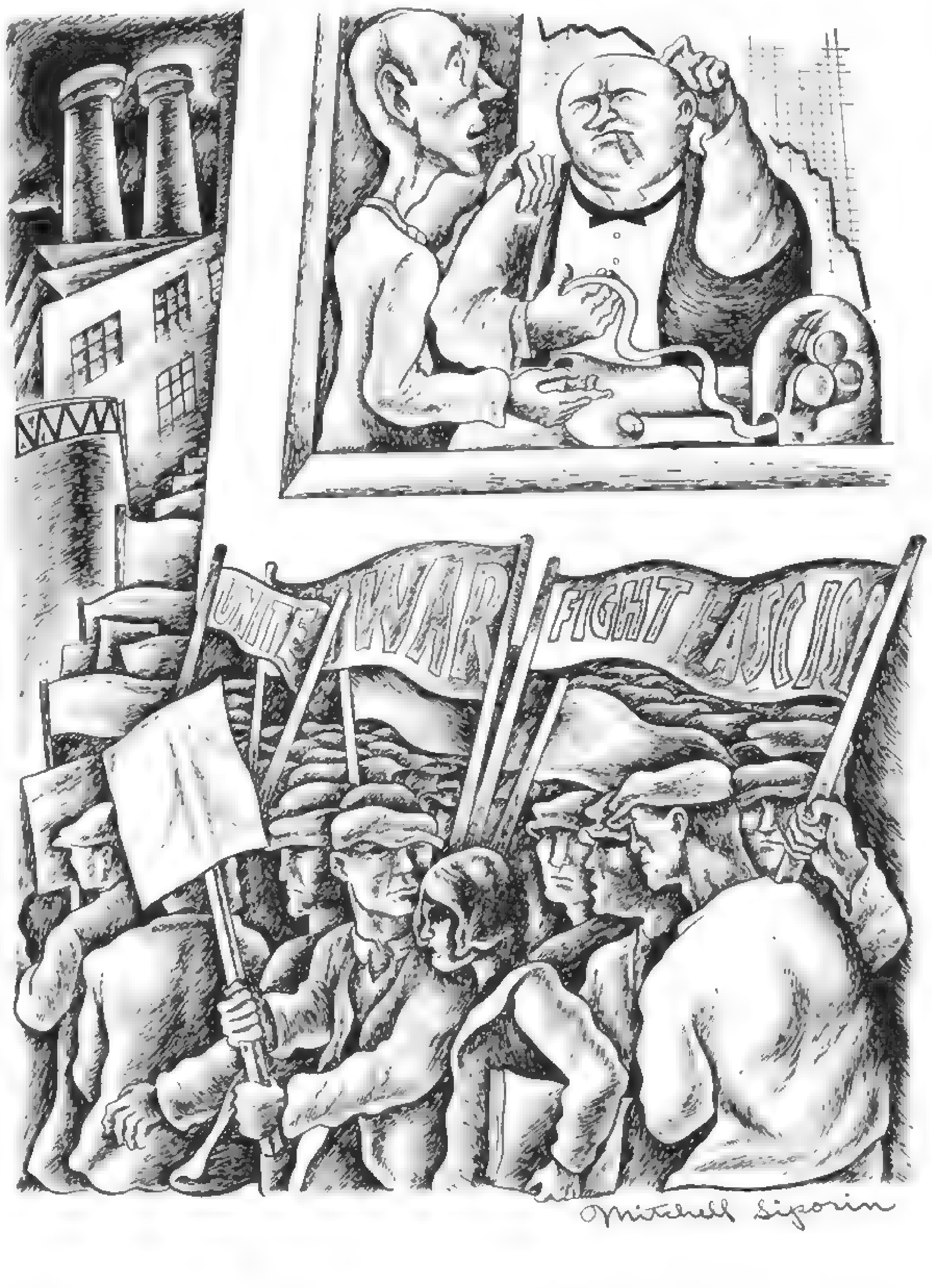
I myself did that figuring thirty-two years ago, and it prompted me to write an "Open Letter" to my friend Lincoln Steffens, who had told in a magazine article how a certain "traction crowd" had robbed the city of Pittsburgh of forty millions of dollars. I asked Steffens to figure out what that stolen money would amount to at compound interest in thirty years; and would the people of Pittsburgh owe interest on it then, and would they be able to pay interest on it then, and could they pay it, even if they felt that they owed it? The thirty years have passed, and they can't, and that is what is the matter with our country.

You must understand that it doesn't make any difference whether that particular "traction crowd," or their heirs, still own the stocks and bonds. The point is that the stocks and bonds exist, and demand dividends and interest, and must have them, if the profit motive is to operate. When there is no longer enough profit to go round, the profit motive fails, and production begins to flag, and men are out of work; and sooner or later in the top-heavy system comes a point where the amount of suffering is more than the community is willing or able to bear, and the state has to step in and start feeding the hungry.

They had doles and bread-lines in ancient Rome, you know; and when that starts, it means that the end is near; for the state begins to assume the financial responsibility which private business can no longer carry; and every day it is forced to assume more and more.

That is where modern machinery steps in and plays its part in accelerating the process.

Machinery speeds up production, and the piling up of profits, and the claims on profits which we call debts. Machinery intensifies the crisis, increases unemployment, and brings it about that what took half a thousand years to happen in ancient Rome will happen in America in half a generation. We have it all before our eyes in the most recent history, the case of Germany. That country staked everything on a war; she piled up her debts to the maximum; and very quickly it became clear that there weren't profits enough to afford the means of payment.



The foreigner suffered first, of course; our bankers learned that the reparations bonds were to be defaulted, and they postponed the unpleasant day by the ingenious process of lending the debtor more money, so that he could pay the interest on his debt. Then came the time when Germany couldn't pay the interest on her internal debt, and she wiped it out by the process of inflation; incidentally, her people lost their liberties—because the sufferings inflicted were more than they could stand, and the masters of industry and finance dared not let them retain political power. Germany has Fascism, which I have defined, with scientific precision, as: "Capitalism plus murder."

But you see that Germany has not found prosperity. What happens is that the state has to take over more and more of the burden; more and more of the work done in the country becomes public work, and more and more of the money owed for it becomes public debt; until it piles up too high again, and has to be wiped out by another bout of inflation. We have seen the same course run in Italy; only yesterday a friend gave me the usual traveller's report—the streets clean, and everybody hard at work. My friend is a motion picture man, not an economist, and he does not know how much of that work is being paid for out of Mussolini's treasury. The same thing is about to start in France, where the money was deflated eighty per cent some ten years ago, and very soon will have to be deflated again; for the reason that the dollar and the pound have got the best of the franc, and that wipes out the tourist trade, and gives advantage to American and British manufacturers in the world markets.

To apply these painful precedents to our own land, the home of prosperity and the full dinner pail, is a most thankless task. I have been doing it for thirty years—before any of the precedents existed—and my unvarying experience has been that I spent double postage in submitting my ideas to magazine editors, and wound up by having them appear in some obscure Socialist paper, which only Socialists read. However, the economic mill

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We Solve Our Present

Thesis: Capitalism constantly creates new markets through raising the standard of living

by GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

▪ ARTICLE ▪

The capitalist faces the Depression as a period in the liquidation of the Great War. Economic nationalism, the Communist experiment in Russia, Fascism in Italy and Naziism in Germany, the rise of Japan as a primary economic and political power, the emergence of Turkey and China, the shifting of the credit center from London to New York are among the many other façades which appeared after the War.

No moral judgment with regard to the Depression or any other post-War phenomenon even slightly affects the actual situation.

For instance, one may be anti-Communist or anti-Fascist and curse the War for having given birth to them, but all that matters objectively is that they exist and have to be analyzed critically and related to the general social, political and economic structures which control man on this Earth.

Post-War phenomena seem to produce as large if not a larger measure of human suffering than the War itself. The liquidation of War costs cannot be limited to such concrete evidences as War debts, because the War did not end with the Armistice or the Conference at Versailles.

It goes on in the physical rearrangement of the means of production from a few active centers to an attempt at autarchy in every state. It goes on in the constant raising of tariff walls, the impositions of quotas, the imperilling of the Gold Standard, the confusion of exchanges, the experimentation with new social and economic forms—in a hundred and one ways to our detriment and misery.

That is the price of the last War. Capitalism thrives on the profits of industry and trade, and War has ever interfered with its normal processes. But none of the evidences at present available indicate that the international disturbances which have distressed the Earth from 1921 to the present day involve either a repudiation of the capitalist system or that any economic system has manifested itself during that period which offers an improvement upon capitalist processes. All that is proved is that War is costly to the human race; that, in view of the complexities of our economic world, it dislocates the normal course of production and distribution for a prolonged period after the actual fighting has ceased.

What do we mean, in economic terms, when we say the improvement of the condition of man?

Two yardsticks, and only these two, can be used to measure the improvement in the economic condition of man: one is the rising standard of living, the other is the diffusion of wealth.

The yardstick for the rising standard of living is the per capita measure of consumption of goods, that is exactly how many things does the individual consume in the course of a year.

For instance, if in 1913 the average Polish peasant ate meat only once a week and in 1935, he consumes pork chops three times a week, there has been a notable rise in his standard of living. On the other hand, if an American cotton farmer reverts to a hill-billy diet because of the operations of the A A A there is evidence of a receding standard of living.

Spiritually-minded individuals will shiver at the materialism of such a yardstick. They will speak of "higher values," "spiritual forces," "psychological attitudes," and other unidentifiable phrases. Who can measure statistically a "high value" or a "spiritual force"? And what does anyone know about them?

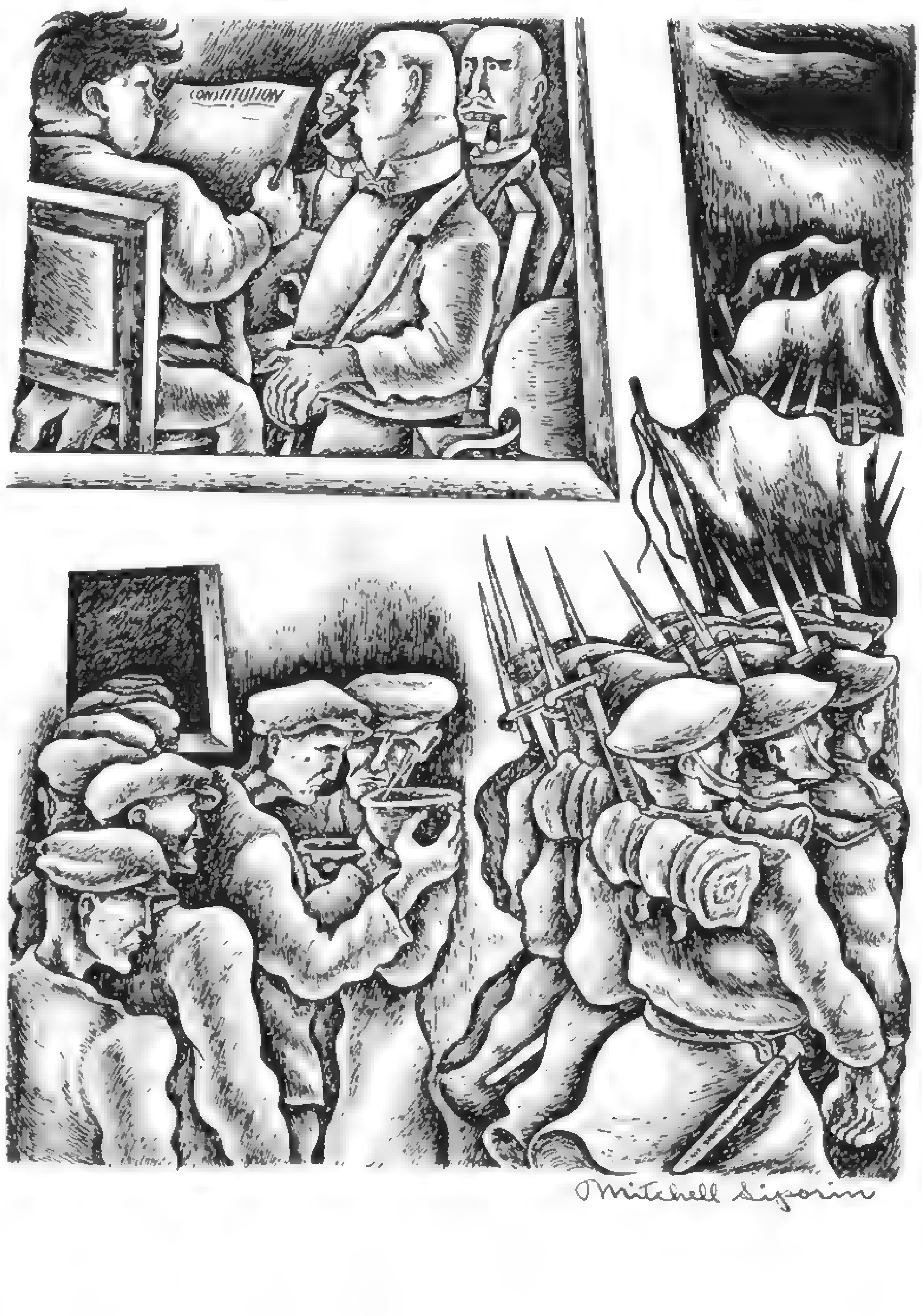
These easily spoken but imponderably interpreted phrases can satisfy the intellect only of the person who resists provable facts when they provide, for him, unsatisfactory conclusions. Neither capitalism, communism, nor any other economic system can permit itself the luxury of developing, let us say, a system of distribution on such an entity as the thermal value of loving one's neighbor.

As regards the yardstick of the diffusion of wealth, we rush headlong into an arena in which the wild bulls are numerous and dangerous. Mr. Upton Sinclair, Father Coughlin, Huey Long, and even the President himself have discussed the distribution of wealth in this country as though they had some figures on the subject. Actually, how can they or anyone else compute the wealth of the United States or any other country? What items are included under the category, "wealth"? When the Marxists use the phrase "concentration of wealth," they apparently mean either the concentration of a large share of national income in the upper brackets or the concentration of the control of income producing agencies by a limited group within the state. Mr. A. A. Berle, Jr. in his *Modern Corporation and Private Property* deals with the second standard; Father Coughlin and Huey Long with the former.

It is not then indefinable "wealth" that they discuss, but definable "income." If, in a state, income is concentrated in a few hands, then an economic system exists which is gradually restoring large masses of the people to serfdom. If, on the other hand, there is a constant increase in the per capita income, then an efficient economic system is at work.

Karl Marx assumed that the capitalist system would inevitably lead to a concentration of wealth and therefore to a form of economic serfdom. But what did Karl Marx know about the modern capitalist system? He lived in the period roughly described as 1848, before the widespread application of steam and electric power to production, before the full development of railroads and motor cars to distribution, before the development of modern colonialism, before the creation of the modern corporation with its diffusion of ownership by millions of shareholders many of whom are workers, before the employment of mass production. In a word, he wrote at the very beginning of the capitalist system as though it had reached its apex. He could not have envisioned such a stock-ownership as the A.T.&T. evidences or such a conversion of expensive luxury goods into cheap necessities as is evidenced by the automobile industry.

Similarly, the Russians had hardly any experience with the capital-system. Their experience was with feudalism, with an almost pre-capitalist



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The Celebrity

The bashful boy from the sticks turns out to have everything it takes to pass for a great man

by JOHN DOS PASSOS

• FICTION •

THE young man from the sticks got into the Grand Central Station too late in the day to start attending to the business he'd come for. He stood swinging his suitcase in the middle of the glowing pavement near the information booth. It was a rainy day. The station looked huge and lonely in spite of the late afternoon crowd. Then he suddenly remembered the phone number of the couple he'd met on the French Line boat. He went over to a phone booth and called. She answered. He recognized her voice at once. She said why didn't he come down and have a sandwich with them, she had some interesting people coming for cocktails. He said he'd be tickled to death, hung up, went and checked his bag, and took the subway downtown. When he got out at Astor Place he had to ask the newsvendor which way was west. He found the house and the right name over a bell. Then he suddenly felt very shy.

After all he didn't know them very well, he didn't know how well he'd be able to keep up with interesting people. He got up his nerve and gave the bell a jab. The latch on the door buzzed. He went up a flight of creaky stairs and there she was holding open a tall white door.

"I hope you're not dreadfully hungry" she said. "Charles Edward Holden is coming and he's always late."

"Not at all . . . Why that's fine," said the young man from the sticks.

He followed her into a long tall room full of people and cigarette smoke. The husband came up and pressed a pink cocktail into his hand. "He said maybe he'd come," said the husband. "Well here's how."

"Here's how," said the young man from the sticks, blinking a little around the room.

"Mr. Zbsssk . . . Meet Miss Mmmmtbx . . . I'm sure you know Ttm Krmmt."

The couple he'd met on the French Line boat had vanished. The young man from the sticks held tight to his cocktail glass and moistened his lips with his tongue. He looked around at the men's faces and the women's faces and the cocktail glasses and women's hats round about him. Everybody was talking at once.

He approached a long-nosed lanky man who stood by himself with his back to the wall.

"Nasty day," he said.

"In what way?" said the lanky man without looking at him.

"I mean the rain."

"So it's raining is it?" The lanky man took a cigarette out of a fresh package, looked for a moment as if he was going to offer one but thought better of it and put them back in his pocket. The young man from the sticks brought out a cigarette of his own. The lanky man had just blown out his match and stood staring at the ceiling, letting the blue smoke pour out of his large nostrils. The young man began to stammer. He stuck the cigarette unlighted in the corner of his mouth and managed to get the words out "MMM mister Holder . . . what line . . . er . . . is he in?"

"Holdy" said the lanky man turning his back and walking away. "He's shot his bolt."

At that minute a man grabbed the young man from the sticks by the buttons of his vest. "Where was it we met? . . . you tell me . . . I bet you don't remember."

The young man from the sticks shook his head. Then he smiled and held out his hand. "Maybe it was over on the other side," he said.

"No it was somewhere uptown . . . I never forget a face." The man who never forgot a face had a very pink face with circular lines on it. He was pretty well tanked. It looked as if some of the pink from the cocktails had gotten into his face.

"Very interesting people here" . . . the young man began timidly.

"Why kid ourselves?" the man who never forgot a face broke in. He rolled his boiled codfish eyes. "You know and I know that it's not like the old days . . . Don't you old timer?"

The young man nodded and blushed. "But this feller who's coming . . . Mr. Holdy?"

"Nothing but a clique . . . a collection of logrollers . . ." The man who never forgot a face winked. "After all us old newspaper men understand these things."

"Oh I see," said the young man.

The man who never forgot a face took him by the sleeve and led him through the crowd into the back room. "Scotch in here," he whispered mysteriously over his shoulder.

"Oh I see," said the young man.

It was quieter in the back room. It was possible to hear what people said. The couple he'd met on the boat were sitting quietly eating chicken salad with a few friends with whiskies and sodas beside them. "Oh here you are" they cried out with forced brightness.

"I was telling this young man . . . it turns out we're old friends . . . that it's not like the old days at 63 . . . you remember?"

"Or 321," said a sallow woman with a veil on her nose.

"Or at Marian's," sighed the couple he'd met on the French Line boat.

He was settled on the couch beside them with a plate of chicken salad on his knees. He wasn't following the conversation so well. So he spent his time with the supper and the whiskey and soda. The man who never forgot a face was arguing with a haggard faced man with black eyebrows as to whether Charles Edward Holden was a communist. One man said he was a communist, the other said he was a paid agent of Wall Street. Every now and then the woman the young man had met on the French Line boat leaned forward and said smiling, "But you're both too silly." The haggard faced man with the black eyebrows finally got to his feet and said Charles Edward Holden ought to be shot against a white wall.

That broke up the group. The young man from the sticks found that he was getting sleepy what with the heat of the room and the scotch on top of the pink cocktail. He got to his feet. The woman he'd met on the French Line boat looked up at him with her handsome tired long-lidded eyes. "You don't think so do you?"

"No indeed," said the young man. He roamed around looking for the bathroom and instead got into the kitchenette where the husband was washing glasses.

"Lemme help you wipe" he said.

"No. I've got a system" said the husband.

"Say won't those birds get into trouble if they talk like that?" The young man jerked

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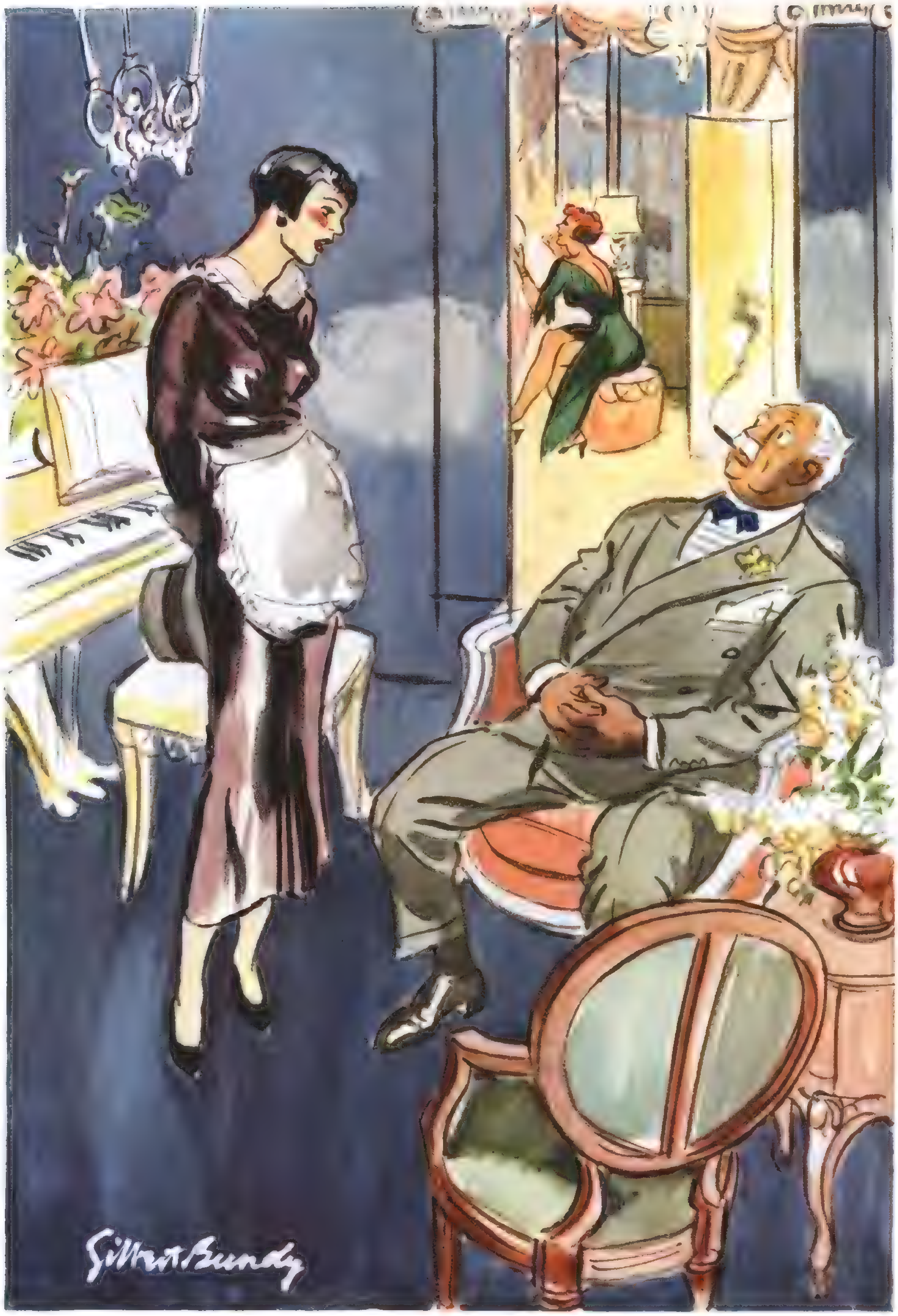
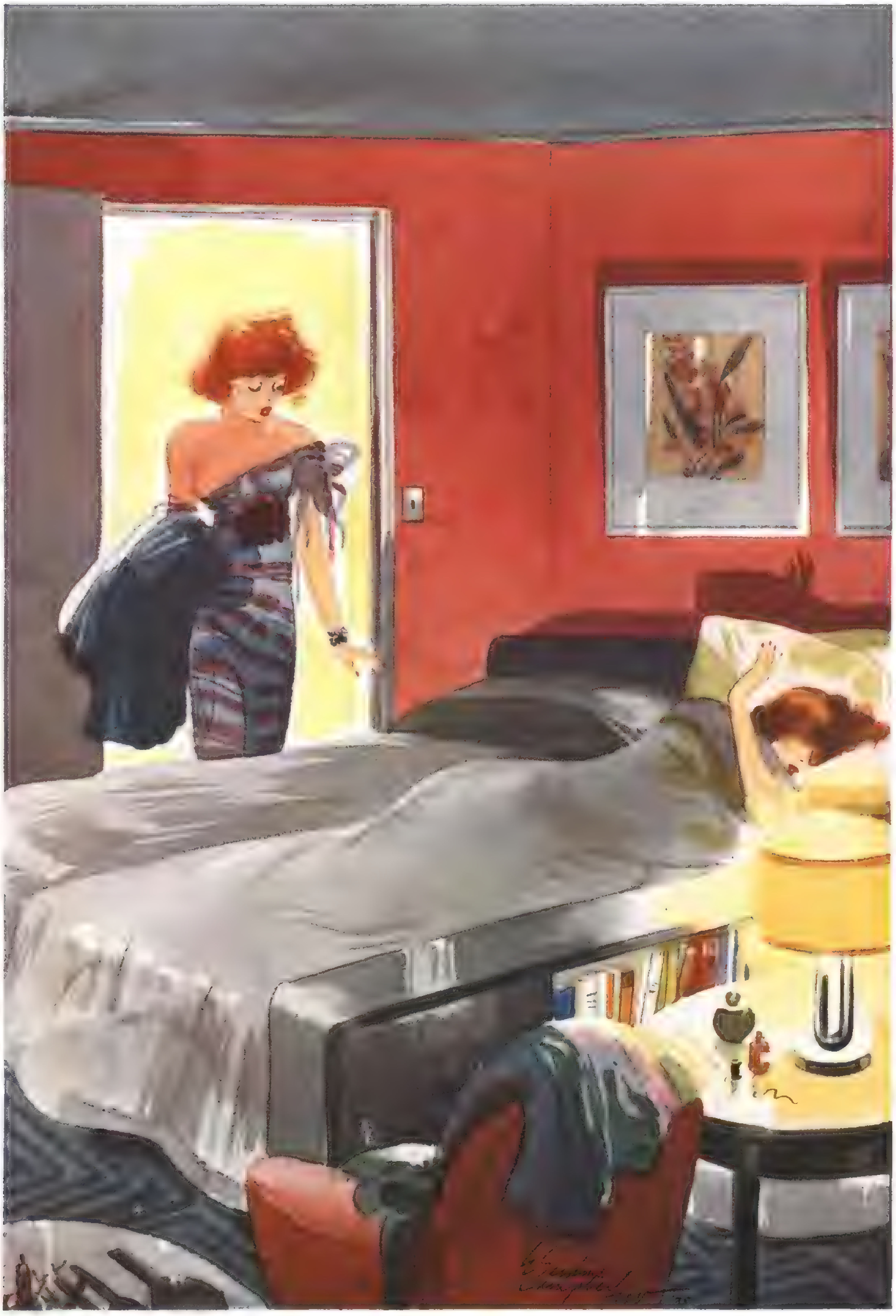

Gilbert Bundy

"I like it here, Mr. Gross, but there doesn't seem to be much chance for advancement"



"Tell me about Mr. Jacobs in the morning—you'll find smelling salts and iodine on the table"

The Martyr

Some guys just can't appreciate a first class opportunity to die for the down-trodden mass

by NEWMAN LEVY

▪ SATIRE ▪

Before his excursion into homicide Tim Brennecke's career had been mild and unadventurous. The various jobs that he had adorned at one time or another, delivery boy, shipping clerk, truck driver and more recently, beverage dispenser at the fountain of a popular drug store, seemed hardly an appropriate prelude to what commentators were later to describe as "the crime of the century." Nor did his appearance suggest any of the stigmata of crime so dear to the hearts of certain criminologists. Tall and slightly emaciated, a shock of sandy hair which was usually tousled—except during his soda water period when it was kept sleek and glossy by the diligent application of unguents—weak watery eyes that peered earnestly from behind gold rimmed spectacles, he looked more like a down at the heels philosophy student than the principal actor in a *cause célèbre.*

In fact, the crime itself in the beginning scarcely appeared to be fraught with earth shaking possibilities. On the surface it seemed to be merely the tragic conclusion of a sordid speakeasy brawl. The morning after it happened a few of the newspapers gave it two or three obscure inches of space; most of them ignored it completely. For a shot that was destined to be heard round the world, it sounded at first, ridiculously like the explosion of a toy pop gun. In like fashion, did the assassination at Sarajevo break unheralded upon an unaware world.

Tim sat moodily at a table in the basement of Tony's, one of those dingy emancipated speakeasies in the West Forties that contributed so much to the conviviality of those arid times, now happily past. Mike Angelo, swarthy and eager eyed, sat opposite him. Each had before him a pale amber fluid, described by the management in a magnificent burst of metaphor as Scotch Whiskey, a potent decoction that possessed the combined stimulative and health giving properties of bichloride of mercury, arsenic and dynamite. The affairs of the universe were being settled with earnest alcoholic finality; the discussion was profound and philosophical.

"This country's run by the capitalists—the Wall Street Crowd," said Tim morosely. "It's a helova note. Here we are, slavin'—"

"What's the matter with this country?" retorted Angelo, with the natural indignation of the proprietor of a prosperous fruit stand.

"Just a bunch of suckers," said Tim. "Now look at Russia, f'rinstance."

"Yeah," said Mike. "*Look* at Russia. A lot o' Bolsheviks and—and Russians. Look at it!" He laughed sarcastically.

"What's matter with Russia?" said Tim with dignity. "Here Tony. Two more o' these."

He reached into his trousers pocket as Tony came from behind the bar with the drinks.

"No, this is on me," insisted Mike.

"Nothing doing," said Tim. "You paid last time."

That was settled and they drank in silence.

"What's matter with Russia?" Tim repeated. "Look at that guy Lenin."

"Lot o' hooey," said Angelo.

"Look at what he done for Russia," said Tim. "Lenin was a great little feller. Look what he done for Russia."

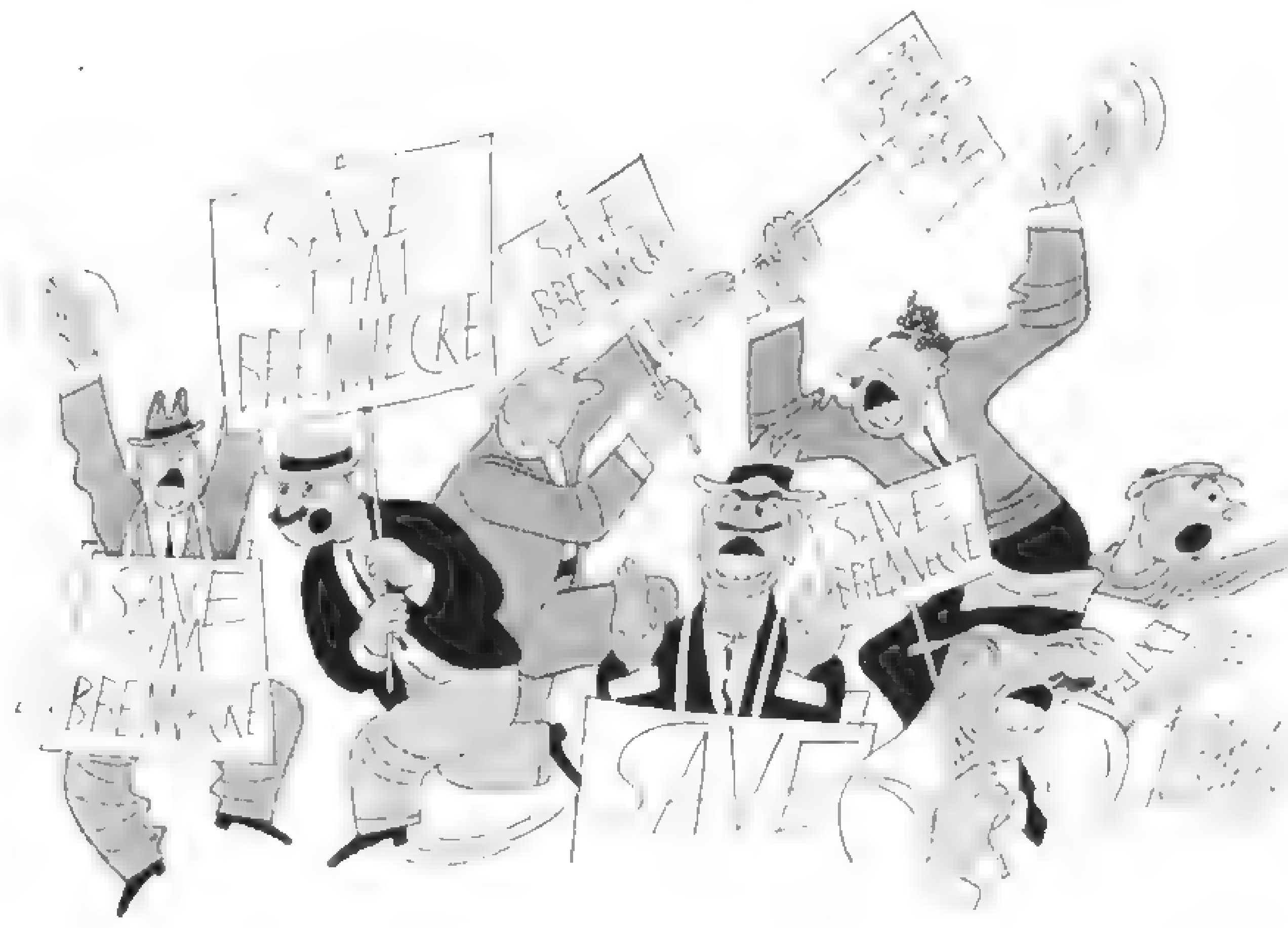
"Lot o' hooey," said Angelo.

"He was a great little feller."

"What's matter with Roosevelt?" declared Mike.

"What Roosevelt?"

"Franklin Roosevelt," said Mike.



"What's Roosevelt ever done for Russia?" Tim demanded. "Look what Lenin done for Russia. What's Roosevelt ever done for Russia?"

"Lot o' hooey," said Mike. "If you don't like it in this country why don't you go back where you came from?"

Tim looked at his companion in pained surprise.

"Say that again, you fat wop!" he said.

"You heard me," said Mike.

"Say that again," Tim insisted.

"Lot o' hooey," Mike repeated.

There seemed to be but one logical retort to this remark. Tim seized the glass of water, known technically as a chaser, and with an accuracy surprising in one so completely alcoholized, hurled the contents in Mike's face.

There was a crash of overturning chairs; Mike advanced belligerently towards Tim who backed unsteadily up against the bar.

"Here! Cut that!" exclaimed Tony in a panic. Mike swung wildly. Tim reached for the whiskey bottle that stood near at hand on the bar, and brought it down with conclusive force upon Mike's head. The Italian toppled over and lay motionless on the ground.

There were shrieks and a scuffle of excitement. The fashionably dressed patrons in the front room slipped silently out. Policemen and white coated internes appeared suddenly and miraculously. Mike Angelo, his skull crushed in, died in the ambulance on the way to the hospital. Tim stupefied and manacled was deposited in a cell at police headquarters charged with murder, and Tony, the proprietor of the restaurant, was held as a material witness.

And there the matter might have rested had it not been for the fortuitous arrival of Miss Irma Lubetkin upon the scene. Miss Lubetkin was a student of journalism. At night she took courses in dramatic criticism at N.Y.U. and in the daytime she worked as reporter on *The Daily Clarion,* the somewhat vociferous organ of the downtrodden working classes. Miss Lubetkin took her journalistic activities seriously. She reported the happening of a one alarm fire on Forsythe Street with the same passionate fervor that she might have felt in describing the San Francisco earthquake. A taxicab collision was to her a matter of cosmic importance.

She sat, notebook in hand, at the reporter's table in the Homicide Court when Tim Brennecke was brought in for arraignment. Some of his sleekness had departed; his hair no longer bore evidence of the faithful application of his favorite widely advertised cosmetic; he had a three day growth of beard—perhaps the most disreputable period in a man's hirsute development; his collar was torn and he was bedraggled and dirty.

"What's it all about?" said the magistrate.

"A row in a dump over on Fortieth Street," said Detective Riley who had Tim in custody. "This lad and the deceased got into a scrap about Lenin and Trotsky and the Bolsheviks and this defendant tells the deceased that Lenin's a better man than

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Porridge on the Floor

One aristocrat helps another to prove that blue blood will tell in man or dog, especially dog

by WALTER DURANTY

▪ FICTION ▪

The terms of the bet were fantastic as Judge Carter wrote them in the smoking room of the *Berengaria* the night before she reached New York.

"Eustace Miles St-Clair Wynneton, Viscount Ashover of Ashover in the County of Kent, England, bets Robert Winton of Philadelphia one thousand dollars that:

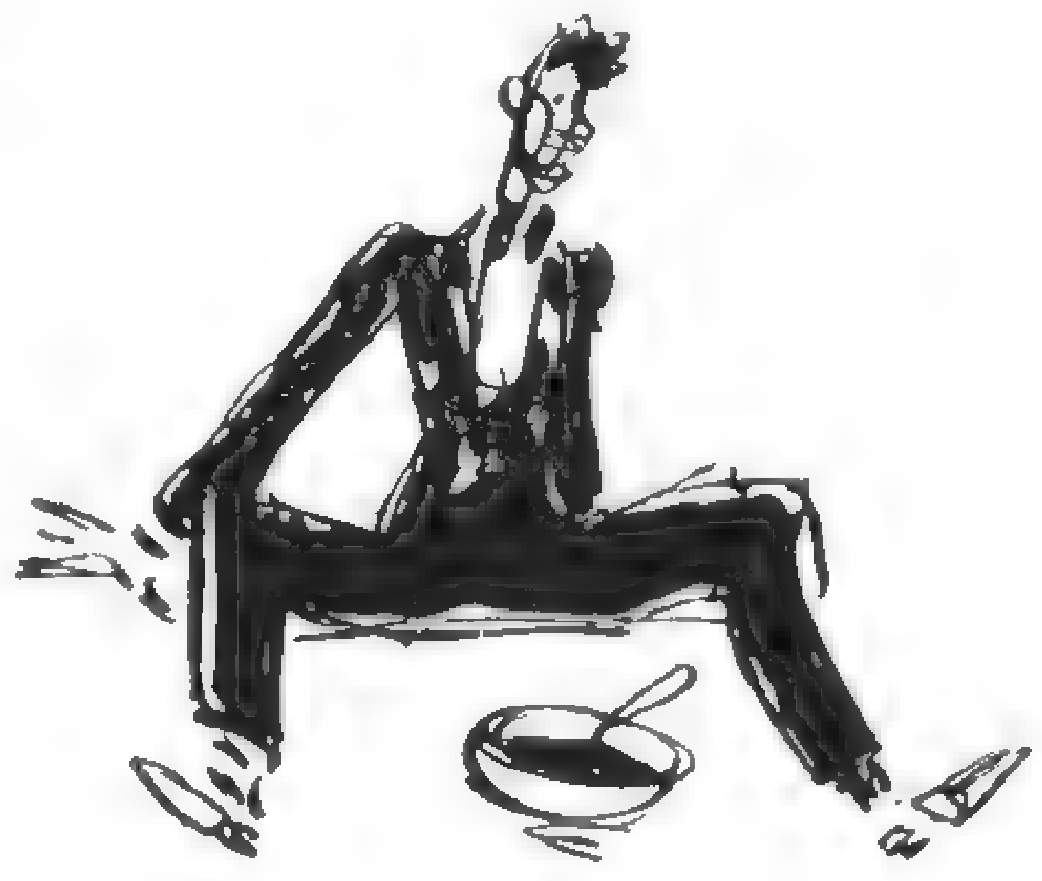
1. He, Lord Ashover, will order a bowl of porridge to be served to him on the floor in the middle of the Restaurant Beauvin at Fifty-Third Street and Park Avenue on any day he may select within two weeks after his arrival in New York.

2. That he can obtain the execution of said order and consume contents of said bowl without let, hindrance or interference from anyone.

In token thereof the two gentlemen abovementioned have each deposited the sum of one thousand dollars in my keeping and have agreed to accept my decision as arbiter should any dispute arise as to the fulfillment of the contract.

Signed, Judge Robert Lee Carter
Eustace Miles St-Clair Wynneton
Robert Winton"

It all began with a discussion about manners and what a "person of quality" should or should not do, and could or could not do. The argument which followed was somewhat sharpened by family pride and a touch of international rivalry, because Ashover and Winton were distant cousins, both claiming direct descendance from a common ancestor, Eustace Wynneton, physician-in-waiting and, it was whispered, procurer-in-particular to that much-married monarch, Henry VIII.



The Wynneton family had fought for King Charles against Cromwell, and its two surviving sons had fled abroad when the Stuart cause collapsed. The elder, Eustace, went to France like most of the Royalists, while the younger, Robert, sought refuge in the New World. There he married the daughter of one of William Penn's followers, and the simple folk-ways of the Quaker City corrupted his name to Winton.

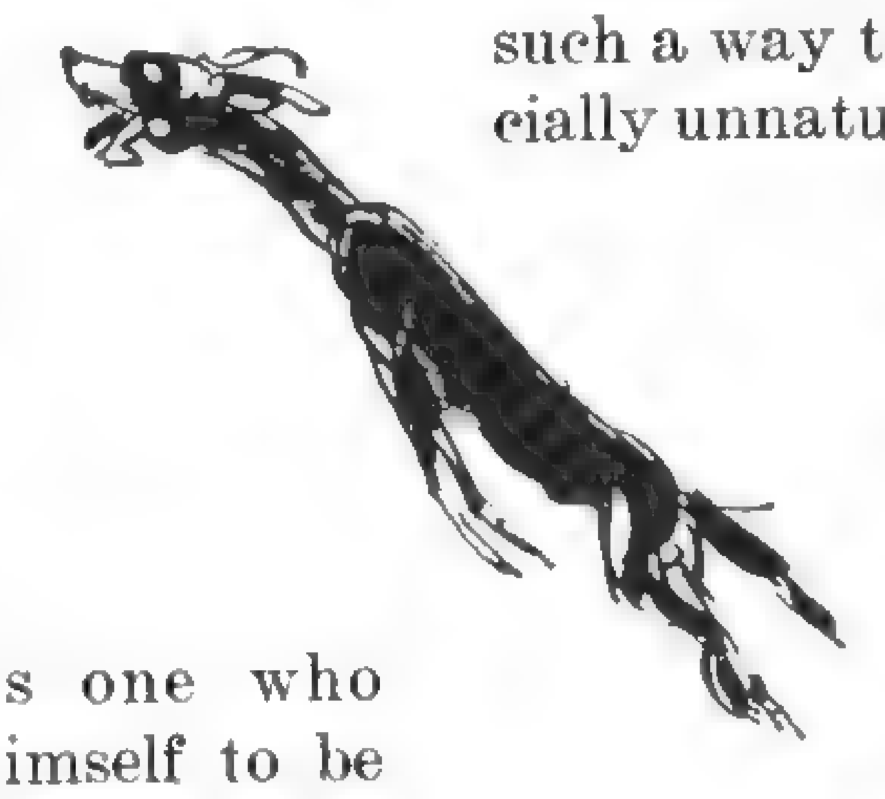
Eustace returned to England with Charles II to recover the family estates and its barony of Ashover. His son chose an opportune moment to desert James II for William of Orange and, when the latter became King William III, was rewarded by the title of Viscount.

Both branches of the family had prospered—the Philadelphia commoners by frugality and judicious commerce, the English nobles by no less judicious marriage and their inborn knowledge of the seamy side of Courts.

There was little in common between their two descendants save the high Wynneton cheek bones and the long acquisitive pointed Wynneton nose. Robert Winton was a true scion of Harvard, Groton, and Philadelphia, a tall spare man in the middle forties, his dark hair thin above his high forehead, with a touch of grey at the temples. He was head of a distinguished law firm, despised politics but always voted Republican and considered Franklin Roosevelt a public menace. He had traveled widely, spoke French and German correctly, and was a connoisseur of food, wines and Lowestoft china, of which he had the finest collection in America. He had married a young woman of his own station and begotten two children, now at school. Good form was his god and the ceremonial rites of eating and drinking his chosen form of worship.

Lord Ashover was twenty-six, tall and blond, with merry blue eyes and a warm ready smile. He was as clean and polished as Eton, Sandhurst and six years in the Coldstream Guards could make him, but behind his gaiety there was a shade of the insolence which comes of youth and unquestioned confidence in one's own position, which exasperated the older man.

Perhaps Judge Carter was really responsible for the bet. He may have felt that the conversation at dinner had concerned the Wynneton family and the respective merits of Mayfair and Rittenhouse Square a little too exhaustively. But he was too proud, he told himself privately, to flaunt his own family tree or to champion the superior civilization of the South. At all events, it was he who set the ball rolling in the smoking room by raising the vexed question of what constitutes a gentleman. Robert Winton promptly swallowed the bait.



"A gentleman," he said, "is one who never puts himself or allows himself to be put in an unsuitable position, unless he cannot possibly help it. Not to do anything unbecoming to one's self or to one's family—that is my idea of *noblesse oblige*. I—"

"You're entirely wrong," Eustace interrupted. "The only true definition of the word is that of a man who is perfectly at ease in any circumstances, however ridiculous. It is precisely, my dear fellow, when a man is placed in an undignified position, whether he chooses it or not, that his breeding shows. I mean it's a question of manners, or rather manner. If you carry yourself right, you can carry off anything right. In fact, if you will allow me to say so, I think your insistence about never doing anything unbecoming is—er—shall we say, a trifle snobbish? Don't you think so, Judge?"

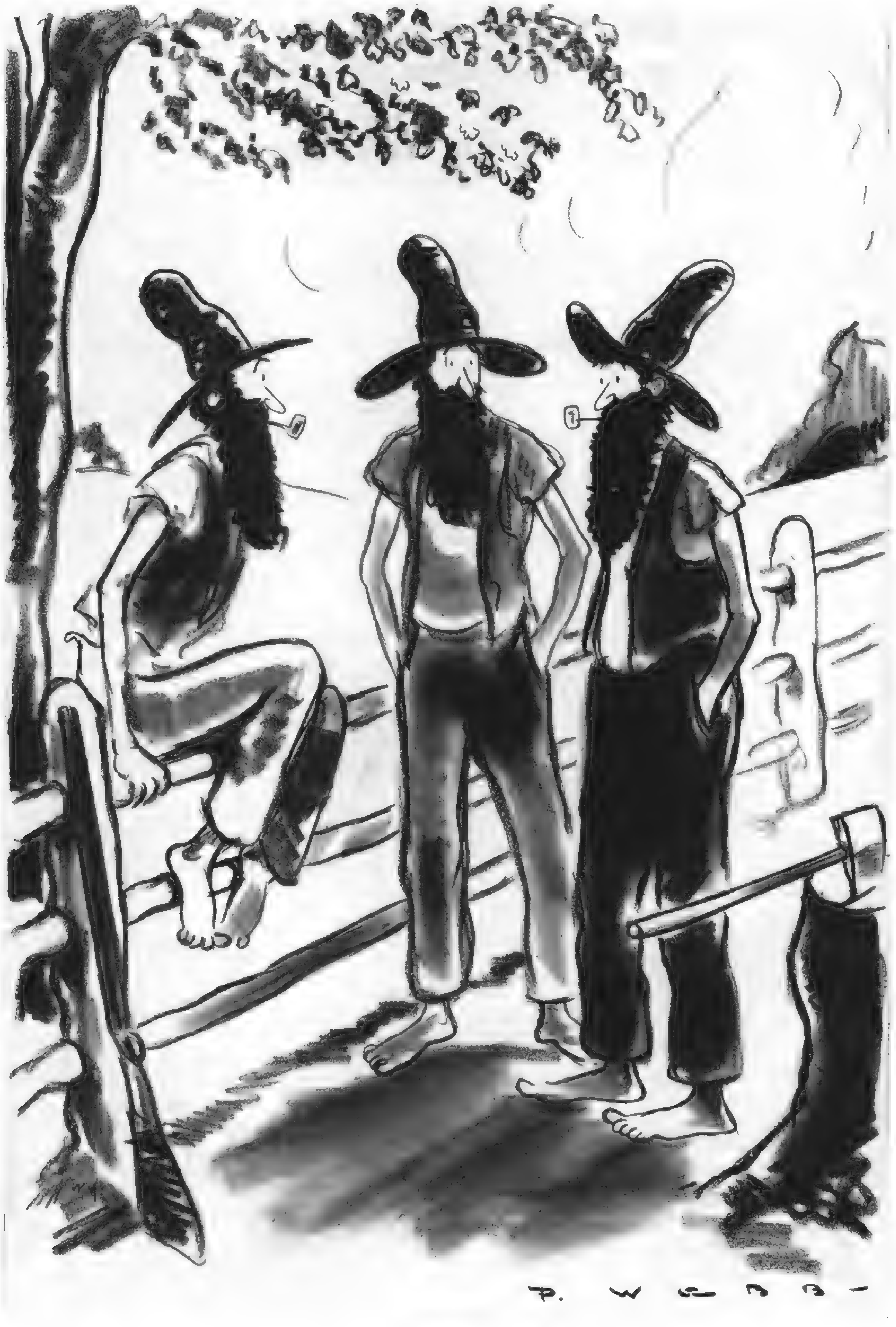
"Marcus Aurelius said something like that," the judge replied, "and he was an Emperor, but I don't think Philadelphia would agree with him."

Robert Winton was nettled. "To begin with," he said, "it's a contradiction in terms, or rather it's absurd. A gentleman cannot—or should not—behave in an unbecoming way. If he does, he must realize it's unbecoming and feel humiliated and therefore cease to be at ease, or, if you prefer it, to retain the ease of manner about which Eustace is talking. Just imagine, for instance, that instead of your sitting here at this table, the Captain, who is an autocrat while the ship's at sea, ordered you to lap your coffee from a saucer in the middle of the floor under pain of being 'thrown into irons' if you refused. You mean to tell me that you could do a thing like that and retain your ease of manner and not feel that you were making a fool of yourself in front of everybody?"

Eustace flushed. "I mean just that," he said hotly. "I don't say that if the Captain ordered it . . . that is a different story . . . it would all depend on how far he had the right and power to give such orders . . . but what I mean is, supposing that either by compulsion or choice I was lapping my coffee from a saucer on the floor, I would do it without any feeling of humiliation and in such a way that no one would think it especially unnatural. I am convinced that a man can do almost anything if it isn't offensive or indecent or noisy or what not . . . I mean anything that isn't directly annoying to other people, however eccentric it may appear . . . and . . . er . . . as you Americans say, get away with it."

"What you really mean," Winton retorted cuttingly, "is that you could make a monkey of yourself in public without feeling any discomfort. Well, that may be true for you personally, or perhaps in England, but you couldn't do it in America. People simply wouldn't tolerate any such exhibition of bad taste as, for instance,

Continued on page 164



"Paw sez thars a rumor goin' 'round Hoover ain't president no more"

Dusty Answer

The dust that a man retains is enough to tell his whole story to the micro-chemist in crime

by HENRY MORTON ROBINSON

ARTICLE

The souvenirs that a criminal leaves *behind* him—a finger-print, an article of clothing, or a bullet from his gun—are prized as evidence by scientific investigators; but another, rarer, and equally important kind of evidence is frequently *carried off* by the criminal himself as an invisible memento of guilt. A murderer, for instance, who had committed a fatal assault in a greenhouse, would bear away on his clothing minute particles of pollen that could not ordinarily be picked up elsewhere. He himself would be unaware of the incriminating dust on his coat collar or in his hair, nor would the average policeman dream of "frisking" his prisoner for such a microscopic clue. Yet this is precisely what the scientific detective is now doing in his search for the invisible dust particle that links a suspect to his crime. For dust contains the answer to many criminal questions, and the modern investigator in search of a clue ingeniously sifts out the "dusty answer" to his particular problem.

Dust is the microscopic débris of a universe that is constantly breaking down. Either in its pulverized state—fine powdery particles hateful to the eye of the scrupulous housekeeper—or in its muddier combinations with fog, sweat, grease, rain and other forms of moisture, dust completely covers the surface of the earth. No church steeple is high enough to thrust its spire above the dust-layer rising from the street: explorers of the stratosphere have collected volcanic motes seven miles above the surface of the earth. The cheek of the newly-washed infant is covered with a fine film of dust the moment its bath is over; the air of the operating room and even the interior of the vacuum tube contain an irreducible minimum of germ-laden dust. Nothing can escape it. Our clothes, shoes and bodies are covered with broken-down particles of everything that we have contacted during the last few hours or days—depending solely on the frequency and thoroughness of our toilet. It is no exaggeration to say that a complete analysis of the dust found on an individual would be a history of his recent activities and whereabouts.

The kinds of dust are as numerous as the kinds of material in the world, and a list of all possible dusts would be nothing but a catalogue of the earth's rocks, soils, plants and animals. Even dead insects turn into a characteristic dust: a butterfly's wing makes a certain powdery substance, a disintegrated humming-bird's beak makes another. Goldenrod and clover throw off peculiar pollenish dusts, as sufferers from hay fever know to their sorrow. The ash of Burley tobacco differs from Latakia. Pegmatite, a certain kind of rock, produces dust particles that could never be mistaken for those of crumbling limestone. Chemical analysis would find silicon and aluminum in the pegmatite dust, but not in the limestone débris.

WANTED
=
MURDER

It is safe, then, to say that dust displays such distinctive characteristics that its identification is assured, *if* the investigator employs the proper technique. Only within recent years, however, has dust analysis been an effective aid to criminal investigation. Hans Gross, the great German criminologist, was apparently the first to establish a systematic routine of examining all dust found on suspected specimens. He devised a rather interesting method of collecting his specimens; first he placed in a large paper bag the article of clothing to be examined (brushing, he knew, merely diffused the dust) and then proceeded to beat the bag with light sticks until all dirt and dust were loosened and fell to the bottom of the paper container. He then examined this débris with microscope and test-tube, and solved some really amazing cases in this manner.

Gross once found a garment of unknown ownership at the site of a crime. He placed it in a paper bag and then thrashed it for a considerable time with his wooden paddles. The dust collected from this operation was examined, and numerous pulverized woody fibers were discovered which led him to the conclusion that the owner of the garment was either a wood cutter, a carpenter or a joiner. Further examination of the dust disclosed the presence of gelatine and powdered glue which clearly indicated that the clothing belonged to a joiner. The results of the investigation demonstrated the efficacy of Gross' method; when the criminal was caught, he turned out to be a cabinet maker.

Gross' pioneer technique has been modernized by the greatest of living detectives, M. Edmond Locard, Director of the Laboratory of Police Technique, Lyon, France. Locard once had some suspected counterfeiters led up to him and was asked to discover evidences of their guilt. He applied a special vacuum cleaner to their clothing, and found some highly incriminating dusts—namely, tin, antimony and lead, the very metals that counterfeiters would be using. The suspected individuals were unable to explain the simultaneous presence of these three metals, and their embarrassment became painful when Locard pointed out that the quantitative proportion of the three metals found on their clothing was the same as that in the counterfeit money they were accused of making!

A splendid example of ingenuity in securing dust specimens is seen in Locard's handling of a Communist bombing case in southern France. A bomb containing cellulose-nitrate was picked up outside a state building in Marseilles. Communists were suspected and several were rounded up for questioning. Now Locard knew that cellulose-nitrate is not a common substance, and that if he could find traces of this explosive on any of the suspects he would have laid the basis of an excellent case. Very carefully he scrutinized the suspects, eliminated three of them without comment and concentrated his efforts on a fourth—a fellow with a typical bomb-thrower's shock of thick black hair. Locard realized that hair is a very sponge for dust, and decided to examine the Communist's thatch. Taking a gallon of pure alcohol he washed the man's head, and drained the liquid off into a clean glass container. He then permitted the alcohol to evaporate and in the sediment at the bottom of the glass dish he found thick deposits of cellulose-nitrate, the chief ingredient of

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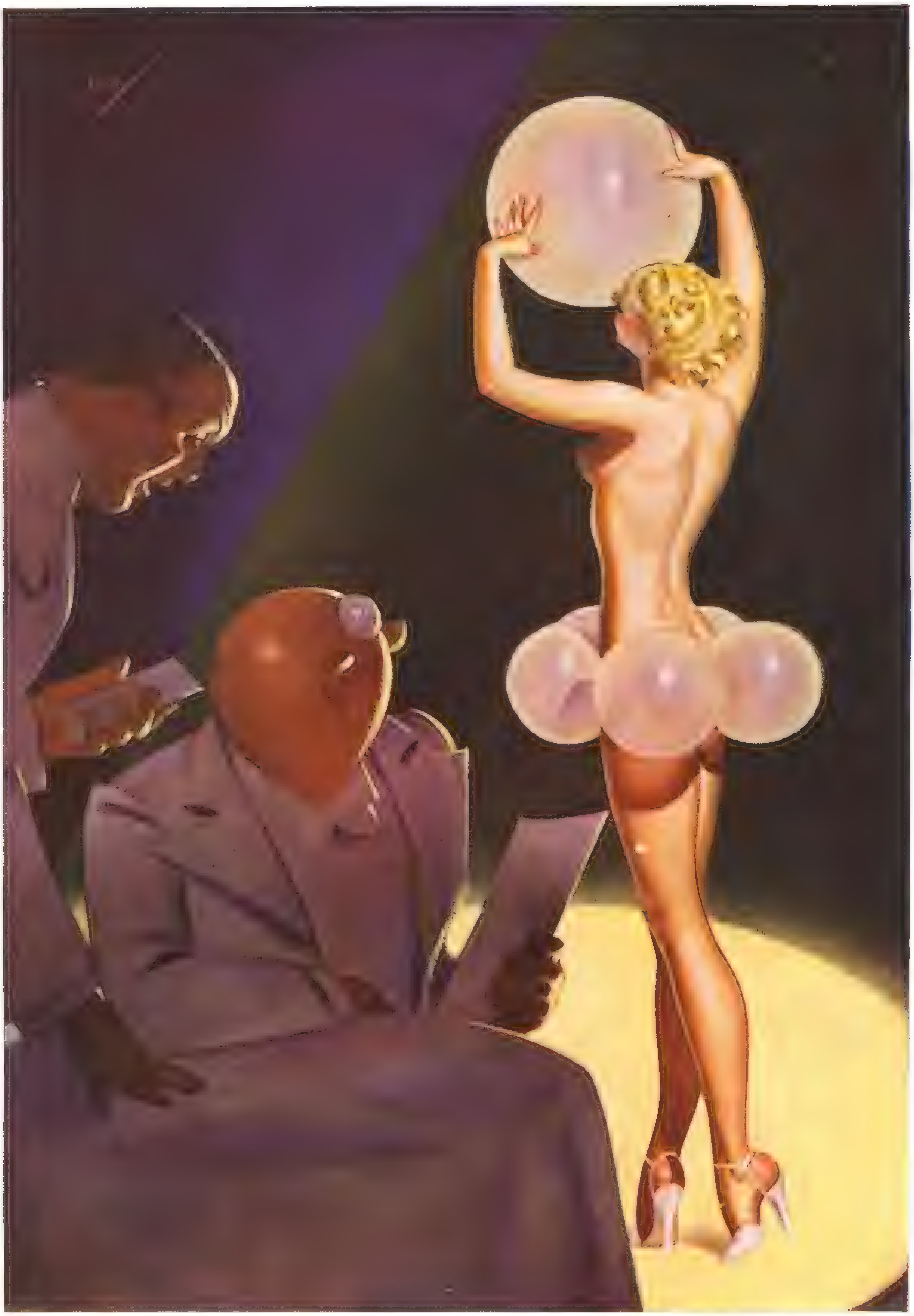


"A dry Martini and a package of pins!"

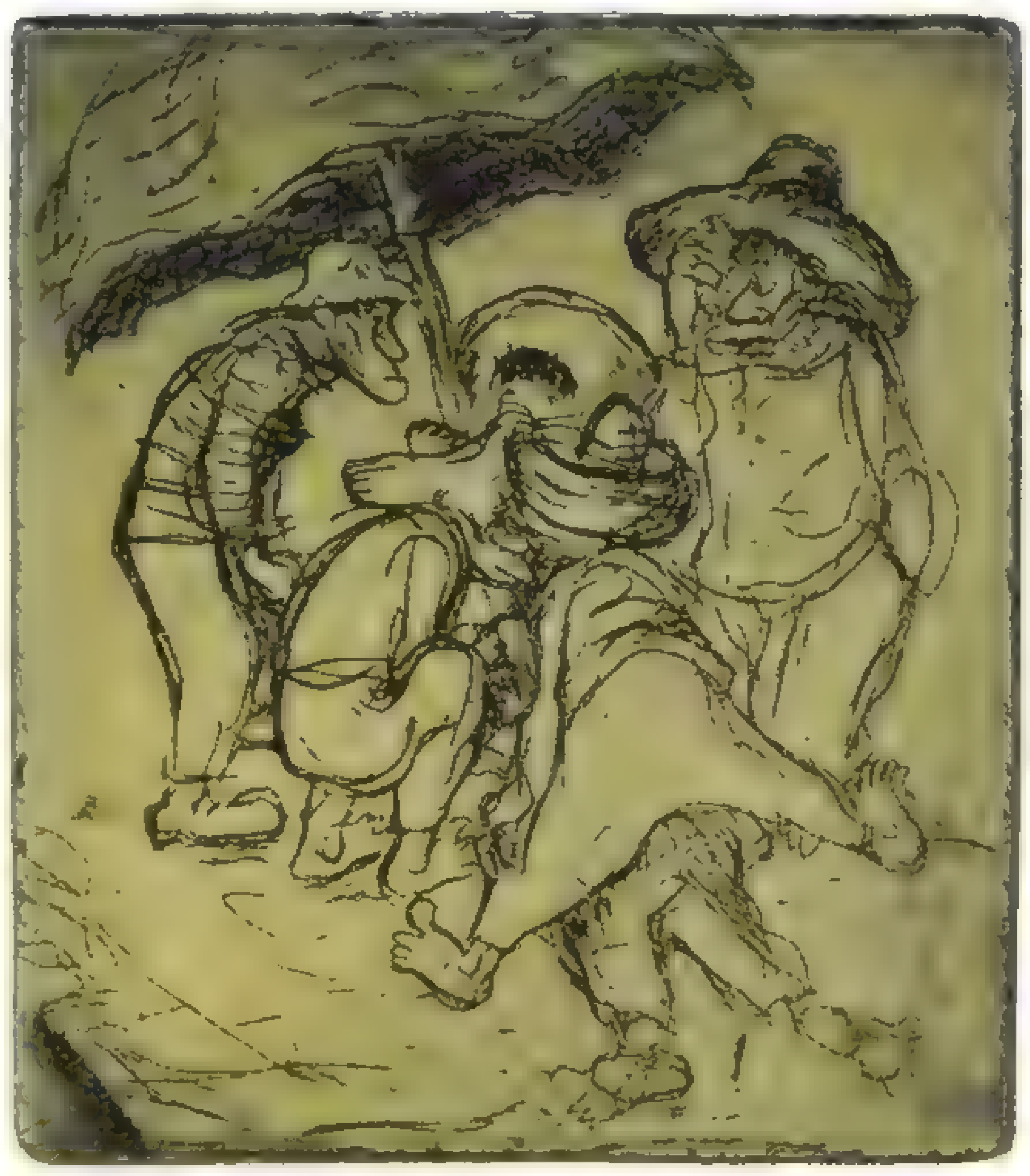
King Crumb and the Iuka Mauler

If there were Queensbury rules for the battle of scorpion vs. centipede he'd still be champ

by PAUL ANNIXTER

• FICTION •

The third day it was, as we was taking the sun on deck, there being nothing better to do, our attention was caught by a bit of a ruckus among the boys around the companionway. Coming up we found eight or nine of 'em squattin' in a circle on the deck, yellin', cussin' and coverin' each other's bets. In the center of the circle the dangedest battle I ever see was goin' on, between a great big red and black centipede and a scorpion. We'd shipped on the critters somehow while stoppin' at five or six Mexican and South American ports coming down.



Man, what a battle that was. I never hope to see a bloodier, for the fighting of that kind of worms, Billy, is no battle, it's mayhem and worse. The boys had made a ring for 'em out of an old barrel hoop and there they was sparrin' in the middle of it, the centipede rarin' up an' makin' quick strokes with thirty or forty pisen legs at a time. But every time he gets a fair holt, the scorpy hists his tail over his back an' spears at him with it's pisen prong and they break away again, the centy not carin' to tangle none with that, thank you. Each time one or tother of 'em crawfishes, the boys bettin' on the other animal would offer bigger odds on his favorite. But in another minute the bets would be equalled 'cause there wasn't no real quit in either critter. It wasn't long before two-three legs of the centipede had been tore clean off, and the scorpion is groggy from the punishment he's got round the face and arms, but the battle's still as close to a draw as you could get.

Right from the start the Crumb has put up his money on the scorpy. 'Pears he'd seen something in the animal the rest of us missed, for I never see a man so certain sure of what he's about. It wasn't long before the Crumb has over twenty bob cash money backin' his insect at odds of two to one in some places. Besides which he's already set himself up as the scorpy's handler, before anybody else could think of doin' it. Just like that he'd read into that bug and got back of him, but it was a heap later before I give him the credit he deserved.

Well, it wasn't ten minutes before Crummie's animal had won the match with a clean knock-out. He'd waited his chance, caught the centipede in a sort of half-Nelson, swung around with his tail and stung him to death. Crummie and I collected around fifteen quid on that fight. We went clean over our man then and found him still fit as a fiddle except for a few bruises, and was puttin' him in a box for the night, when up from the hold pops the mess-boy what had been sent down there to find another centy. He'd got one, all right, a big red fellow and a reg'lar speedster. The Crumb looked some dubiousome, but when we'd coaxed our man out of his box he ruckled deep in his throat at the way that bug rared up, makin' passes at the air with his front arms.

"I'll enter 'im," Crummie says final, "Same odds as before. Lay your bets."

Well sir, we entered our insect in two more matches before it come dark an' he won 'em both. The last one was the toughest. He went groggy on us an' the punishment he took was fair brutal. It took him near half an hour to come to a clinch so he could get his K. O. workin'. When it was over Crummie he give out that our worm had to rest up all the next day, but after that he'd meet all comers at all odds.

I and Crummie had cleaned up over a hundred an' sixty quid from the boys at the end of that match. Most of it was outstandin' I. O. U's, but there was the fact nevertheless. That night Crummie sat a long time in the fo'c'sle corrugatin' his brow an' anybody could see he was drawin' up great plans for makin' that scorpion a real world-beater.

"King Bill," he says, "we got a champeen on our hands. You wait an' see. The Iuka Mauler'll put us in clover." Right then it was he named him, an' the name stuck. "Braver'n a pit bull, he is; a natural born grappler. Jever see a prettier build? Look at that chest on him an' watch his stance." He poked a finger into the box an' the Mauler he crouches back an' starts sparrin' air in as pretty a form as I ever hope to see, an' there's the winner's look stickin' out all over him.

"All this feller needs is a rest an' a good manager. It's a act of Providence we run onto him the way we did. When he's rested up again an' used to his quarters, we'll get him all the matches he can handle."

"What kinda truck does these battlers live on?" I asks.

"We got to be right careful there," says the Crumb. "We can't go boggin' him down with heavy food, an' then again he's got to be proper nourished for stayin' power."

I could see right there that our hands was going to be mighty full before our man ever hit the big time.

About noon next day, still hitching along in the doldrums, we come in sight of one of the Pemarongs and along in the shank of the afternoon we drifted into a harbor town called Bintang. Man, but that was a doggo port. There wasn't even any bum-boat men down to see us drop anchor, like you'd expect in one of them native ports. The place was a "danged dead deif-an-dorfer," as the Crumb put it, but nothing like that dampered the flood tides of our youth. We was up and over the rail before even the rat-guards was out, for a feel of the good turf again, the brown and solid. I tell you it was dreamy feeling those streets under our brogans again—two salt-pickled coves just out of the jaws of a hurricane.

There was timber growing inland and the Cap'n decided to lie up a week while the crew give first aid to the old Iuka's spars. That night we took a jog up into grain to sample a bit of native life. We was happy and we had the Iuka Mauler with us in his box, the Crumb not wanting no rum-soaked bezabors stirring him up with sticks and what not. It was while we was soakin' up a bit of *ron blanco* back of a cantina that we run onto some of the town's sportin' life. About a hundred natives and a sprinkle of Spanish was squattin' in a circle under an oil light watchin' a cock-fight. That was a real scrimmage; there was blood and feathers flyin' all around. We'd never seen that kind of poultry in action before and the thing sort of grabbed our attention. There was another angle to the thing, too, 'cause it seemed like every buck in town that could get away was present, and every man has a bet laid on one or other chicken. We see a couple of lads with hats the size of wash-tubs fumblin' over piles of coin that would fill a good-sized dipper. Crummie is strokin' his chin as he stands watchin' there on the edge of the crowd.

Suddenly he grabs my arm, pointin' to a crack in the wall where somethin' has just skittered out of sight. A centipede. "Them hundred-leggers must be thick hereabouts," says he. "King Bill, it's up to me and you and the Mauler to show these blackamores what a real battle is."

Next morning we took the Mauler out for

ETCHINGS BY JOHN GROTH

John Groth

a bit of training. Not that he needed much though, for that bug was a mortal wonder in the battlin' line. It seemed he just couldn't abide the sight of anything that looked like a centipede. Talk about fight at the drop of the hat. He was up and at 'em hell for glory before a feller rightly knew which end his hat was on. It must have been he'd got a dirty deal from them hundred-leggers in his youth; been mobbed in some alley, like as not, and never forgot it. That was the way Crummie figured it, but 'twas things like that that made great fighters, he says.

We'd let four or five of the crew in on our plans and we was all mighty proud about the Mauler and the old Iuka Belle when the lot of us went up into town in the afternoon to try out our idea.

We sashayed around for quite a spell trying to get a bout for our battler, but our lack of coffee-colored lingo cools down our sportin' blood considerable. We couldn't make the natives understand; they just stood around gigglin' at us and our bug. Finally we put across in action what we couldn't by word of mouth. We staged a sample scrap inside the big barrel hoop we had with us, between the Mauler and a Bintang centy the boys fished out of a hole. That match wasn't of much account. The Mauler could have won it with a couple of hands tied behind his back, I guess, but it proved one thing to us: them natives would get in and bet on anything. The trouble was some of 'em bet on the Mauler.

Well, that night in the fo'c'sle a lot of us coonjined together to study out ways and means. It was pretty plain to us we'd have to work out some sort of system if we was goin' in again them aborigines to win. The boys had waxed real patriotic by now, for there was the Mauler named after the old Iuka and all. Red Bemis, our mate, points this out to us, solemn-like. He points out further that them Bintang natives was gamblin' fools. Says there was swales of money to be won out of them, but it was up to us to devise some sharp promotion tactics like there always is in the fight racket, or we'd be bilked. What we needed, says he, was somethin' subtle, and he'd be glad to hear suggestions. We was pretty proud to have Red Bemis get in back of the thing like that, as we all knew there wasn't no astuter leader of men on the island than him, and probably none so astuted.

It was Crummie himself that hit on the idea of putting a dub home-guard into the game—some ordinary Bintang scorpion that we could send in to tangle with a centy or two for the preliminaries. After this mug had taken a few bruisings we could make a shift and send our man in to clean up a real purse for us.

Right away everybody sees the Crumb has the right idea and next morning we send out a couple of the boys that's off shift to pick up a likely bug or two. They brung in a couple around noon, as handsome an' well-set-up a pair o' brutes as you could wish to see and they could use their dukes, too, after a fashion, but they was of that brownish, lemon-complected breed. The Crumb casts a canny eye over 'em, an' snorts that the yellow most likely went clean through to the inside, like in most home-guards, but that any old bar-flies would do, he reckoned, as substitutes. I never did see a man so pisen set again home-guards, human or animal, as Crummie was. A gob or an A. B. like our battler, could clean up on three home-guards, he said.

As soon as we was relieved by the afternoon shift, five or six of us goes uptown with the three bugs to see how the luck is running. Word about us had been going round, I guess, 'cause I see some of them aborigines grinnin' broad as Chessy cats, when they see us comin'. Everything went off genteel an' honey-like when we staged the first bout between one of our Bintang scorpys and a big reddish centipede. There wasn't no cock-fighting on that day, it appeared, and the natives was rarin' to go. We was kinda nervous about that fight at first, none of us havin' any proof that all scorpys wasn't like the Mauler. All but the Crumb, that is. But it wasn't more'n a minute or two till you could see with half an eye that Crummie'd been right. The home-guard was fat an' logy compared with our man, and he acted kinda stiff in the arms. He let the hundred-legger tap him half a dozen times before he cut loose, and then he didn't have the Mauler's crouch. He just hunkered down and depended on blind sluggin' to bring him through.

It didn't though, and the Crumb was for squashin' him under his boot for the poor showin' he made, but the centy finished him off instead, wrappin' round him and stingin' him with all his poison legs. We panned out our good rupees to the natives, and the Crumb brings out our other Bintang battler. He didn't make much better showin' than the other one, though he did win on a technicality, you might say, and we won a little money back to make things more interestin'. But the home-guard wasn't good for two matches. He went down quick in the next fight and again we shelled out.

The word had gone round by now and there was a crowd ten deep millin' round our barrel hoop when Crummie reaches back casual-like, and drops the Mauler into the ring. A lot of money was laid on the line by now, and our boys begin puttin' on the pressure and doublin' the bets.

Well, if there was a man among us had any lingerin' doubts about the Mauler's bein' a natural wonder, they died that day. Our man came through with the same form he'd showed aboard ship and sprung a lot of new sparrin' tactics besides, that none of us suspicioned he had. The way he played round with that island battler was enough to make a man get his eyes examined, and when he finally put the K. O. on him a lot of the crowd appeared to think that centy had coiled up an' stung hisself to death, accidental-like, or that some of our crowd had doped him, he passed out so sudden.

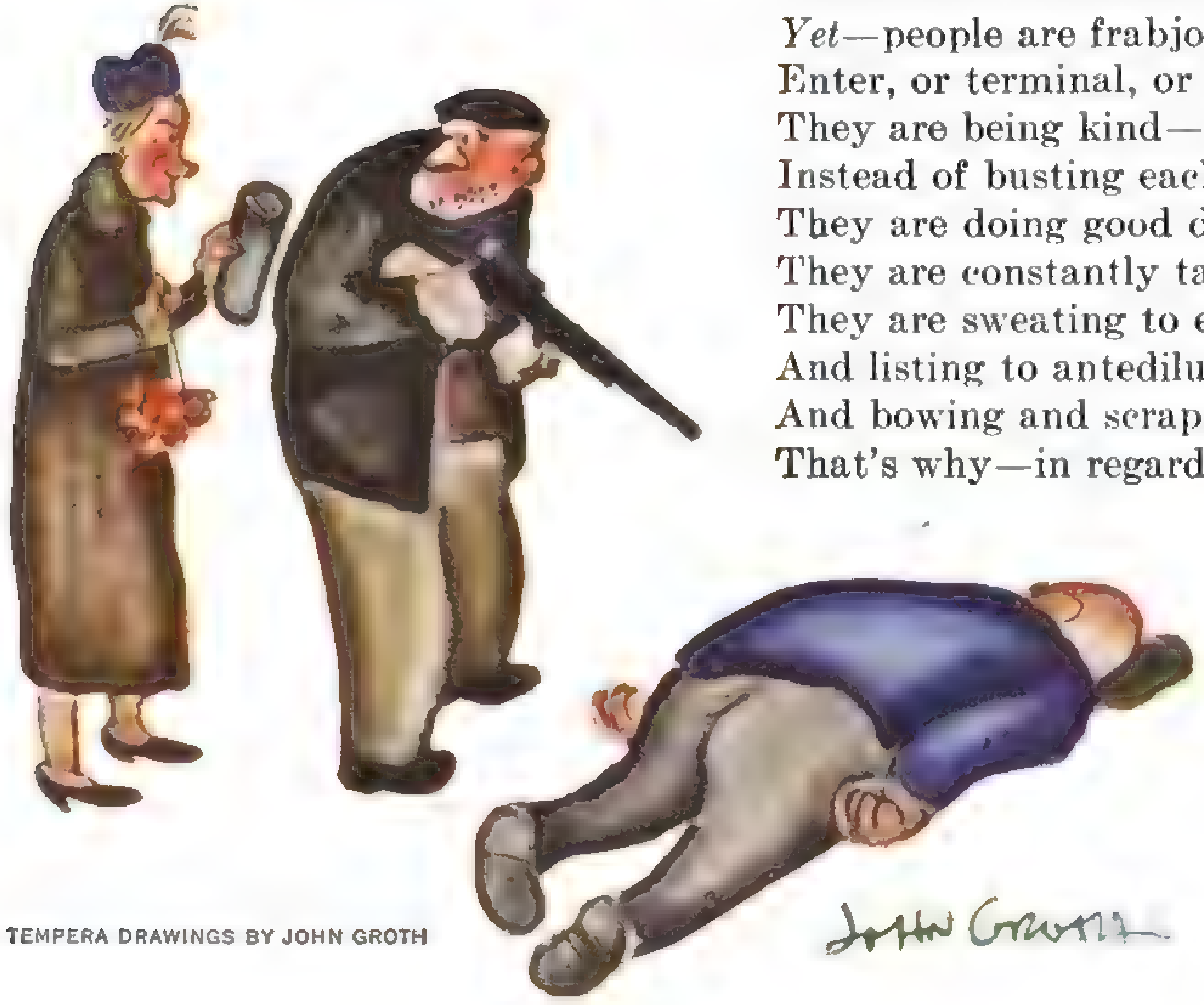
That fight started a reg'lar fever goin', and when the next match started there was more than a hundred dollars, American, laid on the line. Some of us wanted to let good enough alone and wait till the next day for fear our man would go stale on us or crock a tendon or something, but the Crumb he ruckles deep in his throat like a flounder coming up from a great depth. The Mauler, says he, was never in better form. Says he could give any land-lubber battler odds up to twenty pounds heavier, or the equivalent, and send him for the daisies in five minutes, and by Crimus he was right, too! That insect carried a wallop in his tail like a blow-torch, and I bet you for a given weight, he stood above a broader piece of ground than any animal that ever lived, unless it might be

Continued on page 175

The Queer People

by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

People are going to lectures, people are talking of plays,
Some are in organizations like the Knickerbocker Grays
Or Squadron A—vivacious young women herd in the Junior League,
And in various clubs sit staring men who are murdered with fatigue.
Women are grimly playing contract, prattling in little bars;
Thousands of people are driving around in bright high-powered cars,
And at luncheons they are discussing books with catchword and with witticism,
Or taking up the latest crooks, or toying with art criticism.
They are teaching little doggies tricks or indulging in dinners and dancing,
Getting all balled up on politics, or yearningly romancing;
They are reassorting husbands and wives, and constantly talking money,
And meanwhile discovering in their lives little that's really funny;
They are drinking so that they won't have dreams, or else in the hope that they may,
And thinking up the darndest schemes to get through another day;
They are bending their brows to great resolves, and going altruistic
Till they sag beneath the weight it involves and revert to the egotistic;
They are crouching over radios, they are rushing off to gymnasia,
They are taking veronal for their woes or wandering streets with aphasia;
They are prophesying another war or stewing in revolution,
Wondering what religion is for and whether to turn Confucian;
They are eager to have their fortunes told, the psychic is constantly getting them;
They are worrying over growing old, and a lot of young people are letting them;
In offices they are dictating letters, and punching buzzer and bell with it;
They are dressing up to act like their betters, and then saying, "Oh, the hell with it!"
Alarm-clocks are waking them with the dawn so the wolves of want can't bite 'em;
And that kind of thing is going on simply *ad infinitum!*
And so, when I squints at the public prints, full oft to the deeds of the devil lent,
I wonder that acts of violence are not a lot more prevalent,
For to read of the ways of this curious folk, though murmuring merely, "Look who—!"
Exceeds the dimensions of a joke; it's enough to drive one cuckoo.
Yet—people are frabjously smiling; the people in any bank you
Enter, or terminal, or hotel, are saying "Pardon!" and "Thank you!"
They are being kind—they are helping the blind man cross as the traffic slacks;
Instead of busting each other's snoots they are slapping each other's backs;
They are doing good deeds despite their greeds—their blackness with gold is flecked—
They are constantly taking it on the chin, and giving you change that's correct;
They are sweating to entertain their guests though having no time for a drink,
And listing to antediluvian jests with never an eyelid's blink,
And bowing and scraping all over the place, and pitying even the bandit . . .
That's why—in regard to the Human Race—I simply can't understand it!



TEMPERA DRAWINGS BY JOHN GROTH

John Groth

Six Men and a Boy

There is a fox in the story too, but he is dead, so the boy plays his part for him

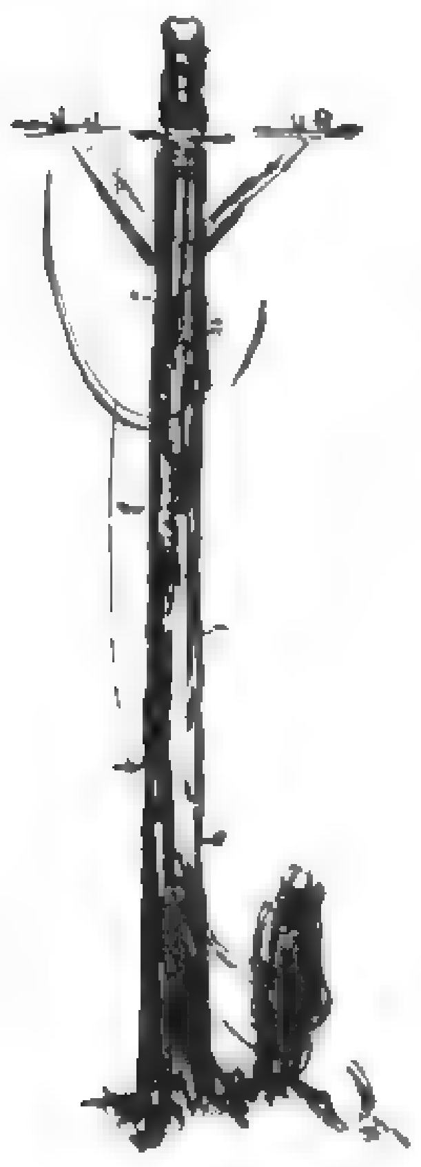
by MANUEL KOMROFF

▪ FICTION ▪

Were you ever trapped? Were you ever caught in the woods by something that suddenly snapped and held you fast with a jaw of steel? Then the world that you have lived in, slowly closes its day with a darkness that creeps up silently and night, hunger and cold biting frost combine to wrest the life from your body.

Yes, there was a fox in Bobby's trap. He was a beauty and his pelt was full and rich. Well that was something anyway and would pay for the long journey and all the trouble and everything. He touched the beast with the toe of his foot. He was dead. He was frozen stiff. And around the trap there were signs of a terrific struggle. The leaves had been brushed clean and the chain was twisted; but the jaws of the steel trap did not surrender their prey.

Well, Mr. Fox, whatever you were thinking about at the moment the spring snapped will never be known. And cold as it may have been last night out here in Idaho it will never be so cold for you again. Your pelt is going to St. Louis on a steam train and then. . . . And then next year you will no doubt be around a fine lady's warm neck, and she will be in a big city like New York or Chicago or San Francisco and take you to the opera and those other places where people are adorned in jewels and wear kid gloves. Not bad for you Mr. Fox.

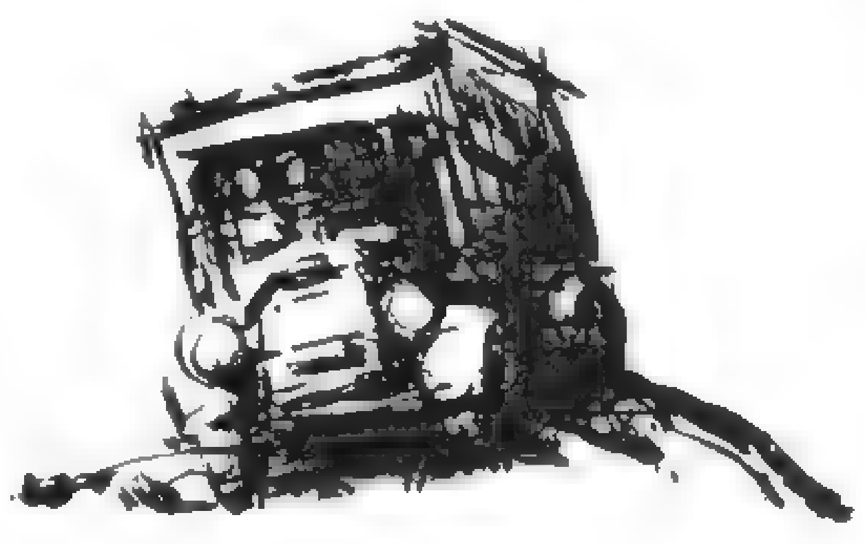


Bobby bent down and opened the jaws of the trap. He untwisted the chain and pulled up the stake. It was no use setting the trap in the same place again for an animal can scent the odour of death and will shy away from the place.

He carried the trap up the hill about a quarter of a mile and set it in a fresh place and after sprinkling some dried leaves and twigs over it went on to inspect his other traps. It was a three mile walk through the woods and one had to be brisk about it because the days had grown very short and it got dark quite suddenly and very cold. Every now and again he would turn his head and look down the hill and here in the gray of the evening he could see the silvery shimmer of the telephone wires as they threaded through the valley from pole to pole.

This line was his guide. He knew his location by the wires and at the point where they crossed the old dirt road this was the place he parked his old stripped Model T Ford. In case it got dark before he got down the hill he could always locate the place on the road by the telephone line which could be seen far after everything else grew black and from all parts of the hill.

For a boy of only fourteen he had managed pretty well with a string of traps. This winter he extended his line for another mile up the hill. They had to be inspected often. He walked rapidly over the ground and soon he started down the hill. On some days he got quite a bag of small animals but on this December evening he had only the grey fox, but this pelt was a beauty and worth all the trouble and gas and oil and everything.



Every minute it grew darker and colder. He walked briskly to keep warm and got down to the road in the deep twilight. In an hour he would be home. While his home was less than twenty miles away the road was rough and went through an unfrequented part of this country and the old car would have to puff pretty hard to average twenty miles an hour. But Bobby was only fourteen and he was the proud owner of that piece of junk on wheels.

He placed the dead fox under the seat and clapping his hands together to warm them went forward to crank the engine. But the car wouldn't start. He advanced the spark and tried again.

He turned the engine over, spinning the crank as fast as he could but for some reason or other the motor refused to start. He opened the hood, inspected the wires and carburetor but could find nothing wrong. He pulled out the choke and tried again and again until the carburetor flooded and began dripping gasoline.

The air was chilly and he felt cold beads of perspiration on his forehead. It was time to think fast. The switch was on, the spark was all right, there was plenty of gas and everything was as it should be—only it wouldn't start.

Now refreshed he went back to the job with all the energy he had in him. He spun the flywheel round and round but with no result. He worked at it for a whole hour until he was out of breath and ready to drop from fatigue. It was no use.

The nearest house was eighteen miles away. His own was almost twenty. It had been a long day and he was too exhausted to undertake such a journey on foot. He could sleep in the car until morning but it was cold and he would freeze stiff. . . . As stiff as the fox that he took from the jaws of the trap.

The horror of being trapped came upon him. Something had snapped and was holding him bound to a spot, remote and desolate, twenty miles from warmth and food and shelter. Twenty miles from the place he longed to be.

He went to the side of the road and leaned against a telegraph pole. He heard the hum of the busy wires. If he could only hear what was being spoken across those wires it would not be quite so lonely. And if he could only tap one of the wires and call for help then. . . . But he only heard that dull monotonous pulsing hum. And in the whole wide still black night this was the only sound he could hear. The world was alive and the wires were alive only he was trapped.

He looked at the wires over him. He knew they were telephone and telegraph lines. There was no power current in the vicinity only the tame low voltage telephone and telegraph lines. Suddenly like a flash he dashed to the car and got out a pair of pliers. And a moment later he was climbing the pole.

As soon as he reached the top he cut one wire. It snapped with a loud report. It made a moaning hum like a bullet and fell coiled to the ground. Then he cut another and another and still more. Soon they were all cut and he slid down the pole.

Hello! Hello! Can you hear me? Operator we were cut off. Operator. Hello! The line is dead. Trouble on the line. Can't get through from Boise to Pocatello. Just a minute please. The Butte-Pocatello line is O. K. . . . Spokane to Walla Walla and Boise is O. K. Hello! The Boise-Pocatello line is down.

Hello! Hello! Associated Press News to Spokane and Seattle papers interrupted. Washington weather reports held up. Department of Justice calling Revenue office in Seattle. Hello! Hello! Sorry there is trouble on the line. Just a minute please. Hello! Hello! Hello!

Telegraph office tickers dead. No messages in or out. Just a minute please. There is trouble on the line. Boise to Pocatello service cut off. Line dead. The Fireside Radio Hour.

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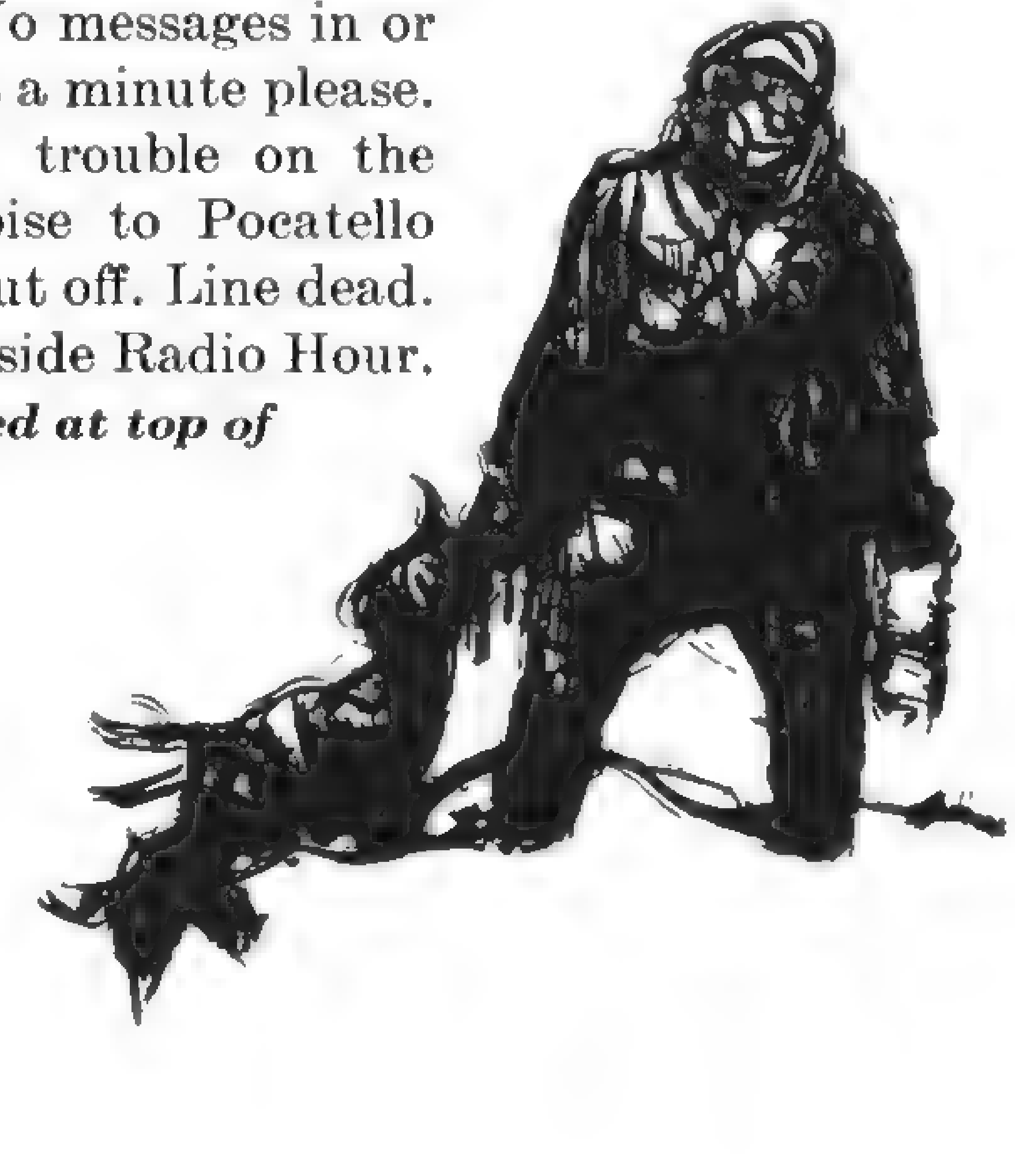


Who Is Obie Walker?

Paris goes nuts over this new Negro heavyweight and London tosses its top hat

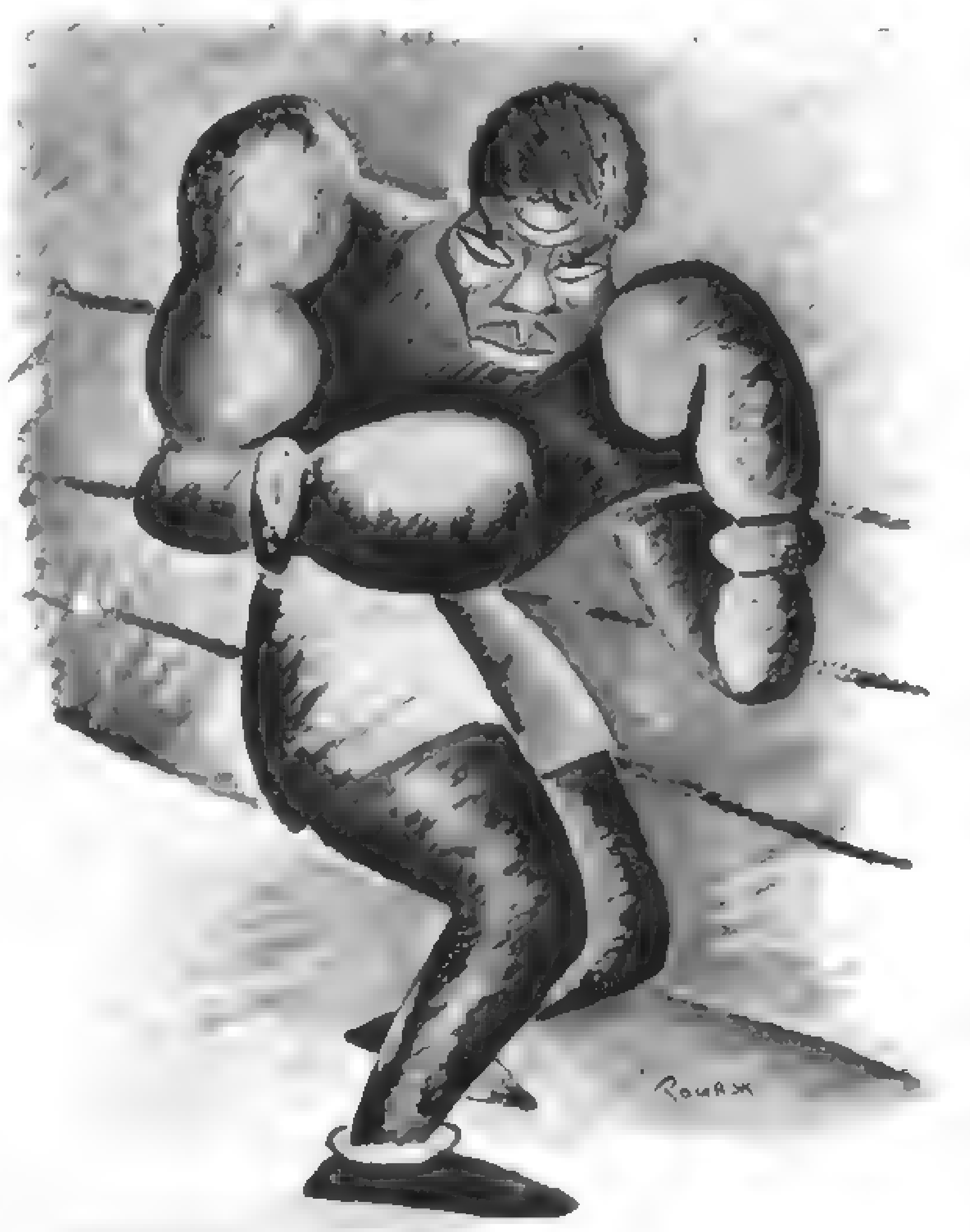
by ROBERT BUCKNER

▪ SPORTS ▪

PARIS is a fight-crazy town. You find more color, noise and excitement (though fewer cash customers) at its slugging festivals than anywhere else in the world.

These crowds of Latin sports, hopped up on *vermouth cassis* and twenty-franc bets, get as wild as the Chamber of Deputies in an inflation debate. The bouts, which are often of an international nature, sometimes turn the old Cirque d'Hiver into a scale model of Austerlitz or the Second Marne. The hottest scrap of the evening may not be in the ring at all, but in the 56th row between a Gascon taxi-driver and a Belgian plumber; and on one occasion recently there was a whirlwind knockout of a gallery usher by a Bolognese bricklayer who, seeing dimly the blood on Marcel Thil's green and white trunks, mistook it for the Italian flag in distress. In short, these fights are, as my good friend M. Max Gallie, *critique de boxe* and the Damon Runyan of France, says, "Som fon!"

At any rate, when one rainy night last fall, M. Gallie called for me at the Castiglione Bar with tickets for a fight between Baby Goudron, billed as *L'Enfant Terrible*, and Scholz, official challenger for the German heavyweight title, I accepted the invitation with pleasure, though I had never heard of either of these mugs. When Max added that Goudron was really an American Negro boy from Georgia, the pleasure was doubled. We Southerners have to stick together. I went along to cheer the Baby, expecting to find him much more *terrible* than *enfant*. When Negro fighters are good, like Jack Johnson, Sam Langford or Harry Wills, they are as beautiful to watch as a black panther in action; and when they are bad, which is more often true, they are usually funnier than a Holy Roller preacher. Anyway it was free. In the taxi Max told me a little about this boy. His real name was Obie Walker. Put that on your cuff, Obie Walker.



A year ago, Jeff Dickson, the one-man Madison Square Garden Corporation of Europe, introduced Obie's half-brother, Jimmy Tarante (shades of Schnozzle!) to Paris and London. The American fought with considerable success in both cities, much to Dickson's pride and profit.

Then Jimmy said to Jeff, "Boss, you oughta see my brother—zip—*zowie!*" and a playful ebony fist sailed past Jeff's chin. The promoter sat down, wiped his brow and mailed Obie the fare. A week or two later down in Corcoran, Georgia, where he was born on September 19, 1912, Walker looked dazedly at the check, asked the local stationmaster where at was Paris, and started out.

When Dickson, who is almost as fine a showman as was Tex Rickard, first laid eyes on Obie he roared with laughter, and immediately decided to give Paris fight fans the treat of their lives.

Obie Walker was, and is, a sight to warm the heart of an anthropologist. Only 5 feet 9 inches in height, he weighed 235 pounds, and was constructed along the general lines of a Santa Fe boxcar. Frank Buck or Mrs. Martin Johnson would have caged him on sight. And at his Paris début the crowd shrieked with peculiar Gallic gurgles at the spectacle of Walker alongside his opponent, Vaubeeren, a tall tough Belgian. That is, they laughed, as the ad says, until Obie sat down to play. He tore into the bewildered Belgian with the speed of a bantam, and Max said when Obie connected the blow could have been heard at the Porte Maillot. Obie was on his way. Paris cried for more. They wrote passionate letters of the "or else" variety which led the owners of the stadium to double their insurance. But Dickson wasn't to be rushed.

He suspected then that the black boy had the makings of a world champion, but he knew also the long hard road still ahead of them. Negro fighters are highly perishable goods, for reasons ranging from women to abnormal dumbness. Siki was a fair example. Walker and Joe Louis are exceptions. Dickson sized up Obie and then turned him over to Lew Burston, his right-hand man, with instructions to get him into proper shape. Burston, a trainer of the old school, set to work on the black mountain.

When he stepped into the ring for his second European fight Obie was down to 208 pounds. His opponent was Casimir, a barrel-chested veteran who was confessedly out to give the American boy a boxing lesson. Walker jumped him at the bell, crowding and weaving in close in the Dempsey manner; striking when Casimir stood still. Midway through the second round Casimir landed in the lap of a sports writer.

For some unexplained reason Dickson was billing Walker then as *Baby Goudron*, and when he matched him against Maurice Griselle, a tough customer familiar to English fight fans, all the critics, including my friend Max, predicted that the Baby was in for a licking de luxe. He wasn't ready for a test in first-class company, they wrote—and bet accordingly.

Obie punched holes in the French boxingmaster, whose seconds finally called it a day (among other things) in the seventh round. Griselle's face and body looked like a photograph in an anti-war exhibit, and it was after this massacre that the newspapers tagged Walker *l'enfant terrible*, which is their *croix de guerre* with two palms closed. Obie hadn't the haziest idea what the title meant, but he was getting onto the business.

He knocked out Colonello and Sanga in short order, and then took on Scholz, the German Sniper who was then hot on the trail of Max Schmeling. There were plenty of smart people who thought Scholz better than the Black Uhlan. This fight was my first sight of the oncoming Obie.

He looked like nothing I had ever seen in any ring without bars, a square, solid, good-natured block of black murder. Scholz kept glancing at him from his corner with *donner* in one eye and *blitzen* in the other, and I could understand his emotions.

The crowd was on its feet from the first gong to the end of the scrap, screaming in six languages. It was that sort of fight. Burston had taught Obie some new points, including Fitz's old trick of feinting with the left and crossing with the right. Also he had picked up a good left hand which smacked in and out of the German's stomach with the speed and accuracy of a rattlesnake striking.

Coming into the final round Scholz was out on his feet, stone blind and his knees sagging. Obie let him lead and then, instead of polishing him off, the Negro boy took Scholz under his arm and carried him to his corner where the German collapsed. There was nothing in the rule-book covering his action but the referee took it as he should have and announced Obie the winner. It was a fine act of real sportsmanship, and the crowd gave the American a great hand as he hurried out.

I was then, and am now, tremendously impressed by this fellow Obie Walker, the Georgia boy who is carving out his future in European rings. I am not prejudiced in favor of Negro fighters. On the contrary, I believe their too conspicuous triumphs only stir up the old broth of racial trouble, a submerged but none the less real problem in

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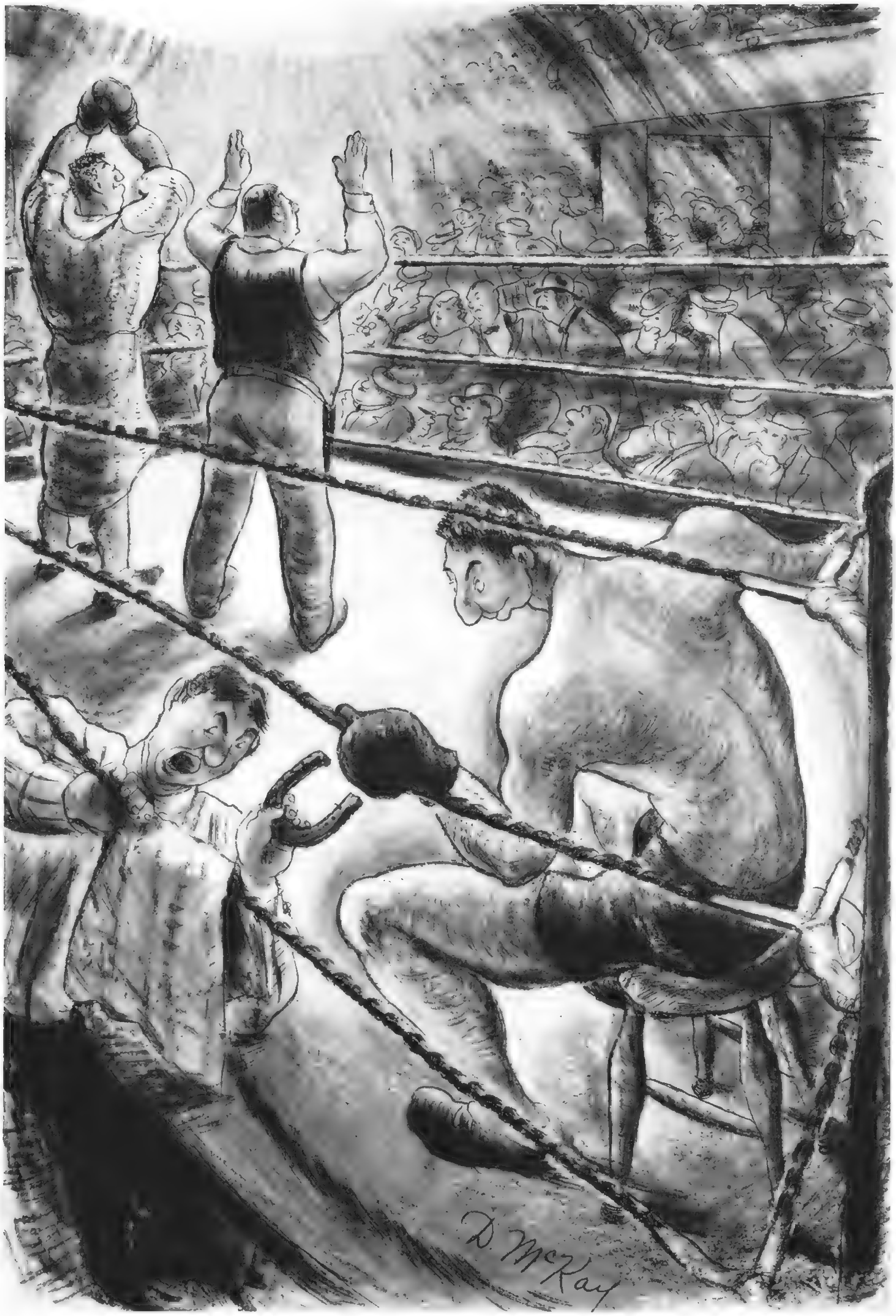

"Slip this one on for size"

Ewer Sixteen My Villidchkween

Sliding scale for the guidance of barber shop quartettes and locker room harmony addicts

by DEAC MARTIN

• ARTICLE •

Six seconds after somebody whammed the opening bars of Sweet Adeline on a venerable ship's piano the best barber shop quartette with which I've ever had the honor to associate materialized from the open sea. Six baritones constituted the quartette.

That fact was mentioned once in a book on locker room singing. And ever since, cultured strangers have dropped in, usually with slide rules, Latin grammars or metronomes, to prove that I'm neither a mathematician nor a musician. That's a proposition that needs no demonstration. I've never pretended to be anything more than an incurable barber shop harmony addict with a mania for knocking at doors of total strangers when strains of the Last Roundup or How Dry I Yam curdle through open windows or seep sourly into apartment house corridors.

Having knocked, I button on my best smile. "Good evening, brother. Pardon the intrusion, but unbiased investigation has proved that you need a baritone" or whatever part sounds worst or is missing badly. The reply has never varied in thousands of tests. "My God! Do we know it? Can you sing it?" To which I reply I invented it.

This reply hints delicately at the innate conservatism of members in our Barber Shoppers' Guild. What if every third word in the Girl in the Heart of Maryland is missing? Each singer knows a better one that will fit the rhyme and rhythm. Results may lack uniformity. But the average catch-as-catch-can quartette consisting of a decisive individual who thinks he can sing tenor, assisted by several shaky leads, doesn't worry about minor details of words. It's the major harmony swipe that counts. Except in barber shopping, human nature in general likes a little appreciation of individual effort. But Adeline harmonists need neither approbation nor even listeners. Deaf mutes make the perfect audience for all concerned.

The self-reliant, even defiant attitude of the barber shopper is but one quirk that sets us apart. Why is it that we tunnel under walls to get together at the first strain? Having met, why do we immediately embrace the shoulders of men to whom we've not even been introduced? What makes a baritone, singing a darned good tenor, insist that he will now sing a Mills Brothers low bass, and take this fast tempo, see.

Science has proved that it's the Spirit of the sing; and "spirit," according to the dictionary is "*n.* vital force, ardor . . . rum, brandy . . . "

And here we have, laid out with many blushes, what happens when spirited amateurs sing a spirited early American number. It's a composite taken from 3789 note book transcriptions.

Tenor and those who think so.	*Leads and etc.*	*One who's willing to try baritone.*	*Basses and such.*
DOWN BY THE OLD MILLS TREAM			
Where I	When I	There I	Where I
FIRST MET CHOO-OO			
With your	With true	And your	With your
EYE ZOV BLUE			
DRESSED IN GINGHAM TOO			
IT WAS THERE RYE KNEW			
That I loved me true.	That you loved her too.	That she loved me true.	That sh—I loved m—'er too—'rue.
EWER SIXTEEN	EWER SIXTEEN	EWER SIXTEEN	EWER SIXTEEN
MY VILLIDCH KUWEE-EEN			
BY THEE HOLD MILLS TREAM			

. . . We're worth more money! . . . What'll we sing now? . . . How about Daisies in the Meadow? . . . Fine! . . . Some real harmony in that one . . . Bill, can't you pitch it a little lower? . . . This is the first time I've sung tenor in two years . . . Oh yeah? . . . If ever! . . . "Day-zees in the meadow . . . Day-zees on the —" . . . now waita, waita . . . way tah minute . . . Listen . . . that tenor ought to go like this . . .

And so-and-so it goes, as the rum-ardor oozes out of the contestants one at a time until only four die-hard huskies remain worshipping at the altar of Evaline. After five more selections they decide that it's been the greatest evening in years.

. . . We ought to do this often . . . Let's get together next week at my house . . . Great! . . . Just a minute . . . I've got to be out of town next week . . . Well, the week after then . . .

Eleven months later at the School Annual they meet next, and partially succeed in recapturing the tricky harmony on the word "you" ("I've done been true little girl to you-u-u") in Honey.

. . . Remember, the lead goes like this, Jim . . . You're the one that's gummed us up . . . Now let's try it again . . .

And they do, in spite of the audience.

Here's a typical gang all cocked and primed and ready to go. The engine's been warmed up, the baritone has shifted his cigar into neutral, the bass has tucked his chin into his necktie. They're all through with Honey. The main question . . . what to sing next?

. . . What's another good one? . . . What about Lydia Pinkham? . . . Hell no . . . Where were you? . . . We sang that five minutes ago . . . (Deep silence . . . Thick gloom) . . . Ah! . . . We haven't sung My Bonnie yet . . . Fred, you take the tenor this time, I'm going to sing bass . . .

Against these emergencies when everybody wants to sing, but memories are vague, here is a list with guaranteed mileage. Don't mutilate the magazine. Statistics have proved that each copy has 26.7 readers. Kibitzers may want to read the ad on the back of this page. Have a copy made, two carbons please. Stow 'em away in handy places. A survey from Portland to Portland has proved that it is impossible to find a barber shop quartette without at least one member who can lead any song on the list that the others may not recall fully.

Aint Dat a Shame; Aint You Comin Back to Old New Hampshire Molly; Bring the Wagon Home John; By the Light of the Silvery Moon; Bicycle Built for Two; Cheyenne; Chinese Honeymoon; Chinatown; Comrades; Christo Columbo; Cuddle up a Little Closer; Curse of an Aching Heart; Daisies in the Meadow; Didn't He Ramble; Down Where the Cotton Blossoms Grow; Down by the Old Millstream; Down in Jungle Town; Dear Old Girl; Dreaming; Evaline; Girl in the Heart of Maryland; Germany Land; Goodnight Ladies; Heart of My Heart (Story of the Rose); Honey; How Can I Bear to Leave Thee; How Can I Leave Thee, (how can I from thee part); Hamburg Show; Heidelburg; Honey Boy; In the Evening by the Moonlight; I Love You Truly; I've Been Working on the Railroad; I'm Afraid to Go Home in the Dark; It's the Syme the 'ole World Over; I Want a Girl Just Like the Girl; John Peel; Joshua Ebenezer Spry; Just a Dream of You Dear; Just a Wearyin' for You; Lindy; Let the Rest of the World Go By; Let Me Call You

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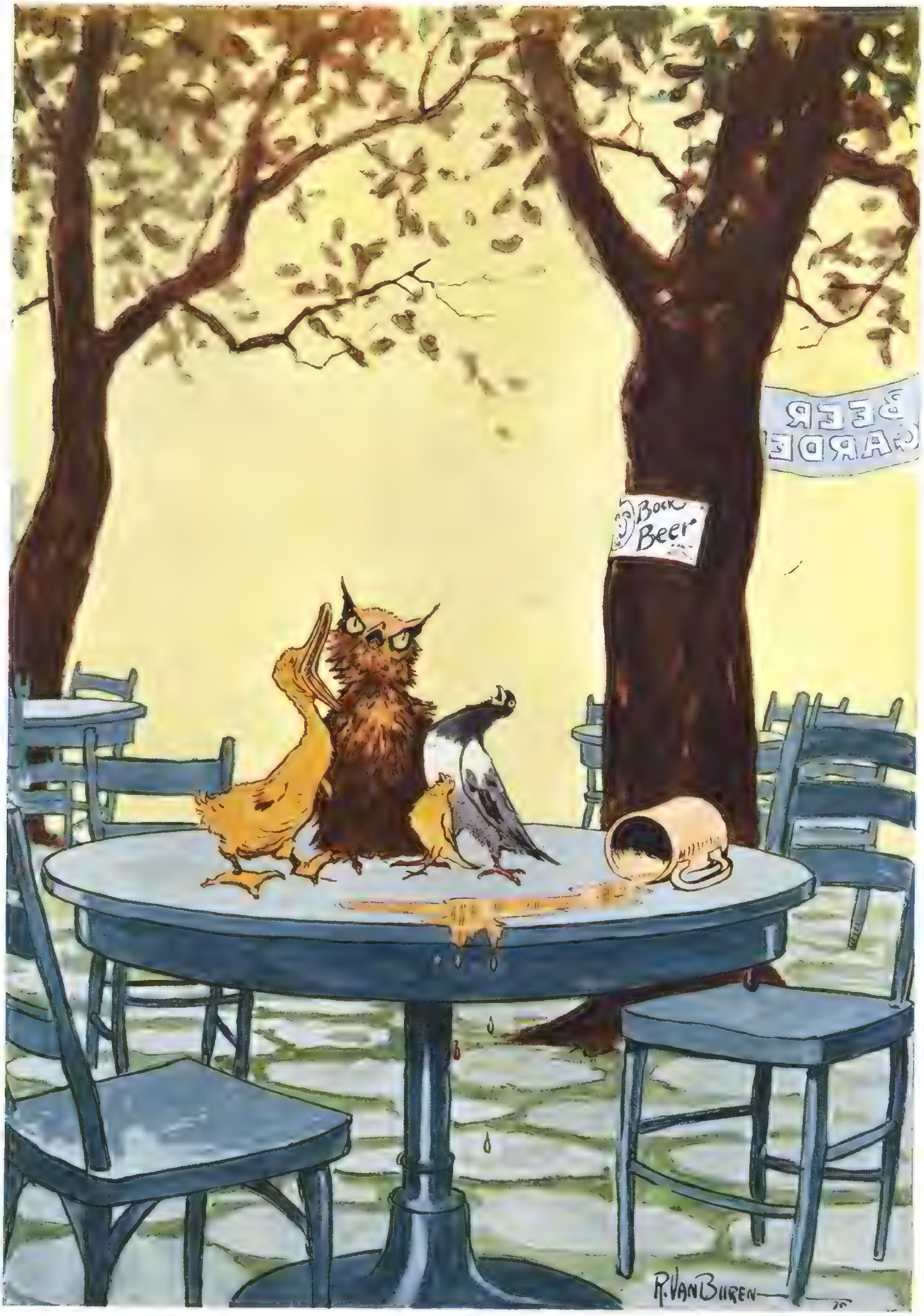
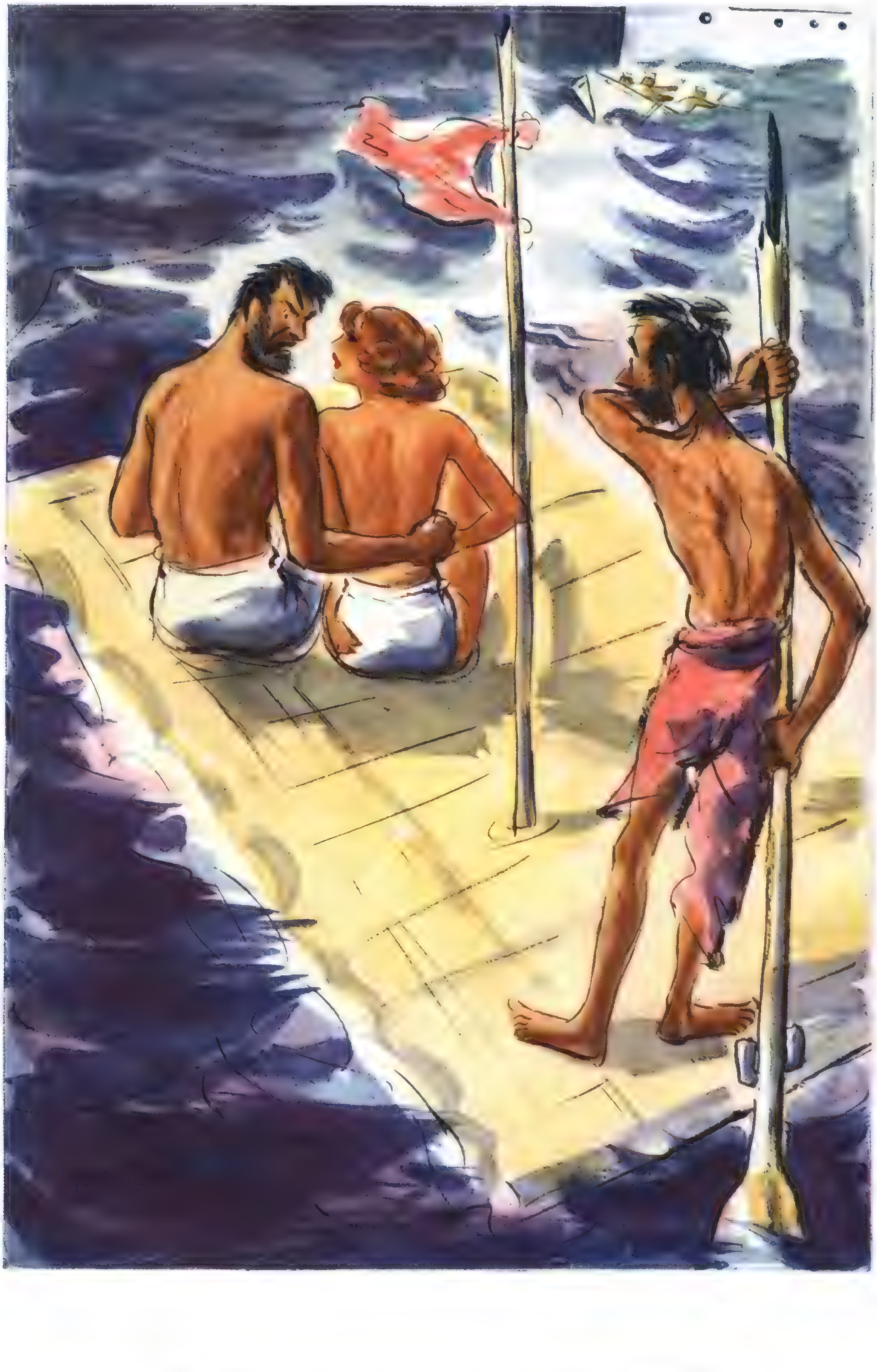

Bock Beer
R. VanBuren

"Swee-e-t Ad-o-line—!"



"For the last time, we don't want to be rescued!"

$2400 for Kindness

Killing with kindness may be a pleasure but to be killed for kindness is not a privilege

by WILLIAM SAROYAN

▪ FICTION ▪

This poor bozo had worse luck than any other gambler alive, so I guess that's the reason he wouldn't give it up. He hated gambling and everything else, but he wouldn't stop gambling because he said he'd tried doing everything else and it looked like gambling was the only thing to do. He said no matter what you tried to do, like being kind, it was no use anyway, so you might as well gamble. He said, There ain't one guy in the world who can beat the game. He didn't mean gambling. He meant living. He didn't like sunshine or clean cities, fishing or hunting or anything else. He hated everything. He hated the guts of life, the way radicals are supposed to hate the guts of rich people. This guy pitied the rich. Don't tell me about them, he said. They're worse off than you are. I tell you, he said, they're a thousand times worse off than you are.

How do you figure?

I'll tell you how I figure. Wasn't I rich once? Didn't I ride the blinds into Butte in 1927 and raise a dollar begging in the streets and run it up to thirty-two dollars in three days and six days later didn't I leave town for Frisco with two thousand four hundred some odd dollars in my pocket?

Well, I rode first-class. I tipped everybody along the way. I ate on the train, paying plenty. I gave little children five dollar bills just to see if they would be happy.

So? I said.

So there was an old lady on the train who looked like all her children had been killed in an automobile accident or maybe something worse, I don't know what. She looked sad and poor and I wanted to do something for her. I was rich, see? Two thousand four hundred simolians is a lot of dough. I'll do something for this nice old lady, I said. A decent man always wants to do something decent with his dough. I'll do a kindness, I figured.

And then? I said.

And then I started thinking. This is a proud old lady. You know how proud the poor are. They are crazy that way. I figured I couldn't just give the old lady a fifty dollar bill and tell her to buy drinks, the way a man could give a man a little money. She wouldn't like it. She'd think something was haywire somewhere. I never stole a thing in my life.

What?

I never stole a dime, a loaf of bread, or anything. I cheated once in a poker game and got away with it but my conscience bothered me so much I never did it again. That's the lowest crime I ever committed. I only wanted to give this poor old lady a little of my money. I was lousy with money on the train.

I figured I'd never be down again. I figured everything would be rosy for me the rest of my life. I was busting out all over with kindness.

What the hell did you do, anyway?

I couldn't just give her fifty bucks. I waited till she went to the toilet and left her handbag on her seat. There were two other ladies on the train in our car and four or five traveling men. I looked like a business man myself. I looked honorable enough. The rats caught me trying to put fifty dollars into the lady's bag, and they said I was stealing. I never felt so embarrassed in all my life.

Embarrassed?

Yes, I certainly was embarrassed. It ain't so funny to be caught stealing when you are really trying to do a kindness. All my life my luck has been this way.

The other two women started screaming. Did you ever hear a couple of small town ladies screaming at you, calling you thief, thief? There ain't nothing so blood-chilling. And the old lady herself, the poor old lady I wanted to help, came down the aisle from the toilet and slapped me across the face. That's my luck.

The traveling salesmen jumped on me and you can believe it or not I didn't even try to kick hell out of them, although I could have done it. I've been in plenty of fights in my day and I could have kicked hell out of all four of them, but God Almighty wasn't I supposed to be doing a kindness? I was just plumb struck dumb, that's all.

They nearly killed me. I'm telling you on the level they nearly kicked the life out of me. The old lady herself kicked me when they knocked me down. She said, What sort of a man are you to be stealing from a poor old woman? I never stole a dime in my life. That one time that I cheated in poker I was desperate. I needed that pot so badly I just had to cheat. I was going to kill myself if I went broke. I had made up my mind to do it if I went broke. I wasn't fooling. I had to cheat because while we were playing the hand I remembered some of the times when things weren't so bad with me and I got so scared I would be out of everything altogether if I lost the pot I cheated. I asked for three cards and kept three in my hand. I made an ace full and stuck the sixth card in my pocket. It was a diamond deuce. I have it yet. I won seventy dollars in that pot. That's the time they had a right to kill me. Not this time. Not for trying to do a kindness.

That's tough, I said. What happened?

What happened? Everything. Everything you can think of. They nearly killed me, but that ain't what I'm talking about. I'm talking about wanting to do a decent thing in a decent way and turning out to be a thief, a rat who steals from a poor old lady. That's what they made out of me. A rat. A guy can't talk when everybody is sure he's a thief. You can't say a thing. If you do, you're a liar. They won't believe you. Nobody in the world will believe a man could be putting a fifty dollar bill in an old woman's handbag, but everybody will believe a man could be wanting to steal a half dollar from it. That's human beings for you. A dime a dozen, three dozen for a quarter on Saturdays.

Two thousand four hundred some odd dollars in my pocket and them fools kicking the life out of me for wanting to do a good act. When the conductor came they stopped killing me. They lifted me off the floor and hung onto my arms. They were all fine upright honest men. They just didn't want anybody to steal from a poor old lady. I don't blame them, who the hell were they? I blame God in Heaven. I blame the Creator for making such a mess of man. I never did a really lowdown thing in my life except

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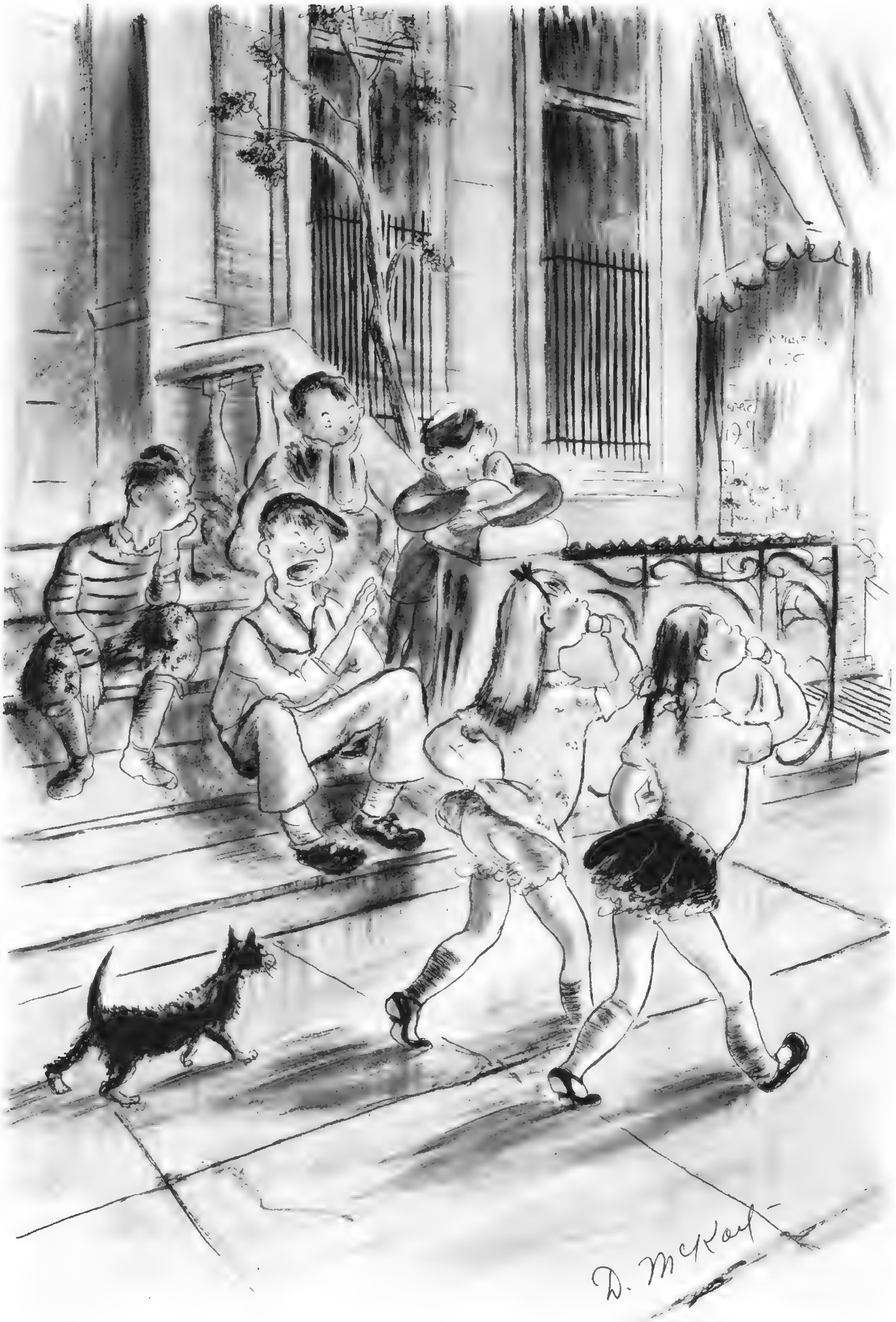


"Dames is poison"

A Guy Named Perry

About England's Davis Cup player whose biggest obstacle in winning for England was English snobbery

by JOHN R. TUNIS

SPORTS

"Here's long life to snobbery,
—And the Old School Tie;
Here's a toast to robbery
—May intelligence die:
Out of the way, you guys,
Gangway for the cads,
Surely you must realize,
That we're the 'pukka lads'."

WITH acknowledgements to the Burnley Daily Express. Burnley is in Lancashire in the Midlands of England, the kind of country Arnold Bennett wrote about. Very likely you are going to ask me what on earth the Old School Tie and Mr. Arnold Bennett have to do with our Mr. Fred Perry, tennis champion of the United States and England, his native land. Kindly allow me to edge into this yarn in my own clumsy manner. I think the connection can be explained.

To do this let me take you back to the 27th of June, 1930. I am sitting in that fireless cooker called the Wimbledon Stadium, watching an endless and everlasting match of mixed doubles in progress on the center court, or as the British designate it, the centre court. At this moment my scout pokes his nose up in the entrance of the press box—there are twenty courts on what are officially termed "the lawns of the All England Club," and as they are frequently used together, only an ubiquitous being like my friend Ted Husing who has the ability to be in four places at the same time could cover them all—when as I say, my scout appears and motions toward the rear. "Morpurgo, court 14. Being licked by a guy named Perry."

In those distant days the Baron Hubert de Morpurgo, former Austrian war ace turned Italian when Fiume became Italian after the war, was one of the leading tennis players of Europe. There was Lacoste and Cochet and Borotra and Morpurgo and precious little to choose between them, as several Americans playing in their first Davis Cup match later that summer in Paris, found out. If Morpurgo the Great was in danger, that was news indeed. I hustled over to Court 14, or as near as I could get to it and by stretching on my toes above four rows of standees managed to catch glimpses of a thin, black haired boy of twenty or so who was making mincemeat of the mighty Morpurgo. The mighty Morpurgo did not enjoy being hamburger; in fact he resented it, blaming his bad shots on the turf, which was perfect, on the weather, which was smiling, on everything but the tough young Englishman across the net. Who was he? Just a guy named Perry. No one seemed to have heard much about him, except that he lived in Ealing, a London suburb that is the equivalent of Brooklyn, and came originally from Stockport, a town up in Lancashire.

Yes, those Lancashire lads are plenty tough. Even today in parts of the country the natives still wear clogs in winter and speak a dialect; "Ba goom, laad," "Ah tell 'ee." Stockport where Frederick John Perry was born is Lancashire. True, he lived much of his life in the Metropolitan area, but nevertheless and notwithstanding he is Lancashire at heart. He is the stuff of which strong men are fashioned. He couldn't very well be anything else and reach the spot he has. For he has faced and overcome more handicaps than any champion I know.

You see—well, the fact is, how shall I put it? Shall I be tactful and say nothing, or just blurt out the whole situation. An Englishman, if he were your friend talking to you over a whiskey and soda in one of those dreary and high-ceilinged clubs that line St. James Square, would explain the situation this way. "Frankly, old thing, Perry isn't . . . isn't quite one of us. He doesn't wear the Old School Tie. You see he didn't go to Repton and Cambridge, never won his blue at all! Frightful, isn't it, the way these chaps are taking up all the varsity games nowadays. I mean to say, what with one thing and another, England's hardly a fit place for a gentleman any more, is it?"

To put things bluntly, Perry is not a popular champion at home. He isn't happy with the English sporting crowd, or at least with the Wimbledon galleries which see him play. Why? Simply because Wimbledon is the most snobbish center of sport in the world, the members of that Holy of Holies, the All England Club are mostly over the age of 60, and like the galleries who attend tournaments, are from the upper strata of society. They seem to resent the fact that a poor boy without a varsity background should have yanked himself to the front—even though in the process he yanked England back into the tennis picture from which she had been absent since 1909. Extraordinary people!

Get this picture. Here's Perry, a poor boy who was self-taught, who learned his tennis in the public parks, whose father was the Labour Member of Parliament for Kettering, a town in the Midlands, trying to break into a game dominated by middle class minds. Yes, it's inconceivable to Americans that human beings would like to see a fellow countryman go down to defeat merely because he happened to belong to a different class of society, but those who know England will bear me out when I say it is true. And felt by no one more keenly than the black haired lad in the bear pit which is the Centre Court at Wimbledon. The crowd is seated almost onto the edge of the playing area, in that tense, packed arena, thoughts, emotions and reactions are communicated from gallery to player in telepathic waves of vividness which can be either distressing or heartening. "That Centre Court can be a most unpleasant place," he said the other day in discussing the chances of our own Budge and Mako in the Davis Cup. Well, Perry ought to know!

He beat Morpurgo that day back in 1930, but the next afternoon on the centre court went down to Dr. J. C. Gregory. In 1931 he improved, reaching the semi-finals where he fell to our own Sidney Wood, but later in the summer in the United States he defeated seven of our First Ten, won tournament after tournament, and had Vines two sets to love in our championships. The next year he won the singles title of the Argentine, but fell to Crawford at Wimbledon in the fifth round and was beaten again by Wood in the United States. 1933 was his year. Everywhere except at home. He won championships all over the world, was a member of England's victorious Davis Cup team which swept the field against Australia, the United States and France in succession, he himself winning the decisive match in the Challenge Round from the invincible Cochet. But yet at home he fell to Norman Farquharson of South Africa who was known as a doubles player.

Why? Unquestionably because he felt and reacted to the antipathy of the Wimbledon galleries, as would any sensitive player. He was unable to show his best form on home courts; it appeared that he never would. Both officials at Wimbledon and the crowd took his defeats with composure; as a rule, were openly for his adversaries. They didn't think he had the stuff; indeed why should they, they had never really seen him play his game as we foreigners had. They didn't like his gestures on the court, his mannerisms in action. "Trying to imitate

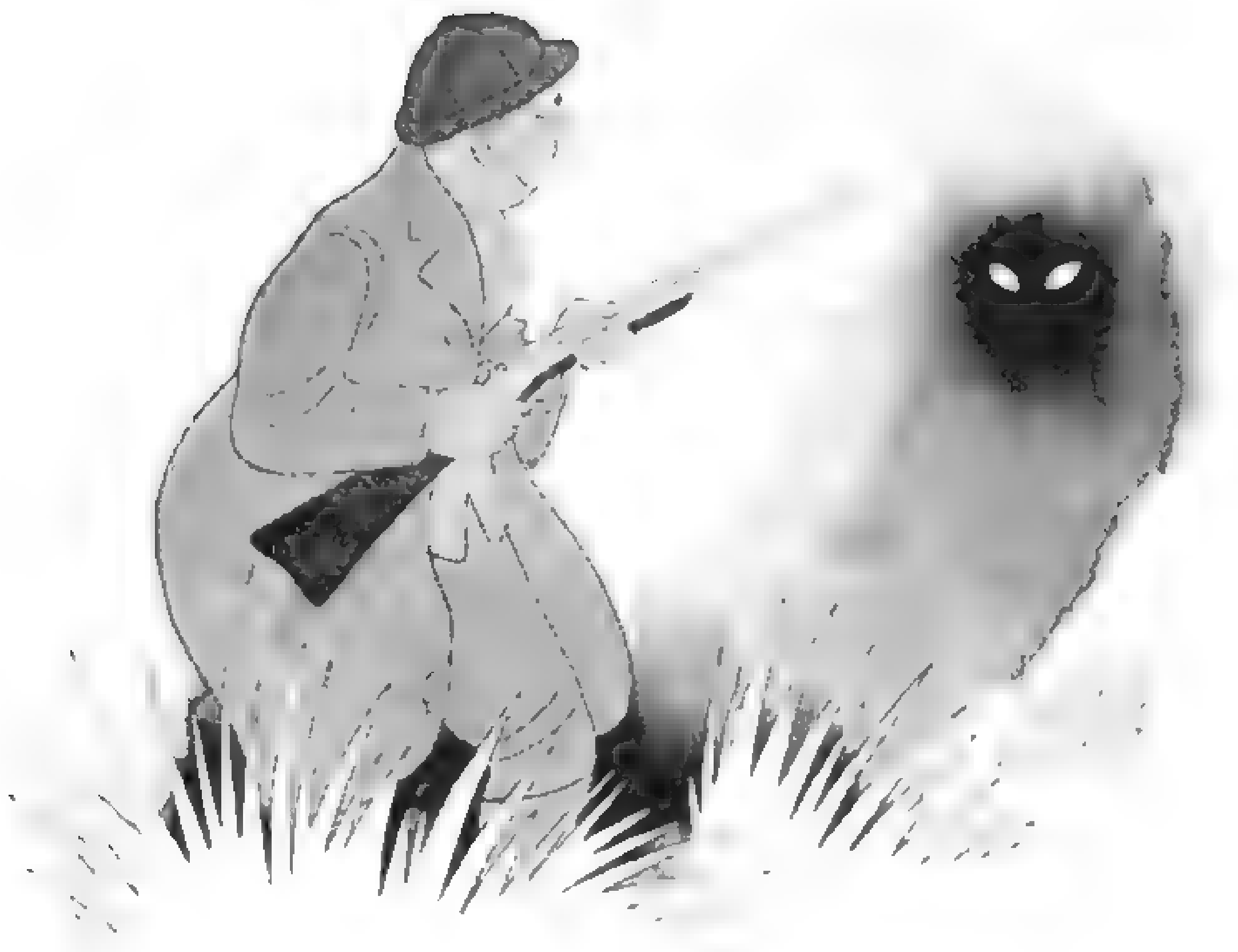
Continued in center of page 142

Gigue for Hunting Horns

Unspeakable is the fate of a fox-hunter who perpetrates the social error of shooting a fox

by REED JOHNSTON

• SATIRE •



Captain Ransom Huxtable, late M.F.H. of the Bowlby, stood before the mirror in his dressing-room and surveyed himself with gloomy wonder. It was late; it was almost midnight; yet he wore the pink coat and corded trousers of the hunting field, the velvet riding-cap, the buttons of the Bowlby; all complete except for the whip. And here his costume diverged sharply from tradition: he carried a shotgun.

He carried a shotgun and he was about to commit that blackest crime of the hunting field—that offense which would exclude him forever from the friendship and society of his kind—he was going to shoot a fox. It was a bitter ending to a long and brilliant career.

The season—his twentieth—had begun auspiciously. Cubs abounded; hounds were in fettle; farmers were complacent. The membership was excellent too; all keen hunters and expert horsemen, with never a lubber to mar the field. And the Master himself, Captain Huxtable, he was reaching the very zenith of his powers. Everything pointed to a particularly brilliant season. Then the trouble began.

It began in the shape of a certain slant-eyed vixen with the Devil in her who grew up, so to speak, under their very noses in the Bowlby meadows and who, once she had reached young maturity, promptly refused (with the Devil's help) to have anything to do with the game of fox-hunting in any form. She was wise above other foxes. She could run faster. And she was apparently invulnerable. That was clear from the first.

Rarely would she run before hounds, and then only to their confusion. No stratagem was wily enough to outwit her. She seemed even to be assisting other foxes, what time hounds were pressing them, for every scent somehow, sooner or later, became inextricable from her own; she invariably split the pack forty ways from Sunday—a feat indeed, for they were expert—and left them yelping foolishly in every direction but the right one.

Sometimes she would simply disappear—*spurlos versenkt*—in the middle of a stubble field. Once she leapt out unexpectedly from behind a stone-wall and nipped the leader of hounds on the ear. Another time, when they seemed to be hot on her heels, she was discovered loping along busily *behind* the field, and not in front of it as the rules prescribe. And then—crowning audacity—she had the habit of going to earth occasionally in Squire Thorpe's poultry-yard, where, except for the unhappy cackle of fowl, no trace of her could be found thereafter.

Nor were the poultry unhappy without reason. Every night she selected for her supper the fattest, tenderest young hen in the yard, varying her diet frequently with one of the Squire's prize China ducks. And this was all the more unfortunate since Squire Thorpe's voice was law in the Bowlby. Squire Thorpe's purse maintained the Bowlby. And Squire Thorpe was no man to suffer in silence. He spoke his mind to the Master as they came hacking home.

"This has got to stop, Huxtable!"

"Hmm-mm," said the Master.

"You hear?"

"Yes," said Huxtable. "Yes, I hear."

"Or we are in a fair way to become the laughing-stock of the countryside!" Captain Huxtable kept silent for a moment.

"That is no ordinary vixen," he said presently. The Squire puffed angrily.

"No, and that is no ordinary poultry she is filching, either! I must say it is a pretty state of affairs when the owner of the best pack in the countryside stands at the mercy of every fly-by-night vixen that comes down the road. A hen a night, I lose—sometimes a duck—and all because of one blasted little vixen. Why she can't pick on some of the farmers, *I* don't know!"

"You have the best hens," said the Master.

"Yes, and I have a pack of mumble-footed hounds that ought to be able to protect them, too!" Squire Thorpe turned to look sharply at the Master.

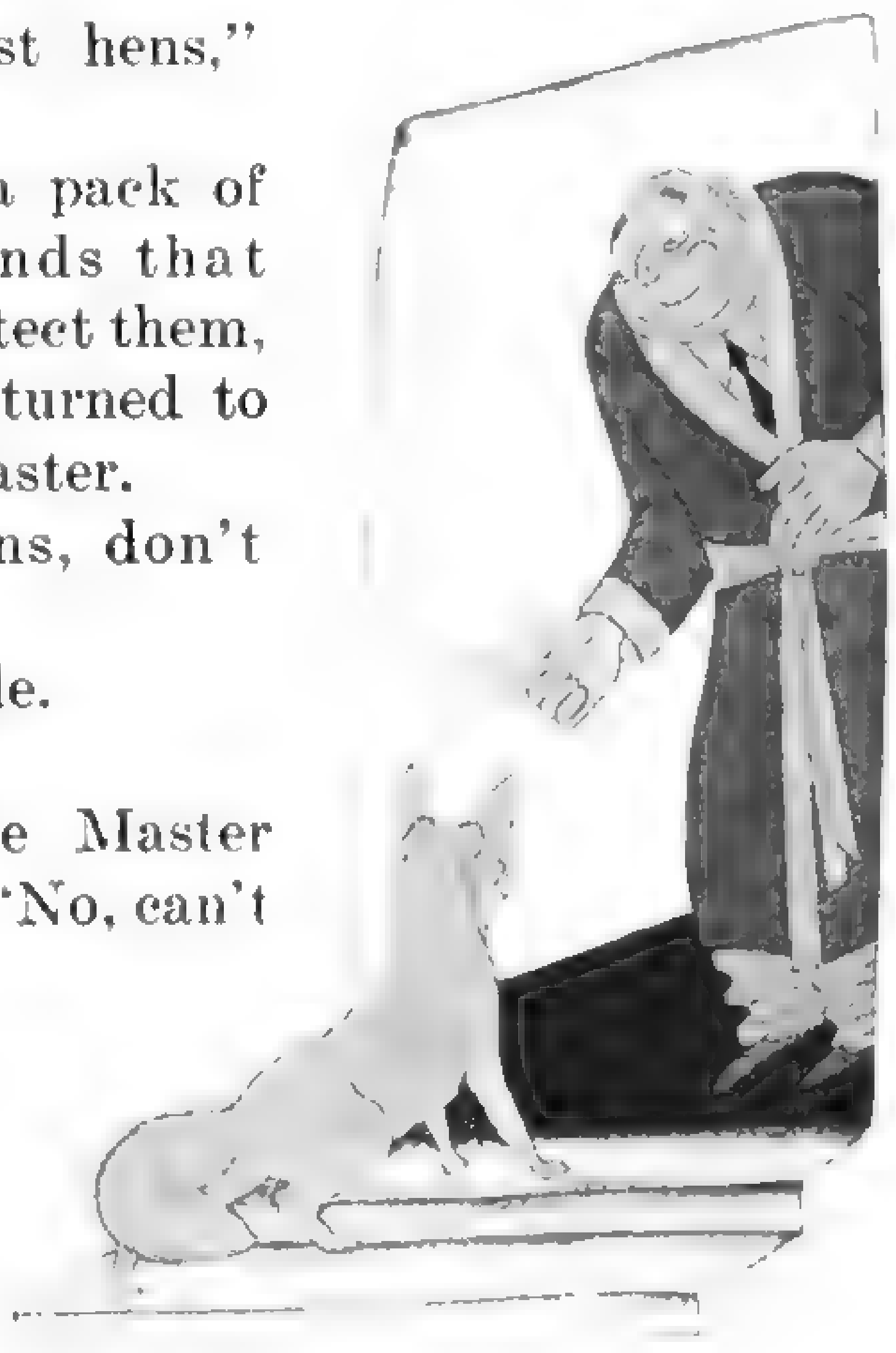
"You keep chickens, don't you?"

"Yes," said Huxtable.

"Ever lose any?"

"Why, no-o-o," the Master admitted reluctantly. "No, can't say that I have."

"Seems funny," said the Squire sourly, and then the conversation ended abruptly for that day. They discovered the very culprit in question, trotting happily at their horses' heels and (they could only suppose this) listening to every word they said.



From then on events took on an uglier color for Captain Huxtable. The vixen began to make up to him. Somewhere near his house she appeared almost daily now, when hounds were in kennel. The muddy garden was covered with her footprints and the scent of her kept the kennels in constant uproar. Once at night she even scratched at the house-door, apparently asking to be let in. And there was every evidence that she had made friends with those neutral parties the horses, for she seemed occasionally to sleep in one or the other of the stalls.

All this the Captain knew, and kept to himself. But the word got round. Dark rumors were spread. Had the Master perhaps got him a fox for a pet? Had he perhaps trained her to eat other people's chickens? Or bring them home to him even—a sort of back-handed retriever? These were the outrageous rumors that spread through the Bowlby, and still the Master kept silent.

"Lost any hens to that vixen yet?" the Squire asked him one day.

"Why, no-o-o," said Huxtable. "No, I can't say that I have."

"Funny," said the Squire. "She hangs around your place a lot too, doesn't she?" That very day the Master went in to the city.

He returned though, late the same night, and with him he bore a small wooden case with a handle at the top and screening on the two ends, such as animals are packed in for travel. This he carried furtively to the hen-yard; he fumbled with it for a moment in the dark, and hurried into the house.

When he came out next morning there was a hub-bub in the yard. Grooms and a huntsman were bent over in a huddle, examining some object on the ground. Near them lay five dead hens in a row.

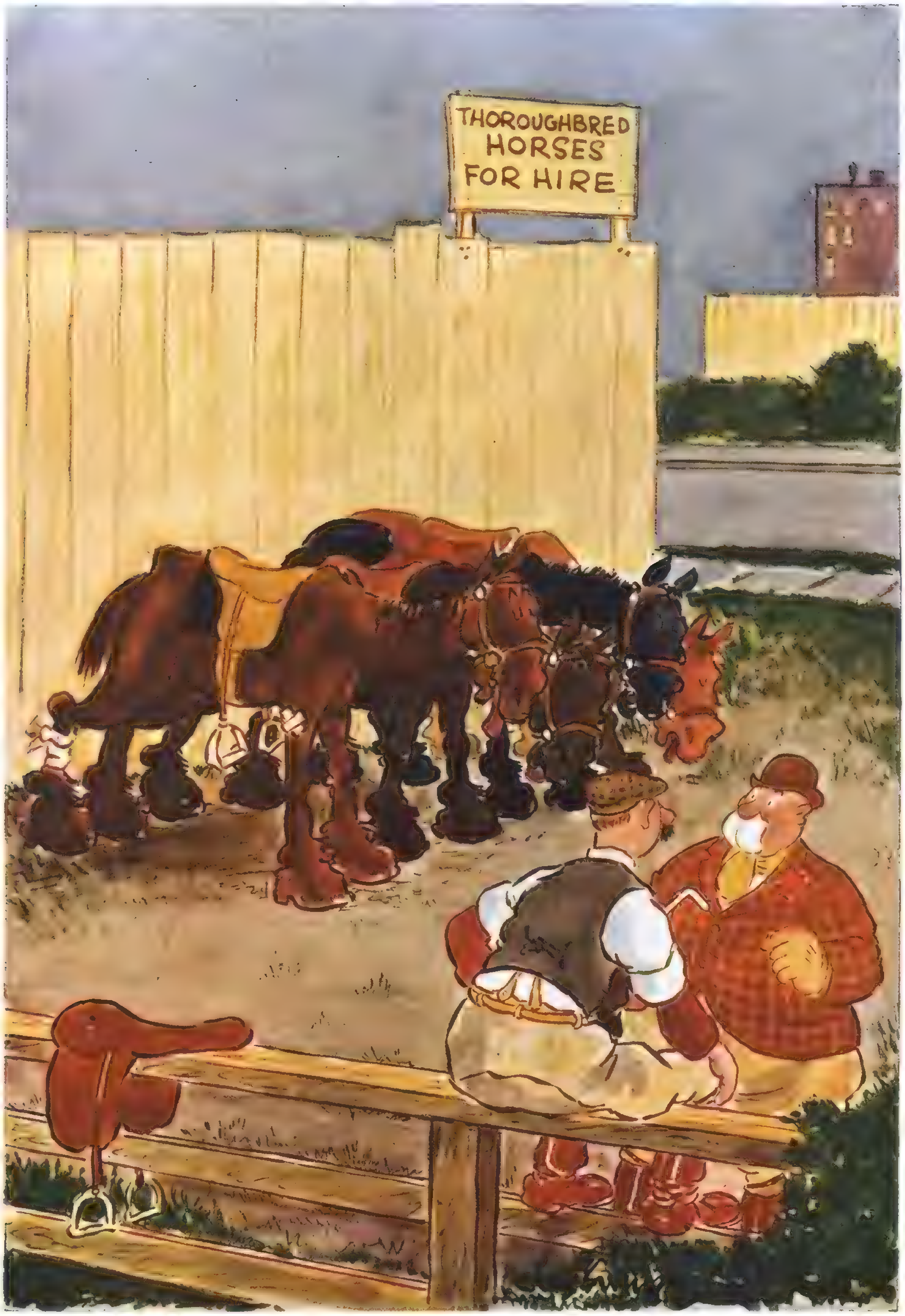
"So the vixen got them at last, did she!" said the Captain, almost joyously. The huntsman straightened and shook his head.

"Can't blame her for this, sir!" he said. The men stepped back now, and for the first time Captain Huxtable saw what had perplexed them. It was a ferret, and dead also like the hens, with its neck bent back at a sorry angle and its creamy fur spotted with blood.

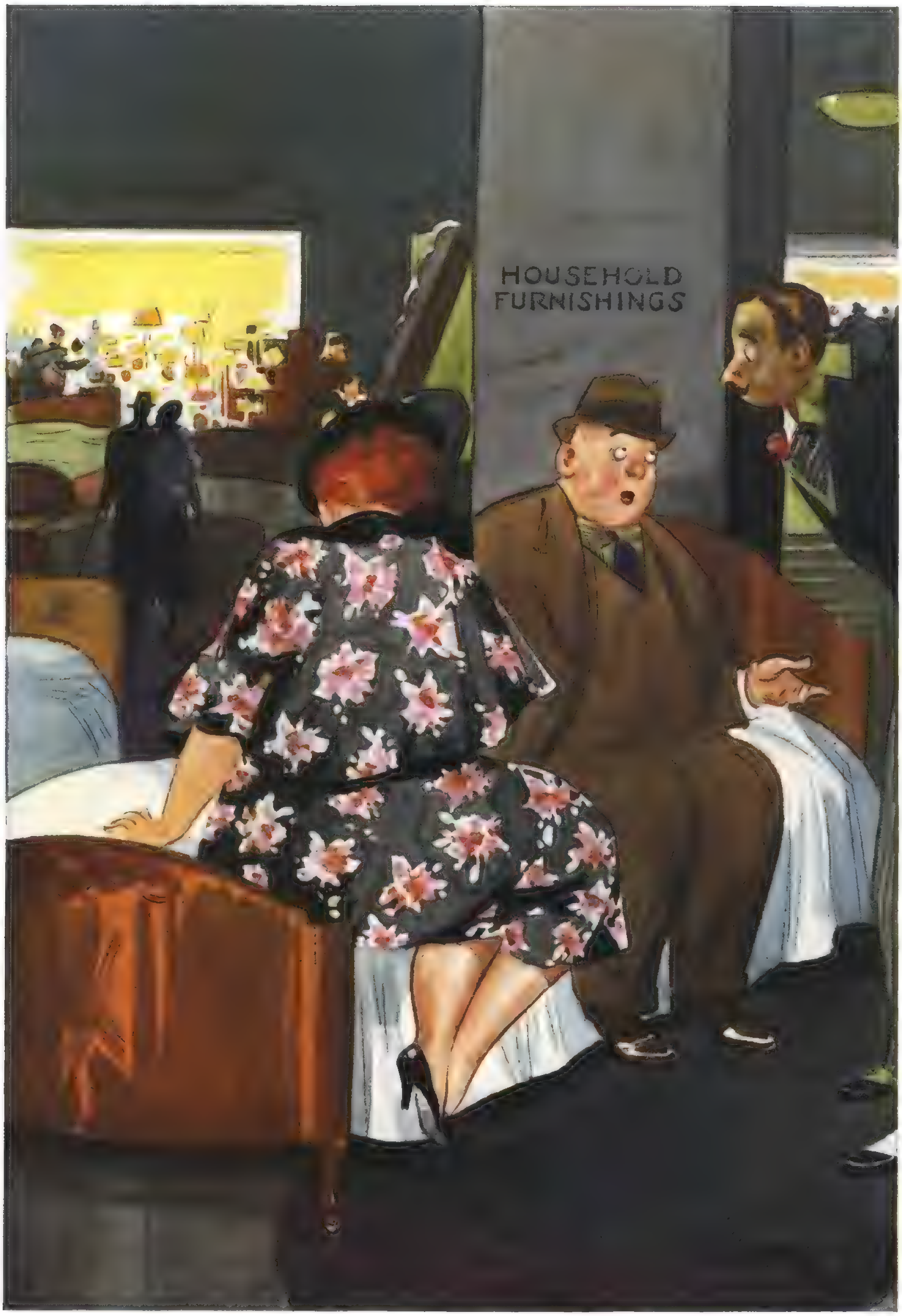
"This?" cried the Captain. "*This!*"

"Yes, sir," said the huntsman.

Continued in center of page 147


THOROUGHBRED
HORSES
FOR HIRE

"I'm in fine fettle today, Henry! Pick me a spirited one!"


HOUSEHOLD
FURNISHINGS

"You realize, of course, that this tells us absolutely nothing"

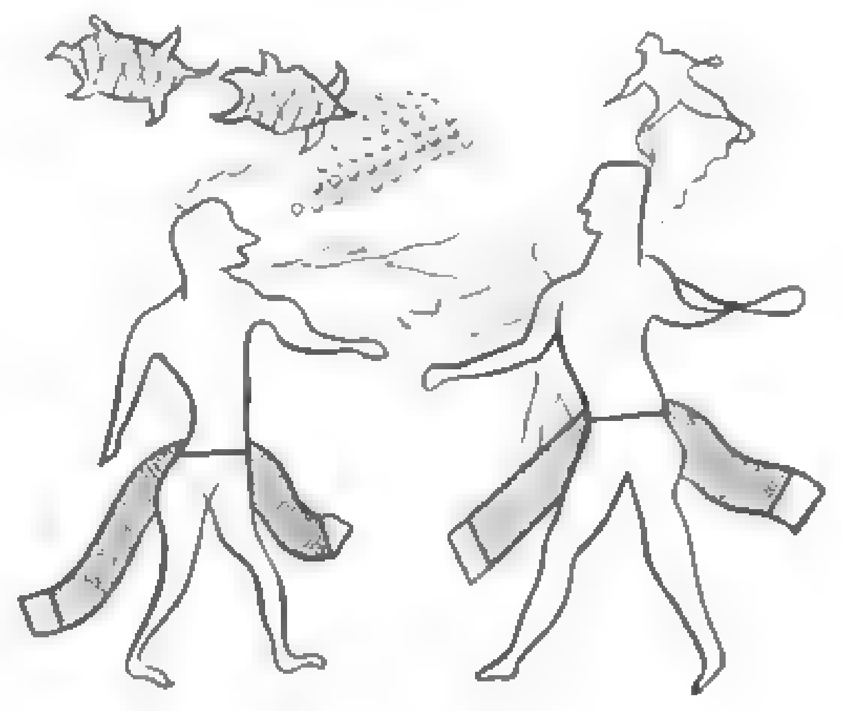
I Take My Pen in Hand

Man began by writing an eye for an i and may conclude by actually reading his thoughts

by EDW. M. BARROWS

ARTICLE

THE illustration to the right is an American Indian document. Translated into post-repeal, it would read something like this:



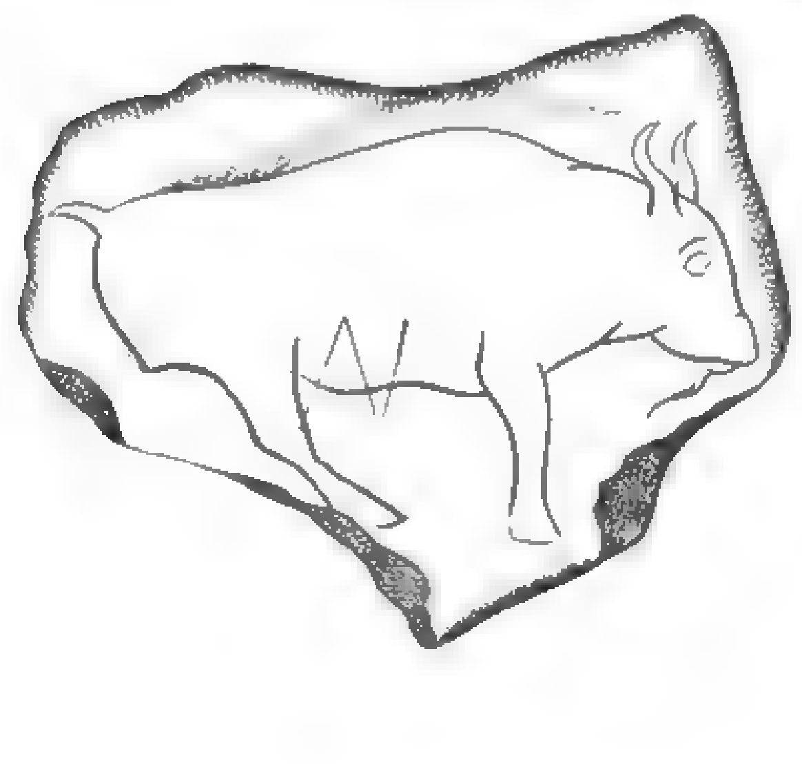
My Dear Little-Man: You may think you are holding out on your mother and me about that little blonde, but you aren't fooling me a bit. Never mind how I found out. The question for you to settle right now is, are you coming right home or do I come after you? I enclose $53, which you are to keep out of the gal's reach and use for bills and travelling expenses only.

Your loving Father,
Turtle-Chasing-His-Wife.

The translation is free, not to say broad, in spots. It is done after the technique of all pictograph rendition, by observing how the known facts are set forth in pictures and then applying the method to the unverifiable parts. The letter was actually drafted by an Indian named Turtle-Chasing-His-Wife, as shown by the uxorious turtle taking after his mate, with a sort of dotted line connecting the twain with the occiput of the chief figure.

He wrote to his son, Little-Man, demanding his immediate return home, enclosing $53 for expenses. Little-Man is identified by the runty figure looped to his head like his father's turtles. From Turtle-etc.'s mouth issues a stream of threatening black marks directed toward his son, but ending in little hooks directed back towards himself. Fifty small circles each represent one dollar, to be checked against the actual coin delivered, and thus prevent a mistake that might have cost the messenger his scalp in those plain-dealing days.

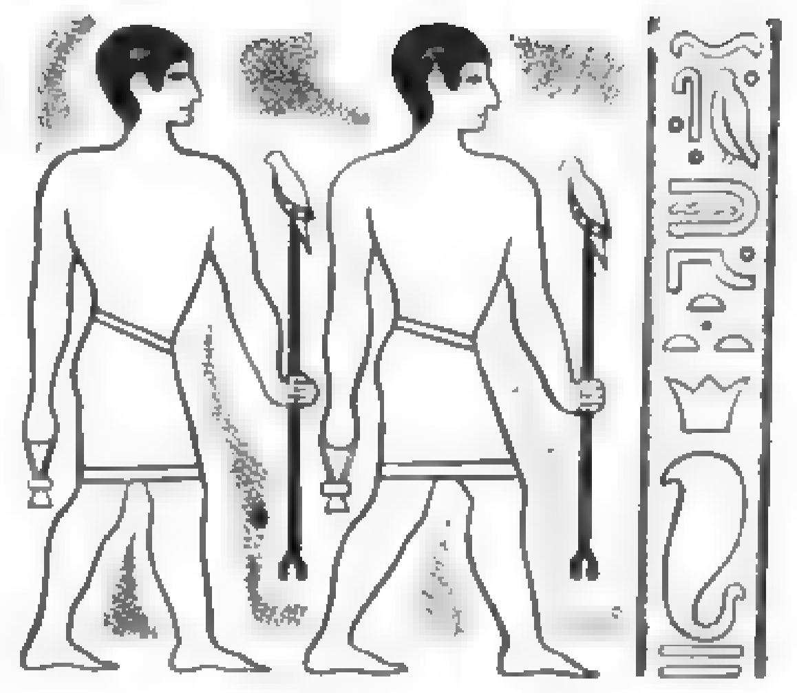
The verifiable part of the translation ends here, but we have only to follow the clews it offers for a more intimate translation. Observe, then, the old gentleman's threatening posture and the step he is taking in his son's direction. But why? Obviously the reason is seen in the figure half concealed by Little-Man, since this is the only figure left unexplained. Little-Man is trying to hide this figure, but Father sees all. Blondeness is indicated by her white skull. The sex is no problem at all. In all ages and climes when Junior is trying to conceal a blonde from Father's threatening gaze, what sex is it? The money is beyond her reach, but not of Little-Man's, and the lady's bare presence warrants the translation that Little-Man owes money. Thus Science tells us that the folk life of the aborigines was not so different from our own.



This letter was written about 1880, on a white trader's paper. Even so recently it could have been drawn on birchbark, or scratched on wood or bone or possibly on a thin piece of shale. In the latter cases a flint chisel might have been used. On birchbark, a burned stick would have served for a pencil, or berry juice or blood or colored clays, applied with a pointed bit of reed or a sliver of bone, would have substituted for pen and ink. For, curiously enough, the methods of writing are not so much matters of chronology as of custom. With each step forward we have found new methods of writing, without completely abandoning the old ones. Conversely, many of the writing tools considered the last word in modernity are centuries old. Early Asiatics, Egyptians, Aztecs and Indians all manufactured ink. Fountain pens have been discovered in the excavations of early Egypt, and an archeologist in Texas recently found among some Indian remains a sliver of hollowed bone that was obviously the stylograph's great grandfather. Mechanical devices excepted, all of our instruments for holograph, or personal handwriting, were known to the ancients.

Writing, however, has gone through a definite evolution, and in it we have our clew to the picturesque story of writing instruments. Every improvement in writing called into being a new set of instruments, which took their place beside the older ones but did not entirely supplant them. Pictures speak a universal language but nevertheless are not the oldest form of writing. Tribes incapable of drawing pictures passed broken twigs, odd shaped stones or carefully arranged bundles of sticks to their correspondents, each article having its symbolic meaning. They cut peculiar notches in a stick at significant intervals. One of the earliest implements of communication in Southern Asia and Polynesia was a stick, with a string attached which was wound and twisted and knotted about it to convey a secret message. These are probably the earliest methods of transmitting personal messages. There were also monuments that conveyed messages, but they were not personal.

In the pictograph lies the origin of modern writing, and the implements of pictography are the beginning of modern writing utensils. Savants in these matters agree that many of the famed pictures inscribed by prehistoric men in the caverns of Switzerland, Spain and our own Southwest, are in a true sense writing. They are not alone the author's observation of a buffalo or a fish, but an expression of his outlook on life in general—the way he felt about things. It is a kind of self-expression as new as it is old.



Two defects tripped up the pictograph system as advancing civilizations required more exactness. One symbol could mean too many things. A picture of a bull might describe a strange animal, or it might indicate the writer's temper, or that he had made a mistake. And so much depended on the skill of the artist. Names often were derived from animals, and a letter addressed to a girl named Fox might be delivered to one named Hogg. Complications would be sure to ensue. Out of such incidents the idea grew of letting specific objects symbolize specific ideas or "ideographs." These symbols became abstract as human relations became involved. Thus the Chinese ideograph for justice means "half a cow," the cow representing property, and equal division of it indicating equality of rights—hence justice. The symbol itself evolved into an ornamental combination of brush strokes. When a more abstract idea—let us say righteousness—involved the concept of justice, this symbol was combined with the others representing different elements of righteousness, and a new ideograph was formed. Thus China developed a vast literature without alphabet or written words. Instead there are thousands of complete thoughts, each represented by its ideograph.

Ideographs required more sophisticated implements than rocks, chisels or charred sticks, but the civilization that created the need offered the means. The Chinese were early users of paper and they invented inks, with pen-brushes to apply them to the paper. Incidentally they still write with brushes, along with fountain pens and typewriters. Chaldeans and other Biblical peoples of Asia Minor had no paper, but were too far advanced for pure picture writing. So they made tiny bricks of soft clay, invented a stylus, or writing needle, and

Continued on page 115

Mr. Torquemada of England

The cross-word puzzle raised to the level of an art in the hands of an unidentified fiend

by F. GREGORY HARTSWICK

• ARTICLE •

The English have been referred to, by no less an authority than their own Mr. Kipling, as "the breed who take their pleasures as St. Lawrence took his grid." Observers of the ways and uses of man will amply bear out this statement; and nowhere is its truth more clearly demonstrated than in the department of puzzling. Your literate Briton is happy only when stretched on some verbal rack or undergoing the *peine forte et dure* beneath an Everest of encylopedias.

Given such a racial characteristic, it required only an Event to bring forth its embodiment in a person. The Event was the Cross-Word Puzzle craze of 1924-25-26. From this mating came, inevitably, the Man—"Torquemada of the *Observer.*"

Since 1926 his identity has been jealously guarded by his employing sheet. No one knows who he is, though eminent clerics and scholars have at times looked coy and entered no denial when accused of being his original. Every Sunday the intellectually elite turn to his department and condemn themselves happily to his inquisitorial ministrations. Other English papers have followed in his train, but none has approached his offerings for excellence of devilish ingenuity; he stands alone, a legend; he is referred to in literature; he becomes a simile.

Now even allowing for the racial characteristic above mentioned there must be *something* in the offerings of Torquemada to account for their special fascination. This reasoning occurs naturally to anyone; the obvious corollary requires only that one seek it at its source. A careful study and solution of Torquemada's works bring the following facts clearly to light: a) They are difficult, some of them extremely so; but by no means insoluble.

b) They are (and this is entirely unexpected) genuinely fascinating; once the simple conventions are mastered their solution brings a tremendous amount of pleasure.

This second discovery makes it appear to me that America could profitably adopt the Torquemada style. I have made, in fact, an attempt along this line, which I feel to be not too bad (said attempt is included herewith).

Torquemada himself, in his preface to his own puzzlebook,* explains his methods and his motives. Perhaps we might best exemplify at once:

The Torquemada puzzles are cross-word puzzles, involving the universally-known principles of cross-word puzzles; the difficulty—and the fascination—lie entirely in the definitions. Here are a few gems selected from the gentleman's work; the numbers after the definitions indicate the number of letters:

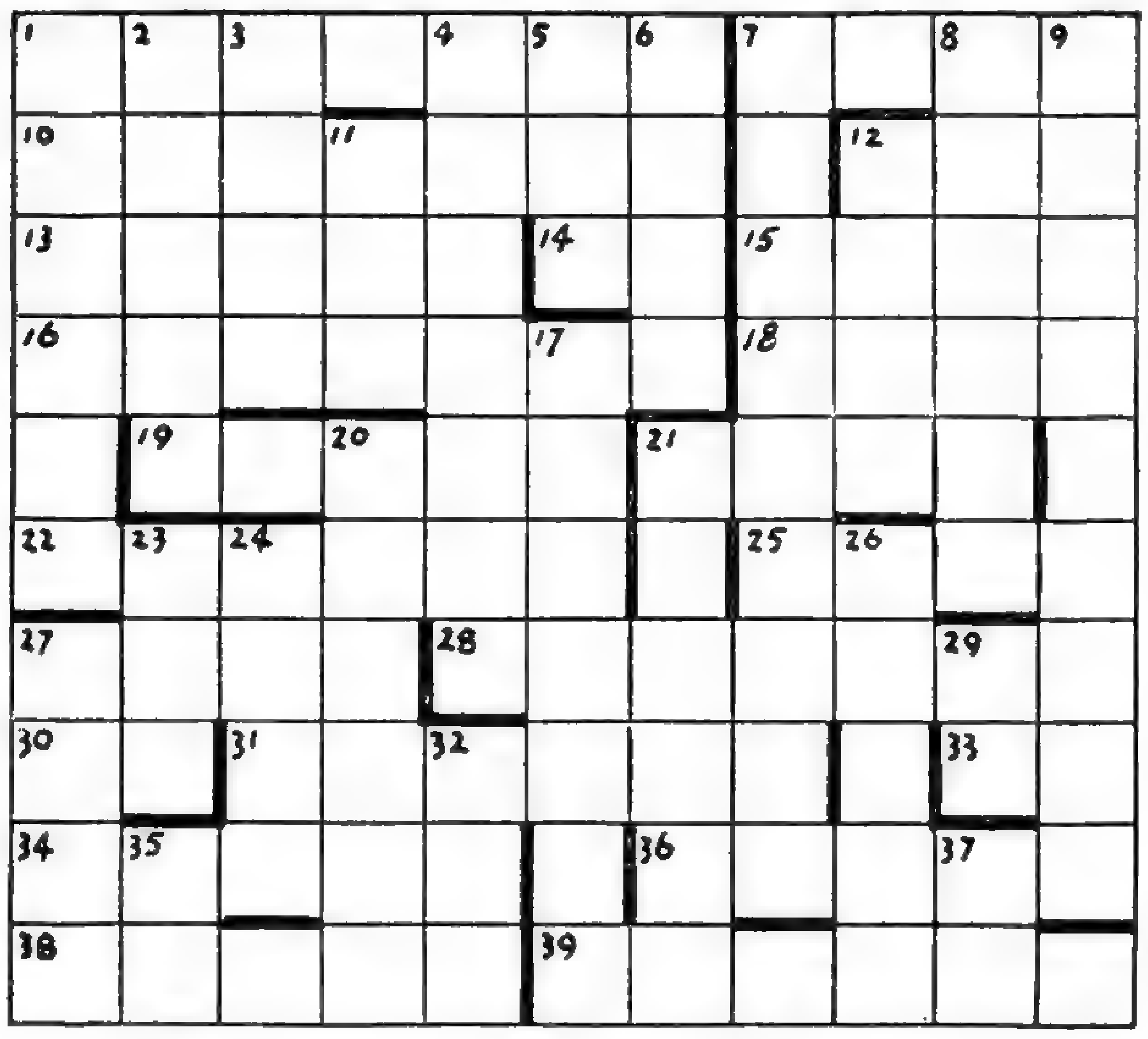
1. Warehouse addressed spiritually to Moses (6)
2. A portable buffet, sold in couples (4)
3. The color of the music Dowson cried for (6)
4. Thole for the slave, the slave that is no more (5)
5. You will associate this Albanian brigand with the *Rock of Ages* (6)

Of course, if you were trying to find these words in a real cross-word puzzle you would have some cross-clues to aid you—maybe. Anyway, look them over before turning to the answers at the end of this article, and see if you can get any of them without the help of clues.

Torquemada does not hesitate to use anagrams ("Arising out of N.T.N. case"), "missing-word clues" ('Have you noticed now Your ———'s hanging face? A bit of chalk, And trust me but you should, though!') reversals, indicated by "rev." after the number of the definition, or combinations, like the following group:

12. See below
13. Gave Ben Jonson drink after above, burst before below
14. See above

MR. TORQUEMADA OF ENGLAND



Across

1 Punishment a private soldier seldom tries to avoid.
7 You can hire this corn to be a herb.
10 This 5 o'clock circle means more than high when used of spirits.
12 With a dragon I'm apocryphal.
13 rev. "Nor frozen thawings glue them From budding at the—"
14 Unkeyed in 39.
15 Singular old-fashioned stays.
16 The cone-flowers, with the letters unkeyed in 1 across and 7 across.
18 Galsworthy wrote a play about this game.
19 A monosemic empty time.
21 Lived in a lion, according to Samson.
22 Glue me, I'm a bean!
25 Mixed spice you did into your present position.
27 Turn a colored fighter and strike an obstruction.
28, 30 Duo sis sua, get busy.
31 rev. A 14th century weapon.
33 Dirty French author of memoirs with **32**.
34 With a monkey in the buttonhole?
36 rev. Character in Sheridan's "The Critic."
38 Four-wheeled Irishman.
39 You need to arrange fitly.

Down

1 A solid higher alcohol.
2, 5 In which, not unnaturally after the above, an emu grows drunk.
3 Popular sport during Prohibition.
4 Seemed always to obtain in Lotus Land.
6 rev. "Split open the—of salted sprats."
7 Left over.
8 Treachery to a Greek.
9 Rich in ten plus O. E.
11 rev. A cold noise.
12 Two-wheeled bees' nest.
17 Division between two feet.
20 A saurian face-maker.
21 Suitable company for Shakespeare.
24 rev. Shift the page about to find shell-beads.
26 Perish in farewell.
27, 23 More than unless in blue fits.
29 Same as **30**.
32 See **33**.
35, 37 After the explosion of Zola's nurse.

**The Torquemada Puzzle Book: London, 1934: Victor Gollancz, Ltd.*

These are solved by NASCENT (Arising out of, and an anagram of N.T.N. case); CULLION (In Browning's *Fra Lippo Lippi*); and DRAW, ER, and UPT (ER after DRAW is DRAWER, who gave Rare Ben drink; and ER before UPT is ERUPT, which of course is 'burst.')

Naturally Torquemada's puzzles are full of strictly British expressions. One of the worst was this: "Could set up at least four Jews in business." By solving the puzzle completely I discovered this word to be OVERS; but still it was far from clear what Torquemada was getting at in his definition. Fortunately he has appended notes to his answers, and these supplied the following: "Every over (in cricket) must have at least six balls; OVERS, then, must have at least twelve, which supplies three for each Jew, thus setting up at least four in business."

One of his combinations appealed to me especially; it was this:

1. An island and its capital; they are below Albania
2. See above

After vainly hunting for an island with a capital of the same name below Albania, it dawned that the second of the two definitions should be considered. I finally deduced that the second was solved by "Near," and that the first should read "They are below (near) Albania." The "below" referred to the definition immediately following. The answer, by the way, to the island and its capital was "Corfus." Oh, yes, I know it's "Corfu"; but the definition read "*they* are below Albania." Hence the plural.

The Torquemada method might best be exemplified by tackling a sample at once. Try the one illustrated on the opposite page.

Torquemada's method of using heavy lines to mark the ends of words is not his own, nor new; it was suggested long, long ago, in the old *World* days, when cross-word puzzling was the sport of a chosen very few. It didn't catch on. As a matter of fact it saves a great deal of space, and is just as effective as the black squares. It's all a matter of getting used to it.

In preparing this selected specimen of Torquemada's skill I have taken a few liberties with the definitions in cases where they involved Anglicisms which would be unintelligible this side the Atlantic. (Torquemada's own Americanisms, I regret to say, are sour; he offers "Free from in America" and "American jurist," the answers being respectively SHET and JEDGE; but then, even Chesterton thinks that Americans say "Red Indian" and universally "reckon"; and Dorothy Sayers, whom I protest I love with a great love, makes a New York millionaire start every other sentence with "Waal.")

However, go ahead and tackle Torquemada. The answer is provided, and with it notes—Torquemada's own. They should prove illuminating.

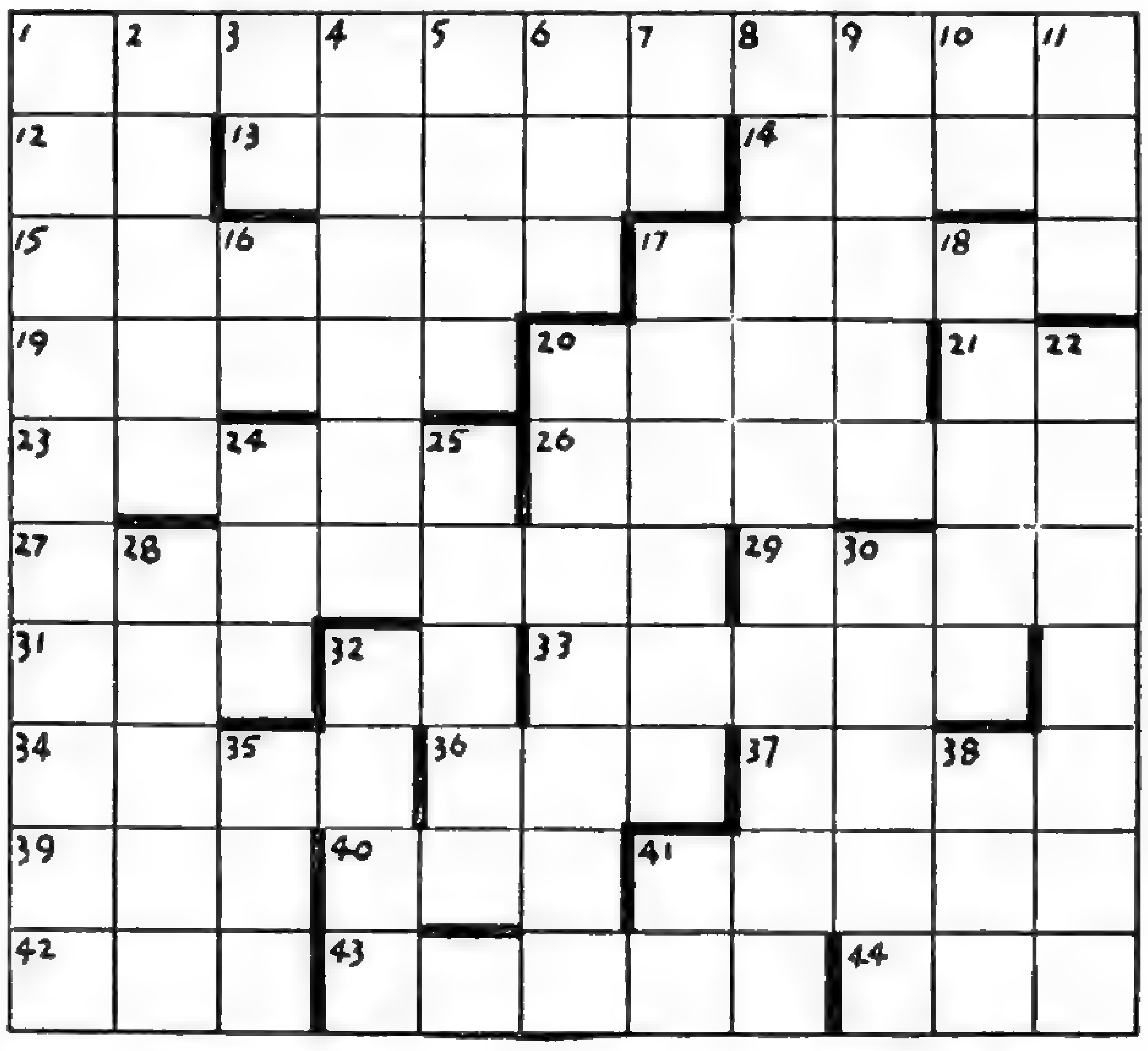
* * * * * * * * *

You see, you can make a Torquemada puzzle as easy or as difficult as you wish. One of his definitions that caused the writer nearly to lose his intellect was this: "The sheep in the *Song of Solomon* were." All I could be certain of was that the word ended with -OUS, and that it had eight letters. Consultation of Solomon's effort disclosed that the sheep were none of them barren, all having twins; with this interesting disclosure the Song went off into other fields and anatomical references to the Beloved, interesting but uninstructive. Reason finally guessed that the word probably began with BI or DI, and after laborious search the complete word was discovered—DITOKOUS. Now I ask you. I don't believe that great popularity would be achieved by puzzles containing this sort of outrage; but I do believe that a heap of fun and possibly some instruction would be provided by the same type of puzzle with the horribles left out or toned down.

With this in mind I have prepared the accompanying which I hope may furnish enjoyment:

Answers to puzzles on page 169

MR. TANTALUS OF AMERICA



Across

1 Home town of an internationally famous lady (Forty years is a long time).
12 State of desiring to be shown (abbr.)
13 O, prof! Demonstration, please!
14 Find knowledge with L or E.
15 Should a well-known broadcasting station exert friction, you'd have me backwards.
17 Lady dragged by a student-officer, "If the—slayer thinks he slays, Or if the slain think he is slain."
19 A profit all over.
20 Small Indian coins.
21 See 38.
23 Haul me for a net profit.
26 Speak musically, possibly not in E.
27 Alfred Noyes mentions forty of this sort of seamen.
29 The ship's play was a failure. "——!" exclaimed the —. "These——have no appreciation of the ——."
31 High and dry and full of animals.
32 See 10.
33 Living next door with Odin's old man, and a big noise without him.
34 "How — the little busy bee."
36 "——! ——!" cried Sam Weller.
37 The censor's garment is disarranged.
39 From many.
40 Put me in 12 across and get a kind of polo.
41 I eat.
42 An old-fashioned ingredient.
43 Commanded the Army of the Ohio in the Civil War.
44 Turn me how you will, I'm still before.

Down

1 The first President of Panama swallowed a fish and became a diplomat.
2 Scramble a cheating trickster for a cosmetic.
3 What Strephon became.
4 A cockney fish is badly mistaken.
5 A palindromic time of day.
6 Scramble two for the long pull.
7 A chateau and a poem.
8 Send this special effect care Till, E. C.
9 "And Sir—sticks in his ear a rose, Then hey! for the ripple of laughing rhyme!"
10 **rev.** With 32 Across, what every manufacturer hopes his 32 Across is.
11 "It is my duty to this to mine" said the Bishop.
16 "My god!" said the cross word addict.
17 Always on hand and found in the fringe.
18 Anomalistic, nodal, sidereal and tropical.
20 Nice pan? Columbus had three.
22 " 'Ye that bore us, O—us! She is kinder than ye; For the call is on our heartstrings' Said the Men of the Sea."
24 No one wants to see me enter in red.
25 Duck!
28 Style of expression in which words convey meaning exactly opposite to their literal sense.
30 Called ruby in England, and larger than diamond or pearl.
32 Said to Elijah "Art thou he that troubleth Israel?"
35 I balance precariously with 38.
38 **rev.** With 21 rev, "Vade ——, Sathanas!"
41 And and L, an antelope.

With Her Own People

A boy and his girl lock their togetherness away in a closet, to face her parents separately

by MORLEY CALLAGHAN

• FICTION •

All that autumn they lived in a small top floor flat in an old fashioned apartment house near the botanical gardens. It was a place that would never be free again of the smell of cooking food. The sunken floor boards and the stairs had been marked and worn smooth by men and women who had worked and eaten and sweated there and were long since dead. Their room with the sloping ceiling and the long window across the front had held the heat on the warm nights, and they knew it would be cold in the winter. They shared the only bathroom on the top floor with a blind old soldier and his wife, who had a small pension, and with two young men of fine continental manners and soft voices, who were through college and were carrying canes and wearing spats while their mothers kept them and they waited for the time to come to begin suitable careers.

In this new place where no one knew them Anna and Michael were like two who were together after only a short while of love making and wanted to remain hidden from people. Anna, skimping and saving and bargaining ruthlessly with the bit of money they had, persuaded grocers to give her credit, so they were never really hungry. They ate hamburger steak and sausages and a great many potatoes, and while the green vegetables like cabbages and tomatoes and peas were still cheap Anna went every morning to the market, like an old experienced housewife.

On Sunday afternoons, when there was bright sunshine, they walked over to the grounds around the university and sat down underneath the trees and fed bread crumbs to the pigeons. This was only the beginning of their weekly holiday; instead of going home, they went to a Chinese restaurant where you could get a full course meal for fifteen cents, and they glutted themselves, and sighed, for the food was heavy, and then they walked back to the apartment and lay down on the couch and were very quiet, for now they had come to the last part of the holiday program and they did not want to miss any of it.

In the next room the two young men had put their favorite record on their talking machine, and in a little while their friends began to come in and soon they were all talking French. They were all friends of France.

No one who ever came to that room had ever been to France, but they were all in love with the French tradition and what they called "French things," and on these nights no one dared speak a word of English. It was very pleasant for Anna and Michael to lay there listening to the strange accents and the broken hesitant speeches.

The night was warm outside; they heard the familiar street sounds mixed with these strange awkward accents from the next room. Then finally there was a terrific excitement. A professor from the French department at the university had just arrived, and he was also a great friend of France, who had actually been there once, and who, better still, was by intellectual conviction a French royalist, and he was going to talk to them in French about the Paris riots and tell them what a fine chance there was for the restoration of the French monarchy.

While it was often funny to hear these friends of France having such sport, it seemed incredible to them that they should be listening night after night to such detached and lofty chatter and such passionate enthusiasm for far away causes, when their own worry was what they would have for dinner, when Mike's secret worry was whether he would ever feel alive and free again.

On the day the blind soldier in the next apartment got erysipelas, Anna received a letter from her parents. She had phoned for a doctor for the blind man's wife, and the doctor had come and looked at the man, who had a numbness growing in his arms and his tongue, and the doctor had thought it might be spinal meningitis.

While they had waited for the specialist to come, Anna had listened to the wife whispering her worry to her, and then, when the specialist had come, Anna had gone to her own place, and there was Mike with the letter from her parents.

It was not much of a letter, it was just a blunt note from her father announcing that they were coming that night on an excursion train from Detroit and would stay overnight.

The letter said they were worried about her being out of work, and were wondering how she was living.

"They can't come here, Mike. What'll we do?" Anna said.

"Sure they can come here. What's the matter with us?"

"They can't see you living here, Mike."

"I don't have to live here tonight. I'll get me a little room in a third class cheap hotel."

"But you're all around the room, dear. They'll feel you around here."

"They won't feel me around here any more than they'll feel all the pimps and pedlars and second storey men that ever lived here with their bimbos, will they? We haven't made the faintest impression on the atmosphere of this joint."

"Anybody could see a man lives here."

"Put everything of mine in the clothes closet and lock the door. I'll come and see you when they're here, like the boy friend calling on his girl."

"They'd never forgive me, Mike," she said, looking very worried. Then she began to laugh, and then she got excited. "Come on," she said. "We'll soon get rid of you around here."

They took his shoes, his slippers, his winter coat, his pajamas, everything that was in his drawer in the bureau, they took his pipe and his few books, and they dumped them all into the closet. For a moment Anna stood there with her hand on the door looking at this pile of personal property that was all Mike owned, and her face was full of wonder, and she looked as frightened as though she were losing something, then she laughed and slammed the door and locked it and gave him the key.

They had their dinner together and they made a great joke of it, as though they were separating, and this was a last supper, and then she went down to the station, and he went off to an early fifteen cent movie. He had got into the habit of going to these movies in the afternoons in spite of his will to save money; he could sit in the darkness, staring blankly at the screen, all his senses dulled, forgetting that he was alive, forgetting that he would go out to walk through the streets. But Anna always knew by the shamefaced look he had on his face when he came in that he had been to a movie.

At nine o'clock that evening when he went home, there was a quickening in him, and some of the shyness that a boy feels when he is going to meet his girl's people

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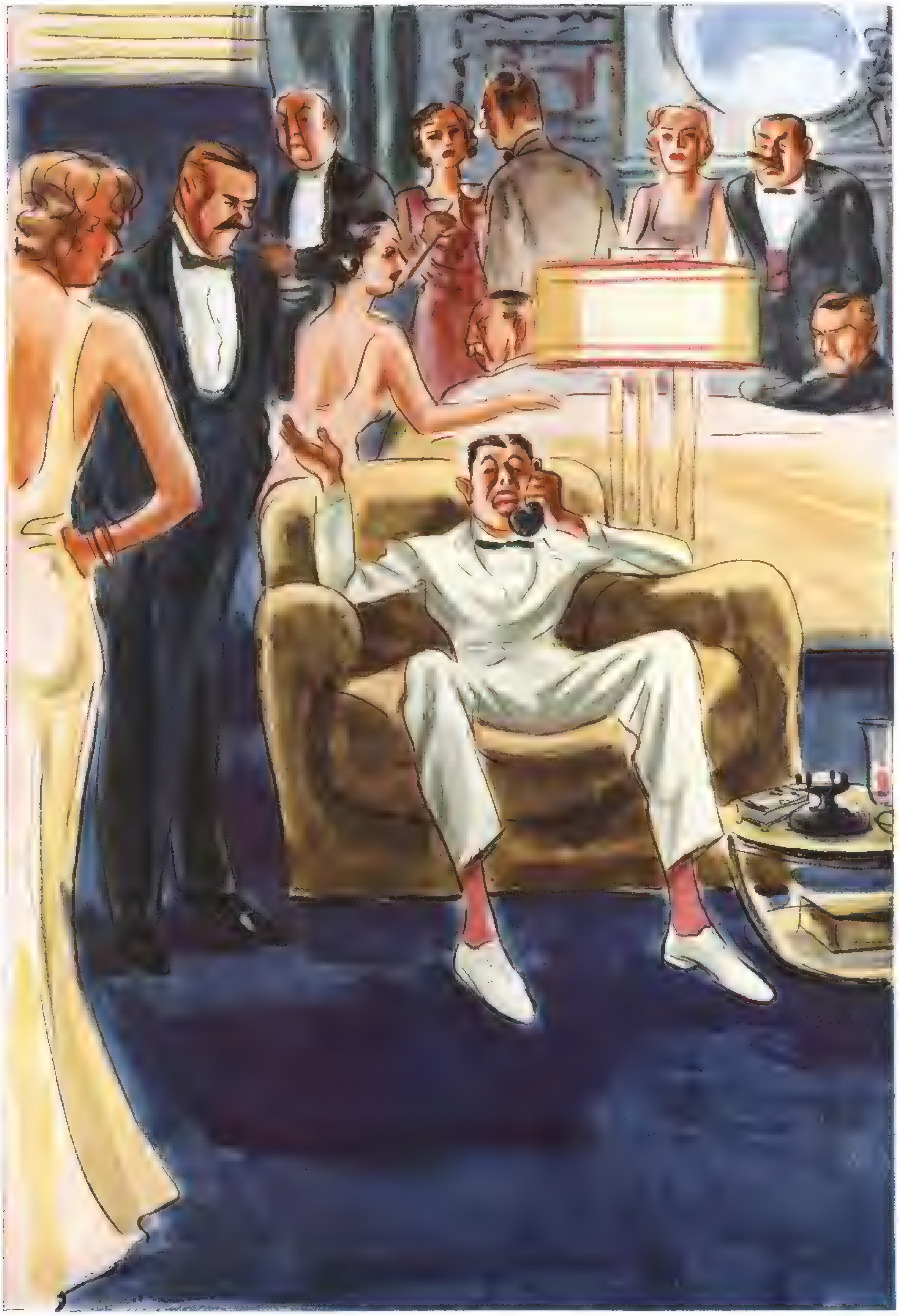
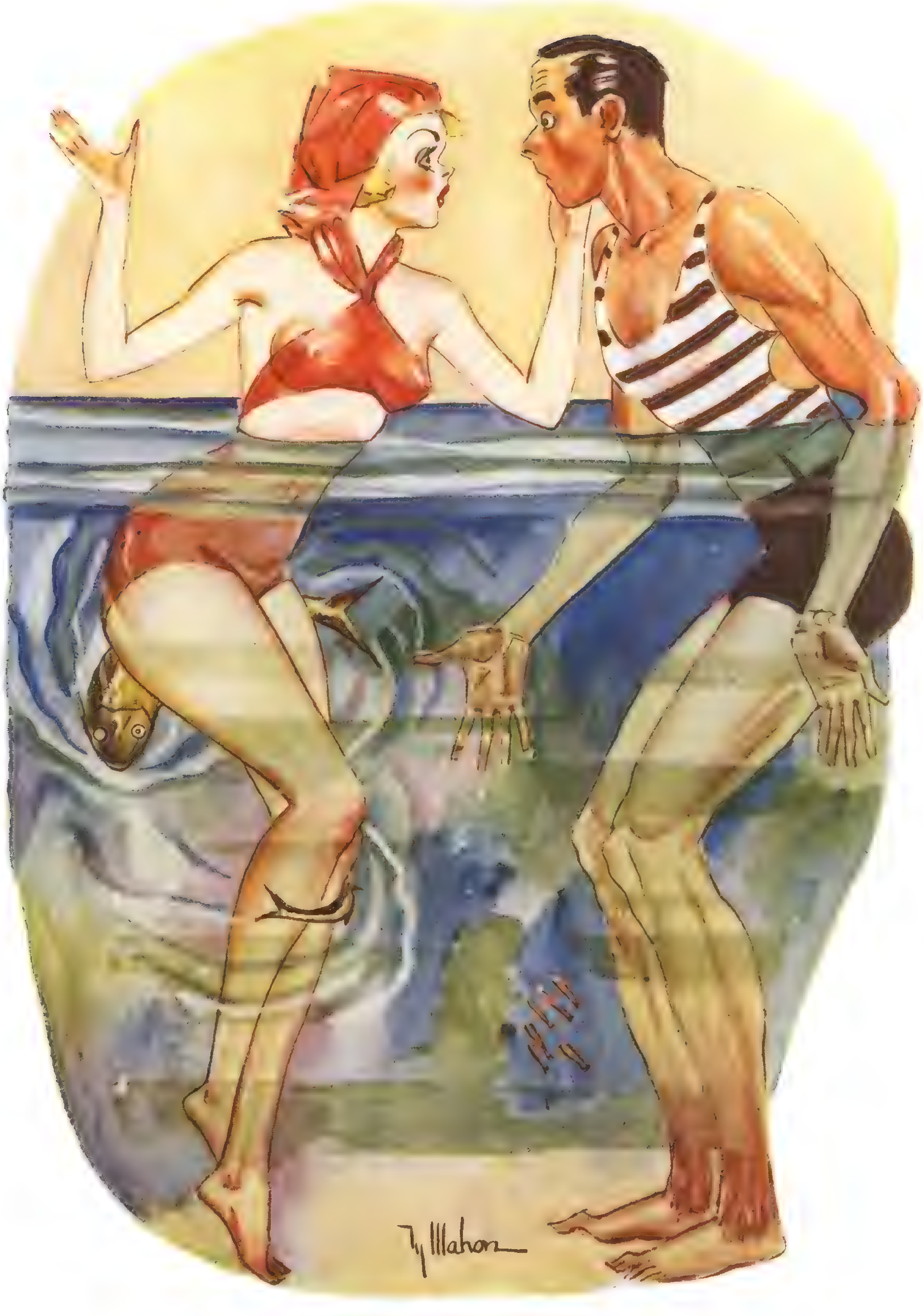


ENEMIES OF MAN No. 17: THE TELE-PHONY

This phony confuses your drawing room with a phone booth—but not, alas, with a pay station. Little things like suburban toll charges are nothing in his young life—as long as they're on your bill. Everything about his endless calls is trivial except the charges. Most of them are bread and butter calls, with you buttering the bread. You have always thought of the telephone as a civilizing instrument and an adjunct to gracious living. You hate to reduce its status to that of a pianola in a roadhouse. One of these days you'll have to. Then *he'll* be the first to say that *you're* a nickel-nurser.


Ty Mahon

Hickory Over the Head

Football is bean-bag to the tough hombres who would make lacrosse our next sport rage

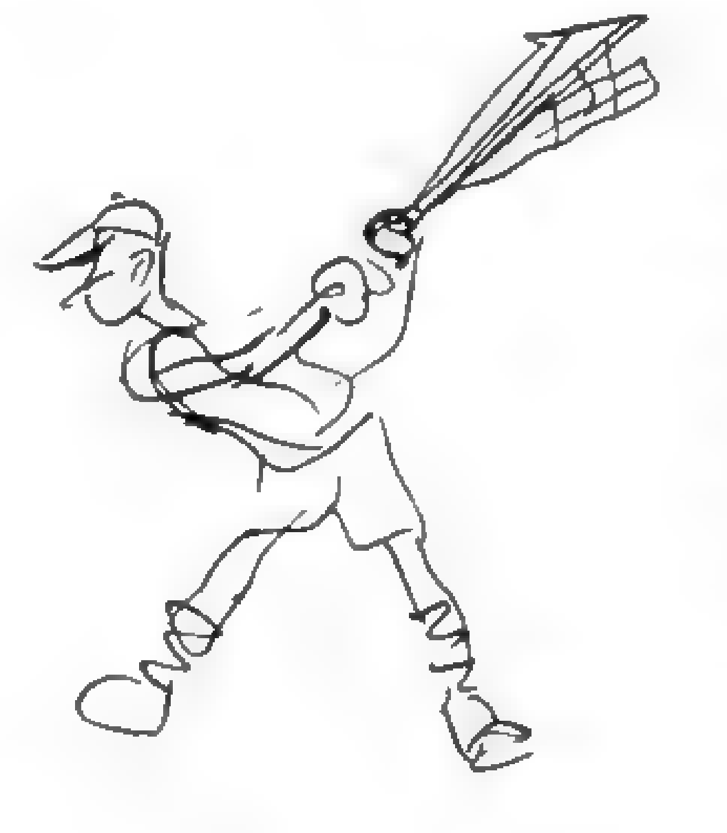
by JACK FILMAN

• SPORTS •

For a long time I've been wondering why lacrosse isn't more popular as a "spectator sport" in the States. It has everything that attracts the sports onlooker—speed, skill, action. It is faster than baseball, rougher than football, older than either. Some twenty-two colleges and any number of secondary schools and clubs play it. Yet a curiously small number of non-combatants ever see it played.

I've often wondered why this should be, but now I think I see the fault in the game, from the spectator's point of view—I shall disclose it presently—and furthermore, the remedy. If I am correct, the remedy is already being applied, and soon it will work and lacrosse will have attained as great a popularity as has that other Canadian importation, ice hockey.

It is an interesting thing to note, by the way, that hockey is becoming more and more like lacrosse, what with the introduction of the forward pass and the tendency to nullify offside rules. It isn't strange, of course, for hockey, after all, is the wandering child of lacrosse, a way of playing it in winter—and if you need anything more than ancient books to prove the kinship, compare the weapons (and I mean weapons) used in the two games: a hockey stick is nothing but a 'crosse with the "bag" cut out, and a puck is merely a ball that will slide.



Both games are rough, too, but lacrosse is the rougher—rougher even than hurling, and don't let any County Cavan man tell you otherwise. The lacrosse stick is not only an implement for catching and throwing the ball but a weapon, and it is used as such with zest and abandon. There are rules limiting the varieties of assault that may be committed upon an opponent—mayhem, for instance is not considered the best of form—but after you have raced up and down the field for sixty minutes, hammered, meanwhile, with a fine stout hickory stick all over the head and body, punched and pounded by knees, elbows and hips, flattened on the ground time and again, you are likely to think that no rules and a quicker death would be preferable. You probably got in the way of two or three fast balls, too, and those were no casual contacts either. The Canadian ball is described as "about the size of a baseball and made of sponge rubber," but once when I gave one to a certain park commissioner for inspection he said: "What billiard room did you get this from?" Altogether, it is so gruelling a game that its players look upon the American variety of football as so much Ladies' Aid bean-bag, and for myself, after many a match I have wished that the Indians from whom we borrowed the game would take it back. But always there is the warm, cheery thought, after a game, that your opponents got theirs, too!

There isn't much you can say about lacrosse by way of description, for no matter what game you compare it to, it will look quite different when you see it. The catching and throwing with the 'crosse might make you think of jai alai with the cesta, perhaps, but there is no wall to bounce the ball against. Most of the time the ball is aloft, and so are the players, and in that respect, certain snapshots of a game might remind you of basketball—but instead of a basket there is a six by six foot goal net on the ground. The constant running up and down gives lacrosse something of the aspect of a soccer match, but it isn't like soccer, either. "Hockey in the air" it is sometimes called, but it looks nothing like hockey because the playing surface and the number of players are so much greater. Put all the near-resemblances together, throw in dashes of English single-stick and rugby, and that's as near as you can come to it. And you still haven't got lacrosse.

When the Canadians took over the game from the Indians and wrote its rules they allowed twelve men to a team: a goal tender, point, cover point, 1st, 2nd, and 3rd defence—all these stationed in the team's defensive half of the field—and a center, 1st, 2nd, and 3rd attack, outside and inside home strung out from midfield to the opponent's goal. Now the third attack and defence have been dropped and a team consists of ten men. The field was 110 yards long by 70 yards wide—contrast that in your mind's eye with a football field. Of late years—and here is a clue to the reformation that will make lacrosse more popular in the States—the field has been cut to 90 yards by 50 or 60, and American intercollegiate rules provide that there shall be a four or five foot dashboard around it.

The chief trouble, in my opinion, was that the old field was too big: the spectator couldn't see enough of the game. It is all very well to argue that a football field is only 60 feet shorter than the old lacrosse field, but first, sixty feet is a good deal, and secondly, football is a series of relatively unconnected incidents, with definite intervals of inaction separating them. You know where the ball is before it goes into play, and you can easily watch its progress and that of most of the players. Lacrosse, on the other hand, is played all over the lot, so to speak. The players are over the field, to begin with; they rarely scrimmage in groups of more than six or eight; the action, compared to that of football, is continuous, and the ball is passed back and forth so far and so fast and so often that it is difficult to follow with the eye. The 90 by 50 yard field undoubtedly has made the game easier to watch, but it may be necessary to decrease the size still more—though not, I hope for humane reasons, to the size of the box-lacrosse court—the indoor game with six men on a side: there is something about penning men up that makes them savage—like chaining a dog, I suppose—and there is the more factual consideration that they have less room in which to dodge or flee.

At any rate, the reduction in the size of the field is decidedly a step in the right direction, albeit one that takes the game a bit farther from the form in which the first white man saw it.

However, the game seems not to have changed greatly in its essentials, but merely to have been modified here and there. When Cartier, Champlain, Frontenac and the other voyageurs came through the valley of the St. Lawrence they found the tribes of the Iroquois Confederation engaging in an exercise that was partly ceremonial, partly war-training, partly recreational—a strenuous free-for-all battle-royal that they called Baggataway. The Mohawks, as the explorers record, led this Iroquois League, the Senecas and Onondagas came next, and the Oneidas, Cayugas, and Tuscaroras made up the second division.

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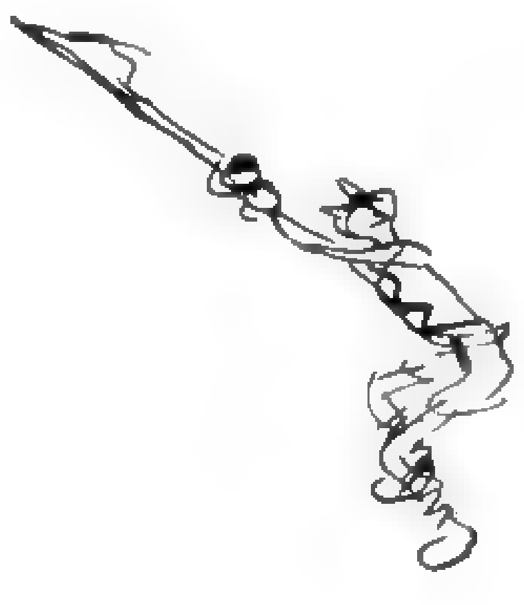


Brief for Hollywood

A sexologist in search of sin finds cinemaville the most prudish of American villages

by JACK WOODFORD

• ARTICLE •

IMMEDIATELY upon arriving in Hollywood one hears monstrous tales of men and women who should have in their eyes those macabre glints betokening the sort of unmentionable and unnamed obloquies of which Arthur Machen darkly hints in his sable books.

Since these stories come from motion picture people themselves it at once occurs to the neophyte, who having sold some of his novels for picture purposes has gone to Hollywood for the first time to look around, that the film actors and actresses must themselves be responsible through their reprehensible gossip as upon one another for much of the scabrous publicity they abhor.

Why they should themselves thus predicate the very thing over whose greatly expurgated perpetration in the press they loudly keen becomes at once an interesting problem in behavior to the analytically minded, especially since the things they say of one another to comparative strangers are far worse than anything the most daring columnists ever publish about them.

Fully to credit these slanders and libels they circulate concerning one another would be to become persuaded that there are no male men or female women in town except those dedicated to sadism, masochism, endophagy, necrophilism and lycanthropy.

Pushing forward into this paradoxical situation one comes at once upon the anomalous fact that almost all the members of the motion picture colony are regular and enthusiastic church goers. Nowhere are churches of every denomination better supported than in those sections of Hollywood where motion picture people cluster.

As though this discovery were not disconcerting enough a few weeks more in Hollywood develop the astonishing fact that it is practically impossible for a man and a woman not married to have an ordinary *affaire* anywhere near or in Hollywood without its almost surely being discovered and an astounding to-do raised.

More confusing data comes to light after a few months in Hollywood. Instead of the Daisy Chain parties which the Pure in Heart like to imagine always going on in Hollywood, a good sample of what does go on is herewith quoted from the "Society Columns" of the *Los Angeles Examiner:*

"Carole Lombard entertained at her Hollywood home last Saturday evening when seated on cushions at a low table especially built for the occasion she and her guests feasted after the Roman manner. The table was laden with luscious tropical fruits, a roasted pig provided the pièce de résistance and all quaffed purple wine from goblets as the 'noblest Roman of them all.' Walter Lang, carved the piglet with expert dispatch."

This is the sort of séance which gives rise to the Wild Party legends of Hollywood. By the time the party has been rehandled for publication from the *Los Angeles Examiner's* exchanges to various newspapers throughout the country and rewritten by rewrite men who will assume that the participants knew all about the symbolical significances inherent, it will be made to appear that there was something positively in the spirit of Heliogabalus about it; but the wildest thing that happened at this typical Hollywood orgy was that a few of the guests snubbed the "piglet."

None of the celluloid Dionysians present had ever heard of the Banquet of Trimalchio. If Petronius had been there he would have yawned and belched all evening and longed for a good honest catamite or even a brace of rheumatic hetaerae of the old school, provided indeed he did not in the early part of the evening retire to open up his arteries after listening to the prissy little girls and boys present dither as though they were on the point of going into an incontinent game of Patty-cake-patty-cake Baker's Man.

There are Saturnalias in Hollywood where the most licentious game played is "Postoffice;" played just as it is in Joplin, Missouri and La Porte, Indiana, by grammar school children; and not only "Postoffice" but all the other childish games which these supposedly voluptuous and cormorant film folk learned to play in the small towns and middle class sections of big cities whence most of them came; which games they continually fall back upon with a nostalgic fervor when they cannot master more subtle sports and dare not monkey with less subtle and more vigorous ones because of the egregious dangers lurking in physiological sportiveness for people who must remain physically superb or risk the loss of enormous sums of money. Money is one thing they can all understand perfectly, since most of them are All American in that respect at least.

Writers who go to Hollywood accustomed to the sort of parties that go on as a regular thing in New York, Provincetown, Miami, Woodstock, Carmel and throughout most of the rest of the United States are amazed to find that the infamous motion picture people are frightened out of their wits at such affairs and flee at the first intimation of high doings of a low order.

Such routs are staged all over Southern California among touring master plumbers and members of art colonies; but never within the cloistered precincts of Hollywood proper.

A plain fight between Jack Okie and a fragile male juvenile is considered a dreadfully shocking affair in Hollywood; it is a town scandal of gigantic proportions for months. The dean of men at the studios lectures the recalcitrant boys and suspends them in the "Dog House" until they promise not again to fail in being little gentlemen.

All this applies, of course, to the greater number of screen persons, who are actually creatures of Hollywood, which certainly such people as Mae West, Elissa Landi, Billy Burke, Tallulah Bankhead, the Barrymores, and visiting English actors and actresses are not.

Nor is there the slightest danger that such exceptional persons as the above named will in any way color or be colored by the majority of motion picture people in Hollywood. It is certainly as hard for an adult to grow down as it is for an adult to grow up.

There are, of course, among these typically Hollywooden screen individualities a very small proportion of epicene men and androgynous ladies, just as there are in

Congress or in the Christian Endeavor Movement; with the difference that in Hollywood they most positively do not—as it is put in the patois—"take their hair down," as such fowl readily enough do in most other parts of the country since publication of the "Well of Loneliness" and of its driveling male sister novels.

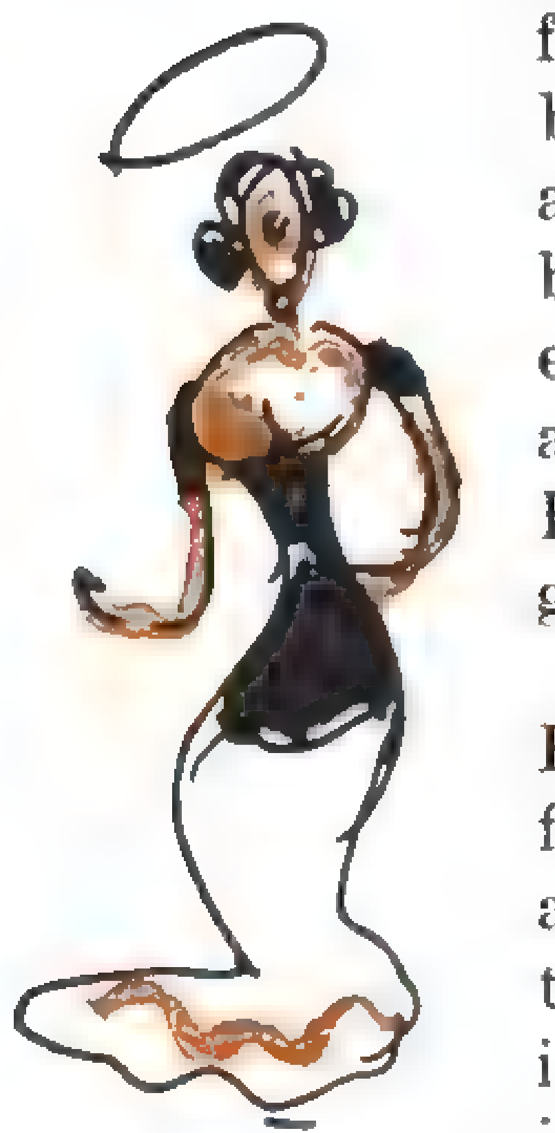
There is also plain "immorality" in Hollywood, all of the way from homicide—considered only mildly immoral, if at all so, by motion picture fans and actors alike—to the forthright practice of biology, unlicensed by county or cleric—seriously considered by almost all patrons of the cinema, as well as by the impresarios and Thespians thereof, as the most immoral thing conceivable.

But there is *far less* of it in Hollywood, per aphrodisiacal object, than in most other sections of the country.

It is of course not true that film producers, directors and executives are foul fiends who cause the females in their employ to endure fates worse than death in order to hold their jobs. Motion picture Babbitts are not less shrewd and cunning business men than other Babbitts. Nor are they more likely to be the victims of nymphomania. Obviously nothing could more quickly bring chaotic and ruinous conditions to any business than flirtations with the hired help.

There is no more factual basis for lurid tales in this connection in Hollywood than there is basis for the notion that Bolsheviks hide under the beds of all key men in America, that the White Slave traffic flourishes in all foreign countries; that lewd motion pictures cause unlewd people to become lewd; that tobacco leads young men to murder their mothers, that alcohol makes beasts of quondam exemplary men.

The tales about oppressed and beleaguered women in Hollywood belong with all those other so familiar stories which are the stock in trade of sensation sellers in all branches of the reform rackets.



Girls do come to Hollywood and try to peddle "All" in exchange for a chance to crowd Garbo, because they have been assured earnestly for years by the country's moral leaders that this is the way to go about seeking a career in Hollywood. But they do not get on.

Most of the influential Babbitts connected with the film industry have wives and children and most of them are thoroughly uxorious and far more interested in cash than in "Sin;" those who aren't go to New York for their backslidings, since they only too well know—if they have been in Hollywood long—that they couldn't get by with anything like that where the espionage system headed by the newspaper and magazine correspondents, the professional blackmailers all over town, and the rigorous moral atmosphere in the supposed Sodom and Gomorrah of the Pacific Coast whose original name was "Holy Wood," would bring a devitalizing chill down upon the most febrile case of satyriasis.

For one casting bureau director who gets himself into a jam there are hundreds of executives with similar opportunities who don't; and in Hollywood when a studio executive gets into a dank corner he loses his job and almost goes to jail, even though the contretemps be of the sort that occurs every day in New York where nobody would think of firing a valuable executive or putting him in jail because he broke down and took on a couple of concupiscent stenographers.

An easily discouraged observer considering these confusing items that turn up in disorderly fashion during his researches in the sinks of Hollywood, and trying to fit them in with the fact that half the prominent figures in town go around accusing each other of "sins" that would startle Krafft-Ebing, is tempted to say to hell with it and take up something less complicated, like the psychoanalysis of chipmunks. But while in Hollywood there is little of a bright nature for a diligent fellow to interest himself in, so he goes back to the clinic and rolls up his sleeves.

The temptation is strong to the unpersevering to conclude that clinically there must be, to explain the appalling gossip with which everyone who lives in Hollywood is familiar; the same mental microbe that accounts for such tittle-tattle universally.

Naturally ordinary people elsewhere gossip for the same reason that censors scent—because having no *espièglerie* to speak of in their own lives they achieve involved compensations through imagining and talking about the supposed lapses from grace of others; however, this is, I think, not essentially the psychology of the contradictory Hollywood behavior. Aside from the loud complaints Hollywoodens make when they are defamed in print, with immediate detriment to their fan mail, their popularity and consequently their incomes, they do not seem to mind being outrageously vilified by their bosom friends, as people in other parts of the country do most positively and violently object to such viciousness on the part of their intimates. They do not apparently object so long as the calumny be of the unprintable sort which even the hardy Winchell dare not use.

There is yet other evidence to be examined—some of it at first flush irrelevant and disconnected to be sure—before it is seemly to attempt to adduce a definitive motivation in the polychrome Hollywood temperament kaleidoscope:

To infidels, the lustily lecherous, the totally uninhibited and the admittedly damned outlanders who come to Hollywood, most of the principals, bit players and regular extras in Hollywood constitute the greatest hand picked collection of succulent men and women anywhere gathered together in America.

Those who have some real perception or apperception in such scholia would be perfectly confident of finding more toothsome he and she virgins in the Hollywood picture colony than in any other town or city locality of equal size in the United States, New Deal or no New Deal.

It is emphatically not true that these film folk are, out of pictures, unattractive, as the verjuiced all over America prefer to believe. Most of them are more striking and arresting as *objets d'art* off stage than on. They do not look at all chewed up, and they blush at Rabelaisian anecdotes and get terribly frightened when swarmed, even if they are forever telling tall tales of each other about "Sins" even the gossips don't half understand while they gossip.

Nature has never been lavish with her gifts. The greatest gift nature can bestow is, surely, physical beauty, and these Hollywood actors and actresses unquestionably have that.

The most equivocal of nature's gifts is, of course, exceptional intelligence; since intellectuality always bears down upon the owner and makes his friends and neighbors feel put upon, besides causing an antipathy toward the burdened one leading to actual and tacit lynchings all the way from Socrates to Tugwell.

Los Angeles, of which Hollywood is an integral part, is heavily populated by the moribund who, after satisfactory and full lives have turned their whole attention toward a delayed and deferred and hence very intense Contact.

Those who are more physically handsome than anything else take mental color from their surroundings far more quickly than less favored folk; possibly this is an item of protective coloration accorded them by nature in lieu of more complicated defenses.

It is not generally understood throughout the rest of the country that not only Hollywood, but Beverly Hills, Westwood, Van Nuys, Burbank, Universal City, Culver City and all of the places where motion picture people congregate are practically in Los Angeles; and Los Angeles is fuller of piety than any other place in the United States not excepting Winona Lake, Indiana and Zion City, Ill.

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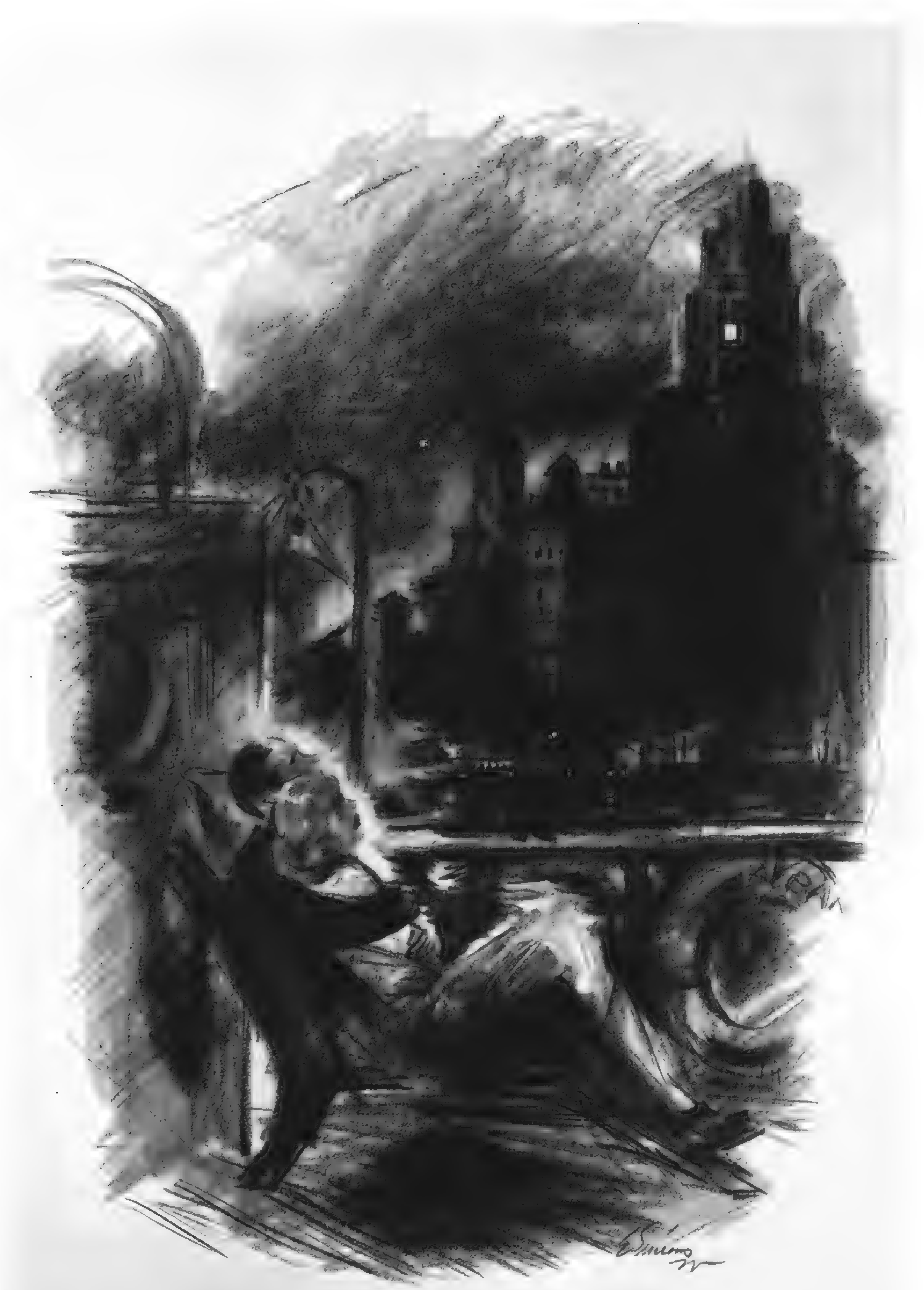


"My husband, poor dear—he's working late again"

Manhattan Madness

Put all America's inferiority complexes one on top of another and you have a skyscraper city

by W. BÉRAN WOLFE, M. D.

• ARTICLE •

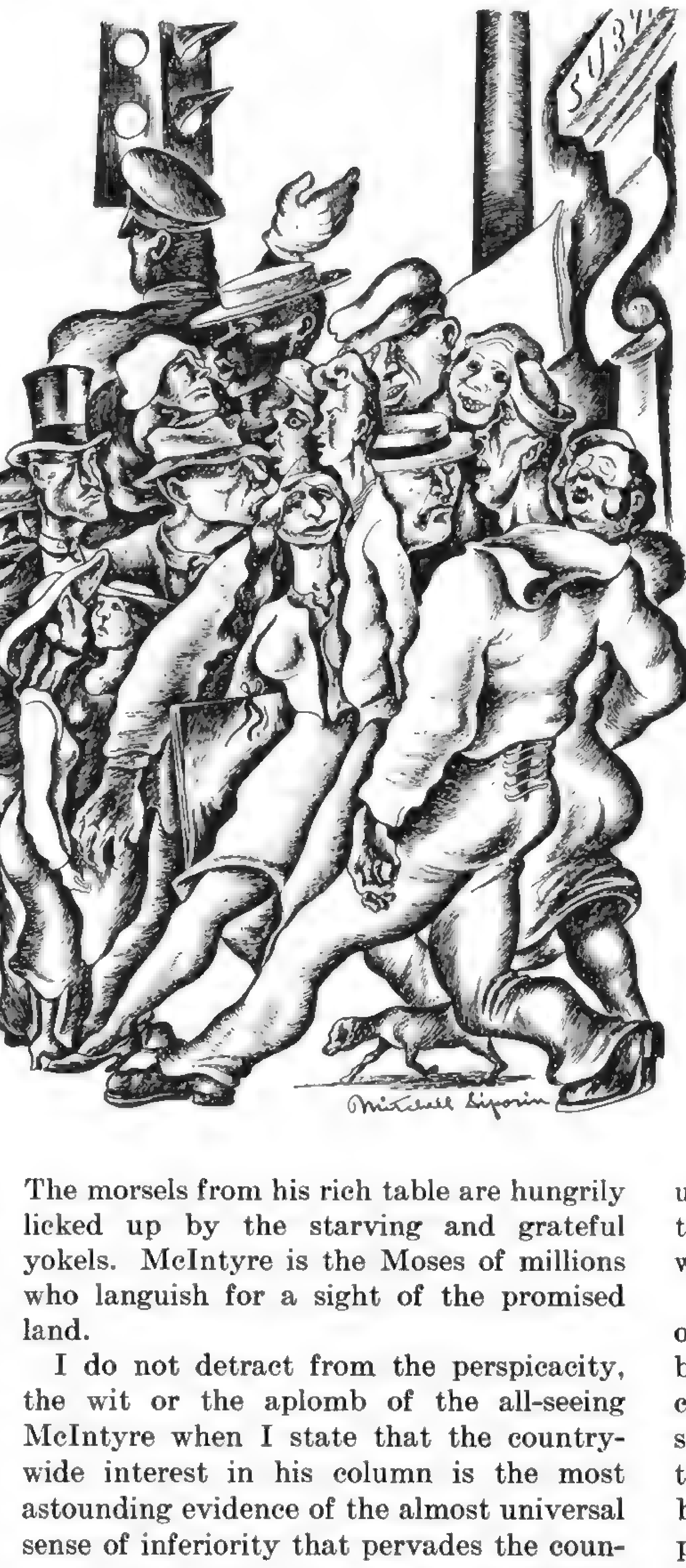
LOOK at a road map of the United States. The vast area is reticulated with countless black lines representing roads, railroads and airplane routes, crossing and criss-crossing each other like black strands of a huge spiderweb. At certain points these radii converge to form star-shaped foci: the Big Cities. San Francisco, New Orleans, St. Louis, Chicago, Detroit, Boston, Philadelphia, sit like so many huge spiders at the center of their interlacing webs, extending their lines of influence into the surrounding counties. To these magnetic and fateful centers stream the little flies from the "sticks." From "Bible Belt" and high alfalfa, from corn-huskings and hog-callings they come, as if hypnotized, to New York, the biggest spider with the biggest and most alluring web.

New York is not only a city, not only a metropolis. New York is a symbol, a complex, a gigantic gesture of defiant compensation for a national inferiority feeling.

New York is a symptom of an almost universal spiritual impotence. New York is the top. New York is the brain, the seething, plotting, scheming, wishing, hoping, willing and planning center of the country. The heart of America may be in the rolling hills of Ohio or in the corn-fields of Kansas. New York is the brain. Here the reaction-time of life is accelerated to a nervous, jittery tempo. Here there is no rest, no peace, no poise. Here America has built its razzle-dazzle façade, glittering like a fluorescent screen bombarded by photons. Here America faces the world.

You have only to come in to New York from a quiet week-end in Connecticut or from a fishing trip in Maine to sense the fact that the pulse of life pounds faster in New York's arteries of steel and concrete than elsewhere in the country. Here there are no seasons, no weather, no night, no day, no joy and no despair. Here there are only noise, rush, tumult and jitters. Here there are no men, no women, no individuals—but only numbers hurrying and scurrying, "going places and doing things." All that really seems to matter is the maintenance of the frenzied tempo. In Cleveland, in San Diego, in Charleston men and women have faces, faces that frown, or smile, or stare. New Yorkers do not have faces—they have acute angles punctuated with feverish, hungry, searching spots of light called eyes.

New York is the "biggest and the best." Here the lights are the brightest, the subways the fastest, the buildings the highest, the night clubs the gayest, the fighters the toughest, the policemen the finest, the shops the richest, the politics the vilest, the tempo of life the fastest in the world. Here the eyes of America are focused for inspiration and from these concrete mountains comes the hope of a nation. "*New York Day by Day*" by O. O. McIntyre is syndicated in hundreds of newspapers and avidly consumed by hordes of palpitating provincials.



The morsels from his rich table are hungrily licked up by the starving and grateful yokels. McIntyre is the Moses of millions who languish for a sight of the promised land.

I do not detract from the perspicacity, the wit or the aplomb of the all-seeing McIntyre when I state that the country-wide interest in his column is the most astounding evidence of the almost universal sense of inferiority that pervades the country. New York is our national window-dressing. New York is the Mecca of the millions; New York is the façade behind which homo Americanus buries his inferiority complex. Here in the brightest, the fastest, the maddest city in the world, the confluent corpuscles which bear the hopes and wishes of America coagulate into a single compensatory complex.

Why do men hate to say they come from Oleander, Texas, or Squirt Junction, Nevada? Why do they all gravitate to New York? Why do shopgirls, window-washers, clerks, school-teachers, taxicab chauffeurs, gangsters, authors, bankers and farmhands want to live in New York? What is the thrill of the "big time town"? Wherein may be said to lie the apparently magical attractive power of New York?

Is it the climate? No! The ruddy-cheeked farmers come here and get only sinus trouble for their pains, and the provincial girls who laughed in the small towns get flat feet pounding our pavements. Is it the cultural advantage which draws the thirsting myrmidons from the backwoods temples? Millions of New Yorkers have never been in the Metropolitan Museum, millions more have never heard the New York Philharmonic Symphony, countless millions have never listened to a free lecture. Is it business advantage that lures the greedy? No, again, for more men go broke in New York than in any other place in the world. Is it the night life? Only the smallest proportion of New Yorkers has the price of more than the rarest visit to the night clubs and cabarets.

Perhaps New York today does proffer more opportunities for civilized living than any other city in the world, but it is not these opportunities which make New York the lodestone of the nation. No, the greatest attraction in New York is not intrinsic. This is the paradox of all American paradoxes: the attractive pull of New York wells up from the unconscious dreams and hopes of men and women outside of New York, looking in. It is a deep, unconscious, unrecognized pull, as characteristic of America as chewing gum, covered wagons or hill-billy songs.

The New York complex exists because all over America there are millions of people burdened with an inferiority complex which cries for a concrete, compensatory expression. Millions of average Americans go through their appointed routines tortured by a gnawing sense of littleness, of incompleteness, of unimportantness. New York is big. New York is bigger. New York is the biggest, the brightest, the fastest. For these inarticulate millions New York is an evocation, a hope, a shining symbol of release from the tyranny of the petty and the commonplace.

Continued in center of page 158

And It Shall Be Given

Study of that first, awful disillusion that makes a boy shake his fist at the sky

by CARL CARMER

• FICTION •

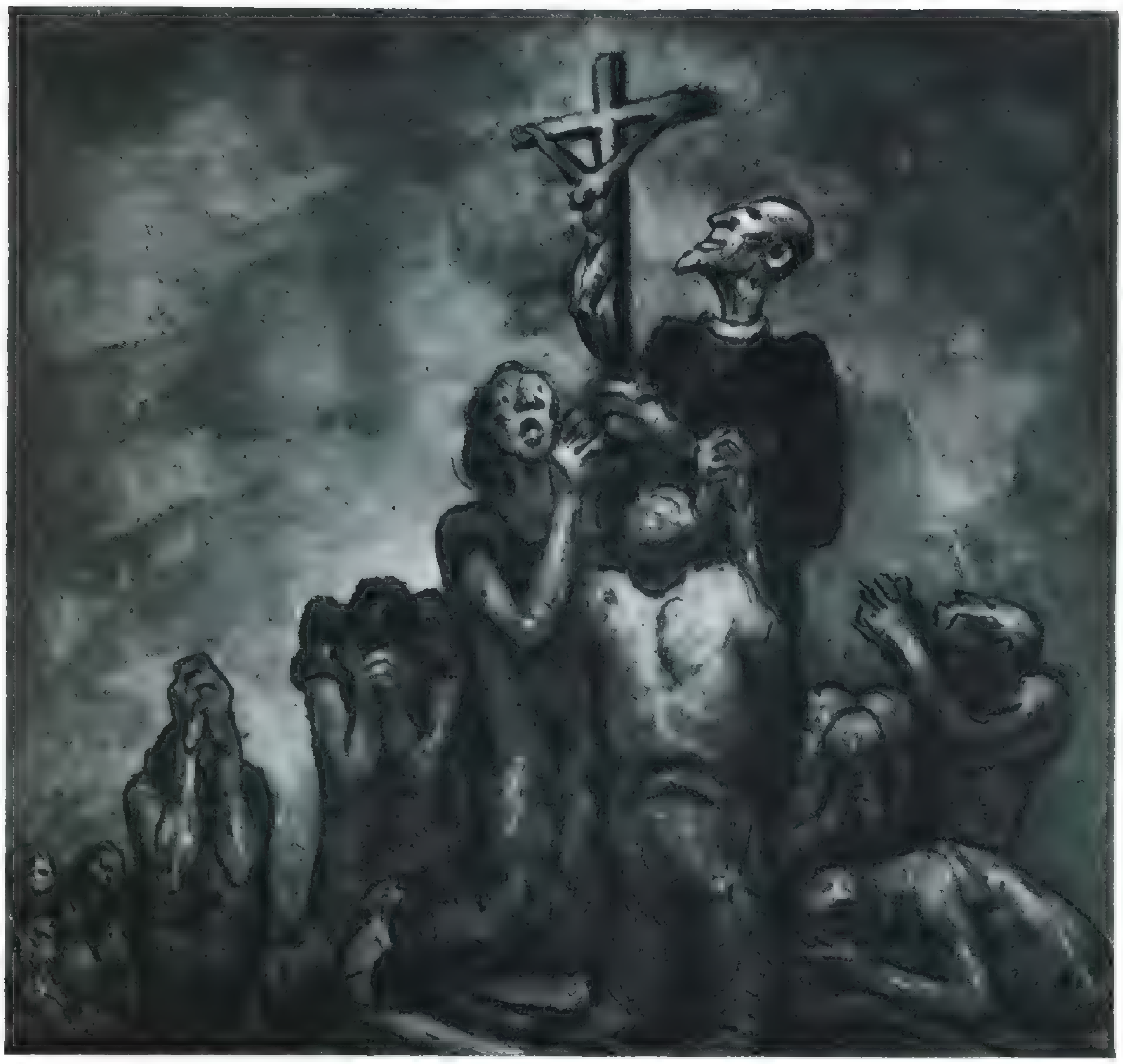
From the distant line of the woods, growing black and indistinct in the twilight, sounded a high tenor yawp. While it was strongest, other noises, many of them, joined in an emulative accompaniment as if striving, but hopelessly, to engulf the first prolonged note. Raucous and garbled the chorus spread through the thick air:

"I've a long time heard that the sun
will be darkened,
That the sun will be darkened in that
day,
O sinner, where will you stand in
that day?"

"They'll be comin' toreckly" said Jim, and a sudden black streak from his pursed mouth smote the dust at the foot of the church steps; "Deacon Boyd is alead of 'em now."

As he spoke the chorus grew louder and a moving black mass silhouetted itself against the dim yellow of the sedge grass at the wood's edge. The "grove prayer meetin' " preliminary to the regular service had ended. Across the fields the crowd came singing. In the vanguard walked the preacher, his fat face beatific as he opened his mouth wide in an ecstatic creation of sound. Beside him a young man from town (twenty miles distant), modestly dressed in a worn blue suit, stiff white collar, and black bow tie, sang ardently in the hope that every note he uttered meant another ballot cast for him in next month's elections to the legislature. Keeping step with the other two and singing most lustily of all through the densities of a long drooping moustache strode Deacon Boyd, lank and wrinkled, wondering if he dared charge the politician four dollars a gallon this time for the results of the latest run from the best copper still in north Alabama. The rest of the congregation straggled behind—horse-swappers, farmers in search of extra hands or of seed, mothers with children, sweethearts, a few slow old women.

Five boys and two dogs were scattered about the dingy entrance to the little unpainted church with its boarded up cupola towering but humbly a few feet above the top of the door. Jim Strickland and his companions had long ago discovered that meetings such as this about to take place were vastly rich in entertainment. The wails and shrieks of Mrs. Judkins when the thundering periods of the preacher had aroused her to an hysterical realization of the depths of hell and the glories of heaven; the moment when the preacher, finding the struggle with Satan a sweaty job, dramatically took his coat off and began to wrestle in earnest; the great outburst of sound when some back-slider repented again and stumbled tear-blind down to the mourners' bench: these lettered the days of revival week in red on the mental calendars of five boys. Once and best of all had been the time when Les Scruggs, six feet two, had got to shoutin' and it took six men to hold him.



PAINTING BY ERIC LUNDGREN

Besides it gave them a delicious sense of wickedness to stand outside the church looking in the windows and to find the antics of those inside ludicrous. They could chew 'baccy and spit and swear nonchalantly in the very presence of the avenging Deity whom believers dreaded with so awful a fear. Not that they were unbelievers. Had they been they would not have felt so wicked. Sometimes a wrathful parent grabbed a member of the group and jerked him inside the church where, shorn of the strength afforded him by his companions, he spent a miserable hour in contemplation of the horrible punishments God would mete out to him as foretold by the preacher. Once Henry Foster had been so terror-stricken that he had "come through" and now he was with the boys only until the meeting inside started. For the preacher and his words they had a fear-born respect and belief. They knew that what he said was true and that divine retribution would be visited on any who dared question it.

Usually there were three dogs instead of two with the five boys. But Jim's Dan was sick, so sick that he could hardly move. Perhaps that was the reason for the bitter bravado of the thing that Jim was about to do. His father had said "The dog's dyin'," and since then Jim had felt at war with a tyrannic and unreasonable universe. Bitterness against everything and particularly against people, adults like his father, who cared not at all if his dog died, and who heartily approved the universal laws that made death inevitable, had eaten into his soul.

As the hosts of the Lord advanced a small and skinny adversary stepped out in front of them. They were hardly twenty steps away when Jim spoke. They could not hear his words but his conduct was unmistakable in its intent.

"You're all crazy" he said loudly and distinctly enough for his comrades to hear.

Reaching back to the right hip pocket of his frayed overalls he drew from it a pint bottle containing a liquid that showed a dusty transparency in the last light from the sky. Facing toward the approaching crowd he tilted the bottle high and swallowed hard. A cough, a shake of his bony little body, and he turned to observe the effect of his words and actions. His companions stood still about him. Even one of the dogs stopped wagging his tail. Perhaps a sudden bolt from the deepening blue overhead would strike him into a charred corpse. Or a star might fall on him and bury him.

Never had any of them so outraged the sacred conventions of the community. It was fun to sin a bit. One could have hopes of forgiveness for that. But Jim's act had implied a defiance of the All-powerful. There could be no help for him. Finally Henry Foster, who would soon sneak around the nearing mass and then join it singing with all his might, spoke softly:

"I'll bet God'll git you some way for that."

"Young people all attention give,
You that in wicked pleasures live,
One of your kind the other day
Was called by death's cold hand away."

The congregation was stamping up the church steps and the volume of sound seemed to increase as they passed the door. Henry and his brother entered with them but three boys and two dogs remained in the softness of the starlit Alabama night. A sudden silence and then again the high long tenor yawp. Deacon was starting the "experience meeting." Rhythmically and with many a minor cadence his voice rose and fell.

A game of leap-frog enthusiastically applauded by two dogs who sat back on their haunches and yowled their approval, ceased abruptly as Jim without warning stepped out of line and crawled to the door to listen. Words floating out of the open windows had caught his ear. He had heard Deacon Boyd tell this story before. He had told it at every meeting for years and never changed a word of it. But tonight for the first time it seized on Jim's attention. It meant something.

"Some child o' sin 'witched my cow.
Milked her milk on a hot rock, he did,
And she went dry; she went dry and she got sick,
She was agoin' to die—she was powerful sick—
And I called on the Lord an' I says to Him,
'I'm a Christian man,' I says,
'An' I'm a-followin' of Your ways,
Save my cow' I says, 'for I need her bad.'
Three times I done it, I called three times,
An' the next day my cow was fresh again."

The high tenor dropped abruptly into silence broken by an occasional "Yes, Lord," and "Have mercy, Jesus!"

"I'm goin' home" said Jim and before his astonished comrades could protest he had dashed across the weed spotted churchyard and was scuffing the yellow dust of the scraggly road up into the moonlight with his bare feet.

The long miles seemed short that night. The words of Deacon Boyd sounded and sounded in his ears: "I'm a Christian man, an' I'm a-followin' of Your ways."

"He couldn't a done it 'thout that" he muttered to himself dully and once or twice as he trudged on he shook his head: "I ain't been one and I ain't followed nobody."

Up to now he had gloried in his unregeneracy. Hadn't he been the first of the boys to chaw 'baccy, the first to curse heavily and mightily like a turpentine worker, the first to drink corn liquor in ever increasing amounts until he could hold as much as a man? His pap had never made him go to meetin'. Once his uncle had told him, "Yer pap's too plumb no 'count to git religion or to raise hell." Well, *he* wasn't no 'count. He'd chose to raise hell. He was the hell-raisin'est boy in the county. Just ask anybody. Remember the All Day Singin' at Vinegar Bend when all the halters got untied while the folks were havin' dinner on the grounds and the horses and mules stampeded? And that time he reached in through the window at the Fiddlers' Convention and yanked Chun Gizzard's chair out from under him just as he was teeterin' back on it and lettin' go on *Hell After Yearlin'?* And Monkey Brown, who was beatin' the straw, fell right on top of Chun!

The log walls of his home rose before Jim. Under the long slant of the roof that covered the porch sat his father and mother. They had been sitting there for hours, wordless. Pretty soon his father would take his bare feet down from the rail and go to bed. And his mother would put out the lantern and go, too. Through the square opening in the "shot-gun" house that separated its two rooms by a covered corridor he caught a glimpse of a little patch of stars and shadowed trees in the moonlight. Neither of his parents spoke as he came up but from a box next to the wall came a quick though feeble thumping.

"How's Dan?" he said.

His father only grunted but his mother finally spoke listlessly:

"He ain't no better."

The boy bent over the box and the thumping sounded louder. Then he turned and walked to the back of the house.

"Where you goin'?" said his mother.

"Out back to git some snake root and sars'parilla. Maw, will ya help me make bitters when I come back?"

A grunt from his father and a tired sigh from his mother. He was gone.

When he came back they were in bed. He took his herbs in beside the chimney and he built a little fire in the mud and rock fireplace.

Then over the coals he heated water in a tin pail and with the aid of two rocks he made a mash. But after a first taste Dan would not drink it and a disheartening hour was wasted in trying to make him.

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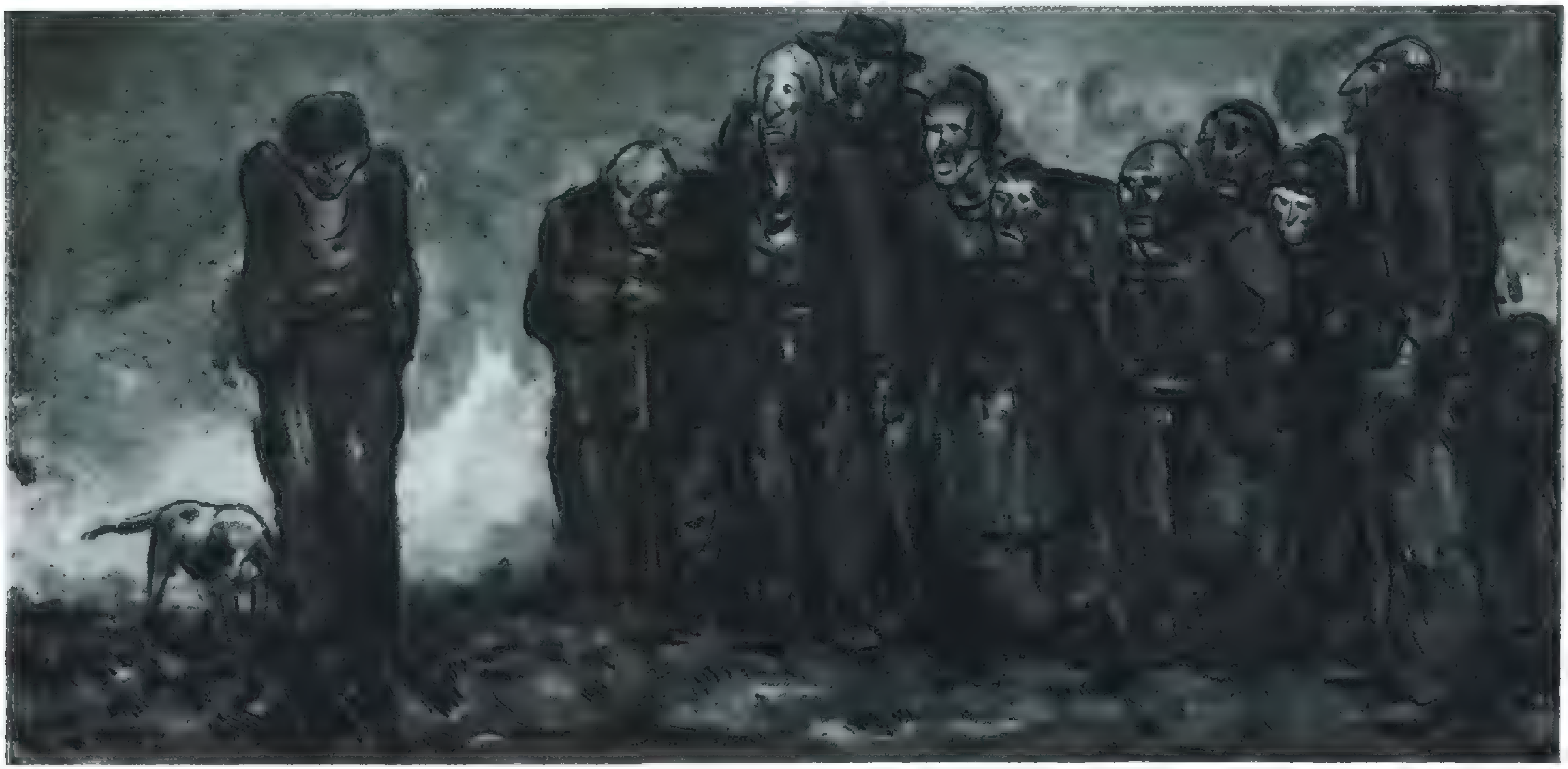


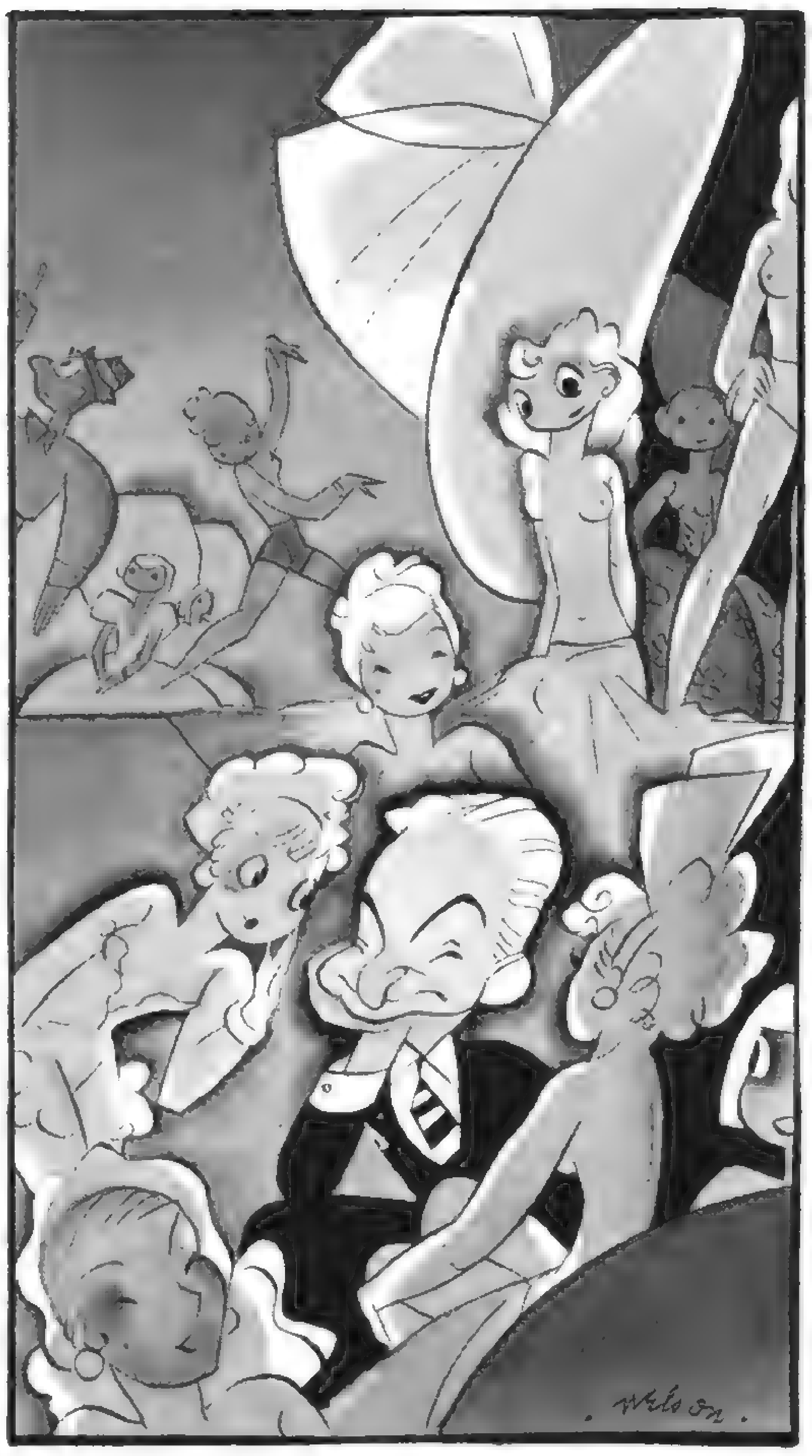
PAINTING BY ERIC LUNDGREN

Florenzo the Glorificent

Portrait of the man who was the symbol of the superlative and the trade-mark of his period

by BERNARD SOBEL

• ARTICLE •



Within a month or two or three, there will arise out of the cosmic haze of motion picture production, an elaborate feature film called *The Great Ziegfeld.* It will, according to reports, deal with the history of the creator of the famous Follies, self-styled glorifier of American womanhood.

The producers will spend thousands of dollars in exploiting and publicizing this feature. Then, when it is eventually displayed, the newspapers will devote columns and columns to discussing its merits and flaws and its resemblance to Ziegfeld himself.

This last topic will be the most exciting. For despite the innumerable pieces written during his career and since, few if any gave a complete picture of the man and his eccentricities.

Discussing these now may seem bad taste. But, considering the quantities of under and overstatement already published, even belated presentation of actual facts becomes permissible and urgent, especially for those who strive, through studying the lives of prominent men, to model their own careers.

Ziegfeld was certainly never squeamish about personalities. He loved to see himself discussed in print and always relished the low-down on himself, even though he sometimes tried to have the man fired who exposed him.

Gossip he enjoyed for its own sake as his conduct at rehearsals proved.

On the stage all was tension and anxiety. The actors would be working out a scene, the musicians struggling with the conductor, and the electricians arguing with the scenic artist.

But down in front, apparently oblivious to all the excitement, Ziegfeld would sit in an orchestra seat surrounded by a group of show girls and dancers, scarcely a third his age—gossiping.

"Is it true," he would ask, "that Leona Whipple is running around with Estelle Claxton's second husband?"

"Yes," the answers would clatter forth. "He's crazy about her. They say that she is—"

"Well, that *is* news," he'd exclaim, his eyes sparkling and his lips smiling. "What does her old boy friend say about it?"

Sometimes this love for scandal reached extravagant proportions, causing him to devise all sorts of tricks for satisfying his curiosity.

During the run of *Rosalie,* for instance, the matrimonial affairs of Marilyn Miller were a matter of constant interest to the newspapers. Almost every day, during the first weeks of the run of the musical comedy, a new rumor would arise about her suitors. And with every rumor came a flock of reporters, hungry for information, trying to get into the main office or backstage.

Mr. Ziegfeld's interest, however, eclipsed theirs; and he proceeded in his own way to find out the facts for himself.

One day a reporter came to his office and asked permission to interview Miss Miller in regard to a report that she was to marry a Mr. X. X.

"Just a minute," Ziegfeld replied graciously, "I'll see if it can be arranged."

But instead of letting the reporter talk to Miss Miller alone, he called his secretary aside and gave him these instructions:

"You speak to Miss Miller before letting her interview the reporter. But don't ask her if she's going to marry Mr. X. X. Ask her if she's going to marry Mr. Y. Y. That'll surprise her because she thinks no one knows about Mr. Y. Y. Tell me exactly what she says. Then I'll know if she really *is* engaged, and to whom."

Often, in order to be among the first on the inside, Ziegfeld would fraternize with the columnists. When these new phenomena of journalism first sprang up he paid little attention to their work; didn't always know one from the other; gave them first night seats grudgingly. As they gained in power, however, he began to court them deliberately; changed their premiere locations to the best seats available; took them out to meals and went with them to the night places.

By the time that *Smiles* was in production, he was having them call him by his first name, despite the difference in ages, position and accomplishment.

In the last years of his life, the columnists became one of his publicity obsessions. To them he would mail expensive notices about his activities, whether these were appropriate to their columns or not.

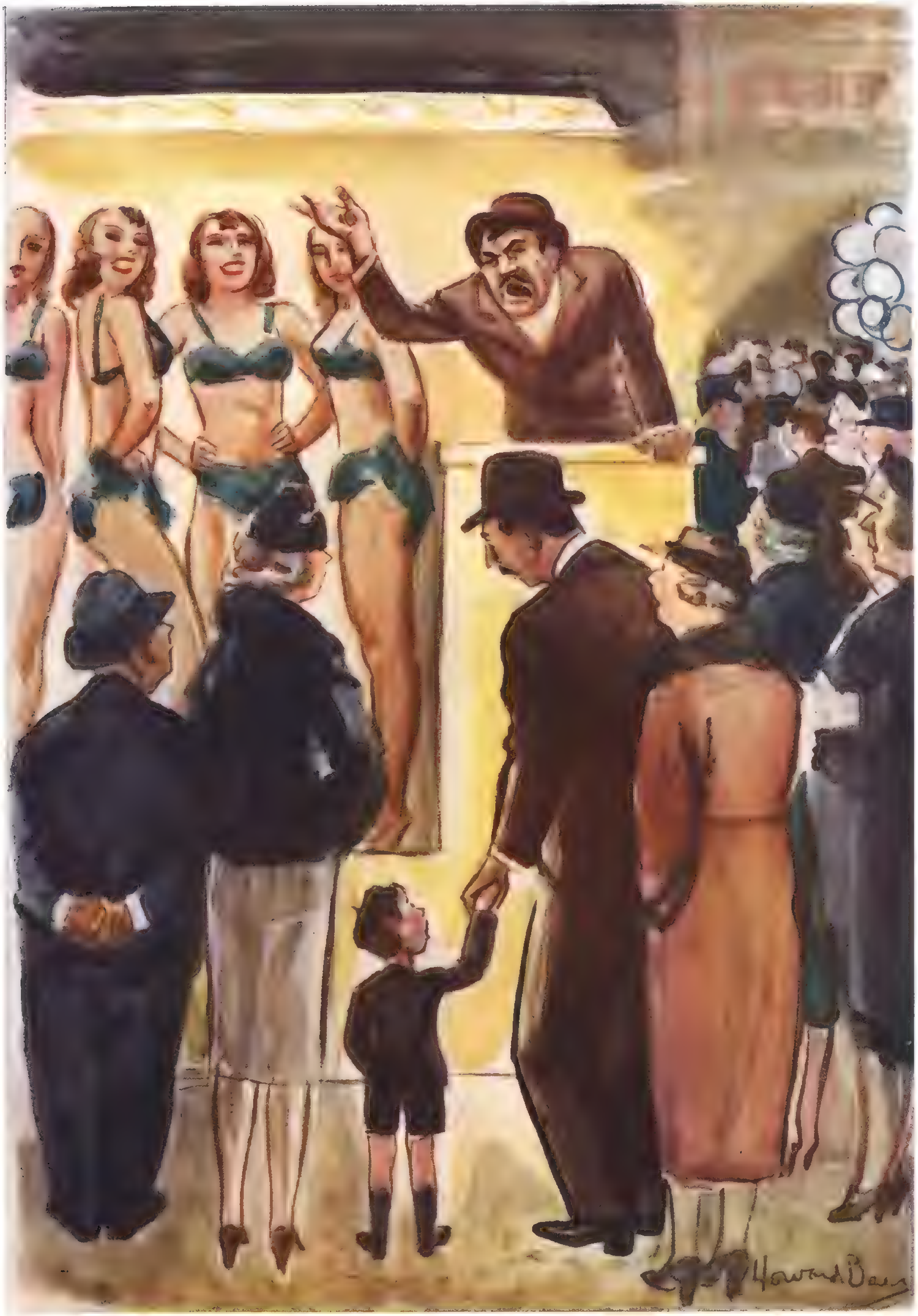
As I look back now on his enthusiasm for these professional tattlers and his omnivorous desire for gossip, I realize that gossip for him was a form of recreation. Other people pick up books or magazines to refresh tired or harassed minds. He relaxed in the humor, surprise and shock of the intimate happenings about him. His stage discipline, however, didn't relax for a second. Never in my life, through years of experience with city, university and federal officials, have I ever seen such automatic control. Everyone who worked for him always did his best, whether the glorifier was in town, out in front, or in Florida. His name even in a rival show galvanized a cast into doing their best. Let anyone during a performance say that Ziegfeld was in the audience and the entire company would play to him.

The power to relax at the height of action was his—a power presumably open to the great only.

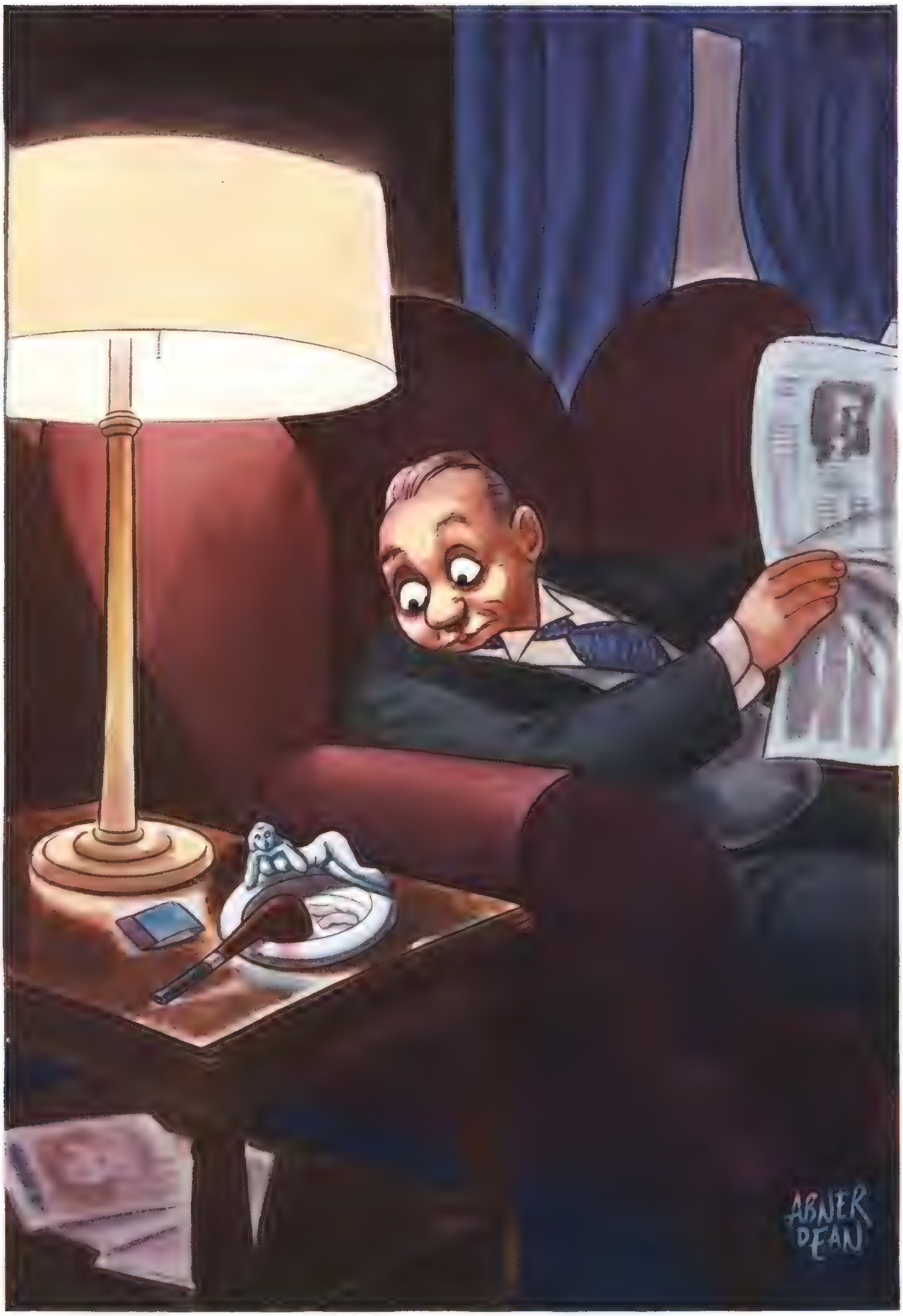
Sometimes, in the midst of a rehearsal, he'd pick up a newspaper, place it before his face and go sound asleep. Five minutes later he'd wake up suddenly, fresh and dynamic. The same thing happened when he went home at night. His chauffeur told me that when he entered his car he went straight to sleep and often slept so soundly that on reaching home he had to shake him to wake him.

I suppose that he knew every trick for relaxing. Though he was fighting with someone almost every hour, day and year of his life, he was usually at ease while embattled. He nearly always worked half recumbent, propped up in pillows, with a telephone in his hand.

Continued on page 110


Howard Baer

"But Daddy, what's colossal? What's enchanting?"

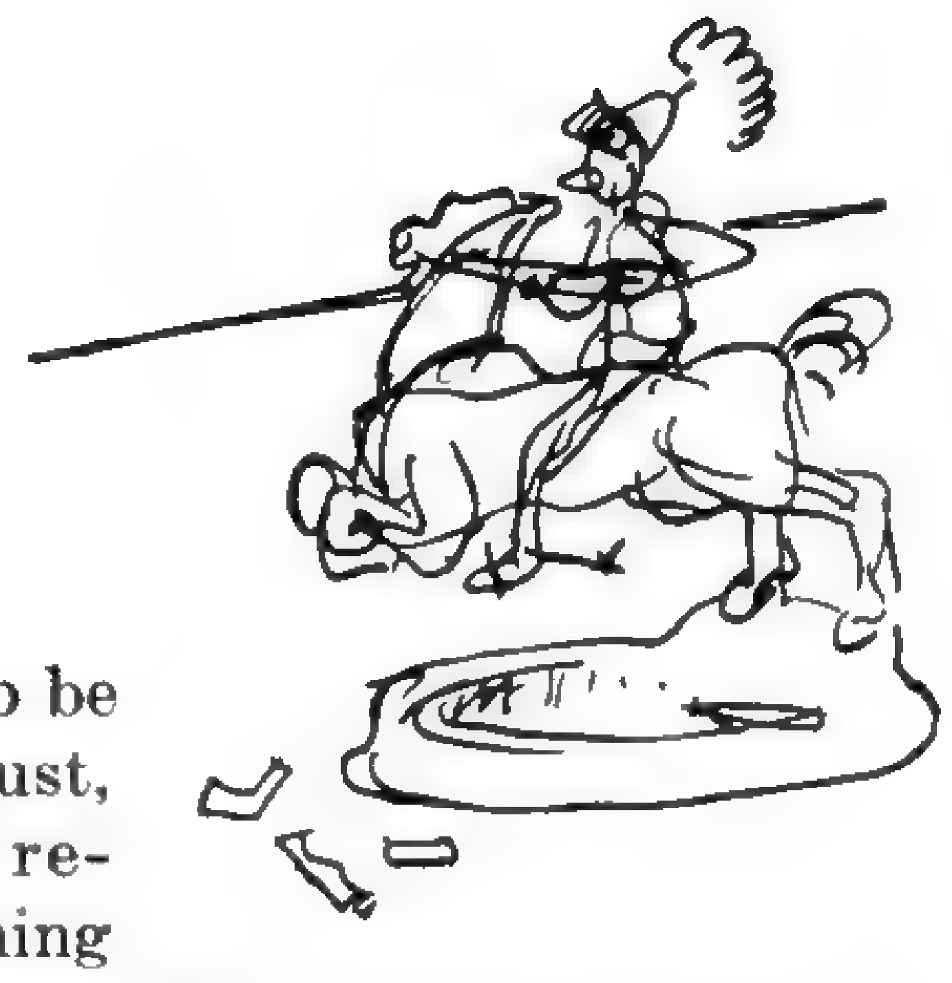

ABNER DEAN

No Smoking or Else—

Down with the artistic ash-tray and the trick ash-tray and all ash-trays that aren't ash-trays

by CHARLES W. FERGUSON

• ARTICLE •



A fact, reform leagues overlook, is that every vice carries with it the means of its own defeat. Smoking, one ugly vice that lifts its head in our day, promises to meet a sad end, not through well meaning propaganda showing how it gives you the hives, pellagra, athlete's heart, and psoriasis, but—take a death breath and inhale this thought—through ash-trays.

Ash-trays are camp followers of the cigarette in its madcap triumph. There didn't use to be any. Pa knocked the ashes of his pipe into the coal scuttle, or, if he smoked a cigar in public, he flicked the remains into a bright cuspidor or spittoon.

But now the spittoon and the cuspidor have gone the way of the wagon-yard, and in the place of them we find the ash-tray, a bastard descendant, which is to be encountered in all the better homes, whether father smokes or daughter doesn't. It is considered part of all respectable house furnishings. Indeed, there came about a dozen years or so ago, a rage of ash-trays, and this rage took possession of the ladies where they were weakest—in the aesthetic spot. It was about the time that there was much talk of interior decorating and appropriate knickknacks.

The dire result is that the ash-trays of the day have been purchased by women, with the exception of a few notable receptacles which repose on office desks, and even these, for the most part, have been bought by secretaries out to lunch.

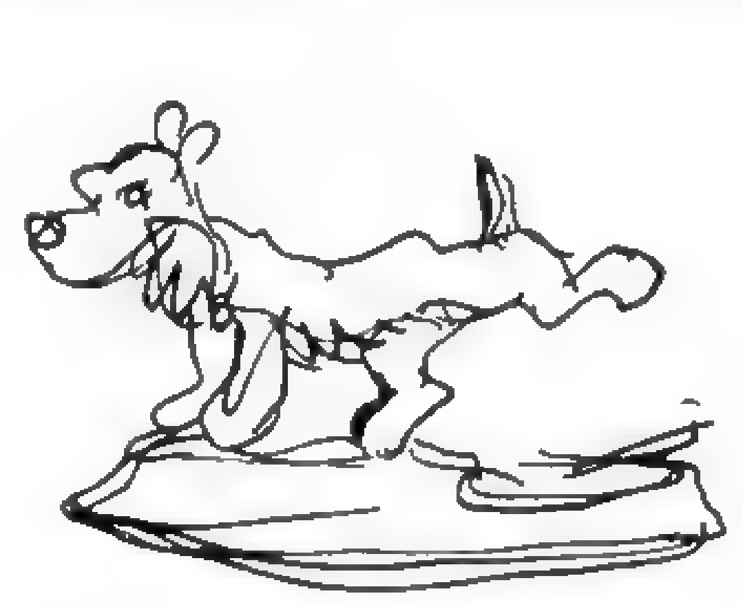
In the main, then, the lot is built on rakish lines, and they constitute one of the greatest deterrents to enjoyable smoking. Roughly, they fall, when they are not falling on the floor, in the following well defined and maddening categories:

First, the *statuesque*. The best example of this genus is to be found in my den—or was, until I managed one day, quite unintentionally, to catch the sleeve of my smoking jacket in it. It was a work of art, and I feel the vandal for not at least mourning it. Here is how it was set up. The base was about two and a half by four inches. From each of the four corners of it rose the protesting legs of a noble charger. On the charger was perched a knight in armor and, as if the horses legs did not afford enough protection, the good rider's legs stuck down into stirrups and cut off approach from either side. This still left two possible entries for ashes—between the noble steed's hind legs and between his front legs. But, hold! The breastplate flopped down like loose corset strings in front—and behind, the ingenious craftsman who moulded the thing had managed to give a droop and at the same time a swoop to the horse's tail, so that about the only way you could deposit ashes was to stand off across the room and blow them in, or go snooping around with your head down and reach under as if you were fastening the steed's bellyband.

Nor was this all. The crowning touch is that the knight, not to be outdone by the horse, stuck up erect like a club in a public riot. Hence, if you so much as reached for a cigarette in his general vicinity, he gave battle and came at you full tilt. It is true that he ended by being unhorsed, but you never got your cigarette without going over his dead body. It needs only to be added that the Christian Temperance designer who had given being to that knight of the new day had seen to it that the whole surface was polished and glazed and made so slick that a cigarette could not possibly be made to rest on any part of it: and if you stuck it unceremoniously between the legs of the horse the compound of which the tray was made smelled like the burning of Rome.

So much for the statuesque. Examples need not be multiplied. Doubtless you have before you now one of those magnificently conceived creations where a penguin stands pensively looking into a pool; and the pool is the tray and is rounded out evidently for the penguin and not for the ashes, and the whole contraption has the balance of a neurotic woman and if you mash out your cigarette the penguin, just for spite, turns over the tray.

Let us go on to the second category—the *devilishly tricky*. These are all the rage now and they are so objectionable that one who enjoys smoking hesitates to mention them in print for fear they will appeal to those who do not smoke. The weirdest of the lot is one that uses water to extinguish the coal. You put the cigarette into the tray and then you lift the hind leg of the *motif* which is a dog, as you may have suspected, and the dog functions as all dogs will, and everyone giggles except the smokers, who hate the messiness, and thus manage to go an extra twenty minutes without lighting a cigarette, while everyone sits around and urges them to smoke themselves to death just so there will be more cigarettes to put out in this perfectly ducky way.



Closely allied are the *utensil* trays. They are built upon the lofty theory that an ash-tray, in order to be an ash-tray, must, without fail, resemble everything else in the house. The objects resembled include one of those old-fashioned black kettles used for the family wash in an earlier day, but shaped in toward the top to devil the smokers; a pin tray, and a box like sister used for her extra hair; swan-neck vases (these are generally regarded as particularly happy in thought, for you've no idea, my dear, how they help to furnish a room); ice tea coasters, highly prized because they have no groove for the cigarette and enable one to let it roll around and then off onto the floor, stinking up the room and forming designs on the furniture such as mother used to get with pyrography; milk bottles; gravy bowls; dime savings banks in the form of elephants, pigs, and barrels—all with imperceptible slits in the back.

Among the main geni remain only the *pristine*. These are exquisitely designed, those made of onyx, and bronze, and glazed chintz, and sapphire. They have the appearance of an unlighted candle, or a box of store-bought candy. They defy use. You feel that if you carelessly knocked a few ashes into them you would be committing a blunder like serving tomato juice instead of a tomato juice cocktail before dinner, or wearing tennis shoes with an evening dress.

You see men accepting a cigarette in the excitement of arriving. Then you see them look around, and their color mounts, and they begin to be preoccupied and not to pay any attention to what is going on, and you think they need either to wash their hands or make a phone call. They just can't bring themselves to use one of those ash-trays. If there is a fireplace they back up to it and seem to be warming their hands behind them. If there is no fireplace they sit about and finally swing their arms in what appears to be a broad gesture, and the ashes go on the floor. This accounts for the genteel myth that ashes are good for rugs.

There is little solution as long as ash-trays must blend with the fingernails or be a part of the scenery. But some of the better bachelors are going to begin bringing the old brass cuspidor back if the ladies don't watch out. Come to think of it, they would do a lot for the room, my dear. The lines are really not bad. If the cigarette companies take my advice they will assist the spittoon movement before the wild assortment of unusable ash-trays in our day and time defeat the whole impulse to smoke. ⧻

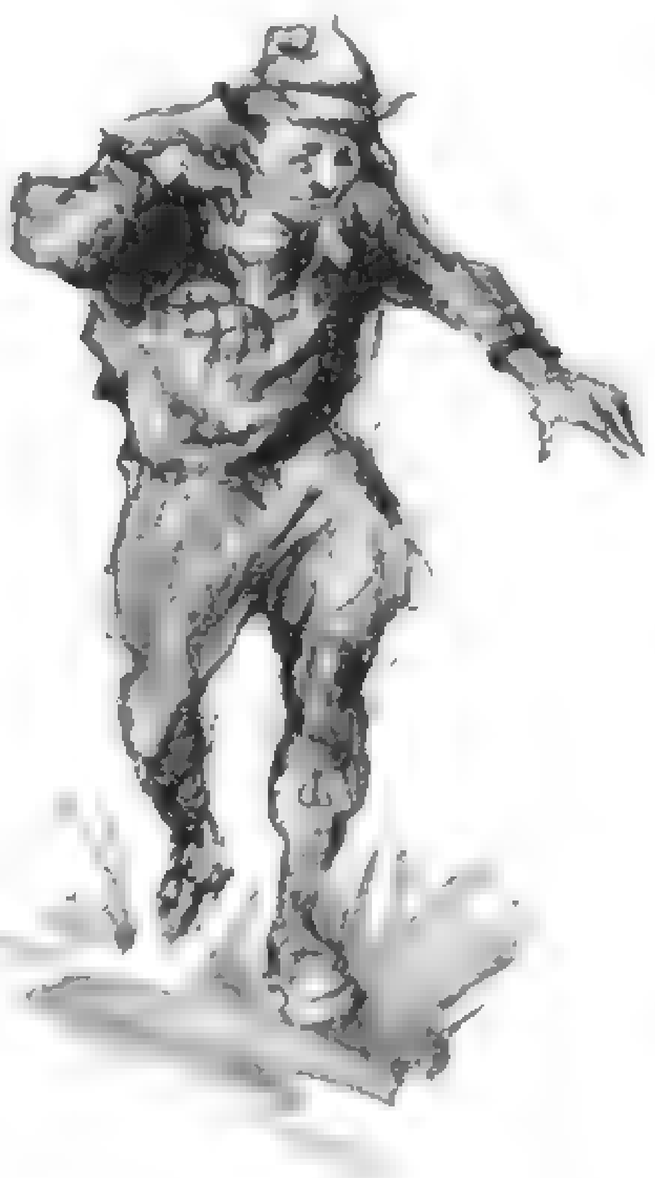
To Laugh and Sing

The father of a normal boy and husband of a psychologizing wife goes away and catches a fish

by MAJ. CHARLES E. COX, JR.

• FICTION •

The bus pulled out of Honor and began the long climb up the Onekama Valley. I sat on the wide seat in the rear and from back there the aisle looked about a mile long. A woman in a faded green sweater sat in the second seat on the right side and a little girl in her lap slept with her head hanging out in the passageway. Just the four of us in the bus. When we reached the top of the hill the bus driver waved toward a farmhouse but I couldn't see anyone wave back.



The motor began to whine on the down grade into the valley of the North Fork. I got my baggage together; the fly rod in the aluminum case, the Duluth pack with its sweat stained shoulder straps and the things I'd purchased in Honor.

The bus slowed and then bounced heavily as it rolled into the ruts along the burm. I eased past the little girl without waking her and stepped down into the weeds. The driver looked at me, pushed his cap back on his head and jerked his thumb to the left. "That's the Old Portage Trail going up the hill."

"I remember now," I said. "Much obliged."

I stood there until I couldn't hear the bus any more and then walked across the road. The trail was a tunnel through the popple trees but at the top of the hill the tunnel ran out into a patch of blue sky. I squatted down and slipped on the shoulder straps of the pack. When I stood up, the sudden weight staggered me for an instant because I took it too fast but it steadied all right when I leaned forward. The blue sky came toward me and the popple trees began to make me forget the road and the burned gasoline smell in the bus. Popple trees are very good at a job like that. Their leaves are so clean and they nod so gently in the wind. When I reached the ridge the valley stretched away toward the north, remote and blue with distance. I backed up against a stump, let the pack weight ease off and rested. It was the sort of valley people make remarks about . . .

"Beautiful, isn't it?" . . . "See that water shining way off yonder." . . . "God, it's gorgeous!" . . . They say things like that.

"What do you think, Web?" I asked myself.

"What difference does it make what you think." I knew then that it was all right. It was sure to be all right if I could still divide up into two people and talk to myself.

"What do you suppose she'll do with the boy, Web?"

"Oh she'll get a job and live at her mother's like she threatened to do."

"Be tough on the boy."

"Yes, it will be tough on the boy."

The valley was like the sea only not monotonous. There were a dozen white clouds, all of the same general shape, sailing. Their shadows crawled below them on the hills like spreading purple stains. All that was distant and silent. But about me were close sounds. The lazy flick of a leaf on the tree above my head; the drowse of a locust on the slope and the quiet rustle of wind in the sweetfern. And down in the valley, I could hear without really hearing it, the talk of the river. It was about two o'clock. If I were going to make Woodcock Lake by dark, I'd better get going.

The pack came up this time without staggering me because I took it slowly. The Portage Trail is pleasant going. It curves around shallow outcroppings of rock and when you come to these occasional promontories you see the valley in ever changing shadings of light. The spruce bogs beside the river are first dark with distance and then silver green. All the time the river is moving closer to meet you. It becomes a personal thing. About half way down, the sweat began to run from my armpits in tickling drops where my shirt bagged away from my ribs.

At five o'clock I saw the river for the first time. The sun was behind a cloud for several minutes, and as it came out, a long blaze of light raced over the spruce bog. The water blinked like a ragged strip of mica. The main trail cut into Woodcock Lake just as the sun went below the hills. My path continued on across a ridge of white pine, and when the pine ended, the sloping meadow began. At the edge of the meadow was the river. I was getting hungry. I had timed it just right.

"You better get a move on, Web, old man, old man."

"O.K., kid."

After the pack slipped I felt as if I were going to rise off the ground. It's a giddy feeling when you are soft—as if air is being pumped through the blood vessels in your shoulders.

I unrolled the tent and tied the five sixteenths rope between the same two birches I'd always used and pegged the skirts of the floor cloth flat. Then I cleaned the grass away from the old fire spot and splintered a few pine sticks and touched a match to them. The eggs were wrapped, each one in a dozen sheets of toilet paper and the carton was rolled in a dish cloth. I laid three of the eggs in the sand beside a stump and put two strips of bacon in the pan. Then I squatted on my heels beside the fire and watched the bacon strips curl.

All the familiar feel of the place came back. Behind me was the tent, the flaps tight shut to keep out the mosquitoes. And I knew without looking that the ridge of pine was a deep green place behind the tent. Twilight dust began to sift over the meadow; the blaze of fire changed from yellow to red and then to white as darkness came: the river talked louder and louder. All the old feel coming back again.

I toasted a slice of bread and sopped a piece in the swimming part of the egg that was left after the solid part was gone and then drank my coffee. Toast like that has a smoky taste and you learn to like it.

"Trout for breakfast, Web."

"Yea boy!"

Knowing I'd be getting sleepy very shortly I crawled into the tent and spread the blankets, being careful to pull the netting down behind me. Then I crawled out and built up the fire and sat with my back against the stump. The stump was the exact right distance from the fire. I could see the first red stars and the grey streak in the swamp where the river was and get a little heat on my shins too. It had been two years since I'd pitched a tent between the two birches but the valley hadn't changed.

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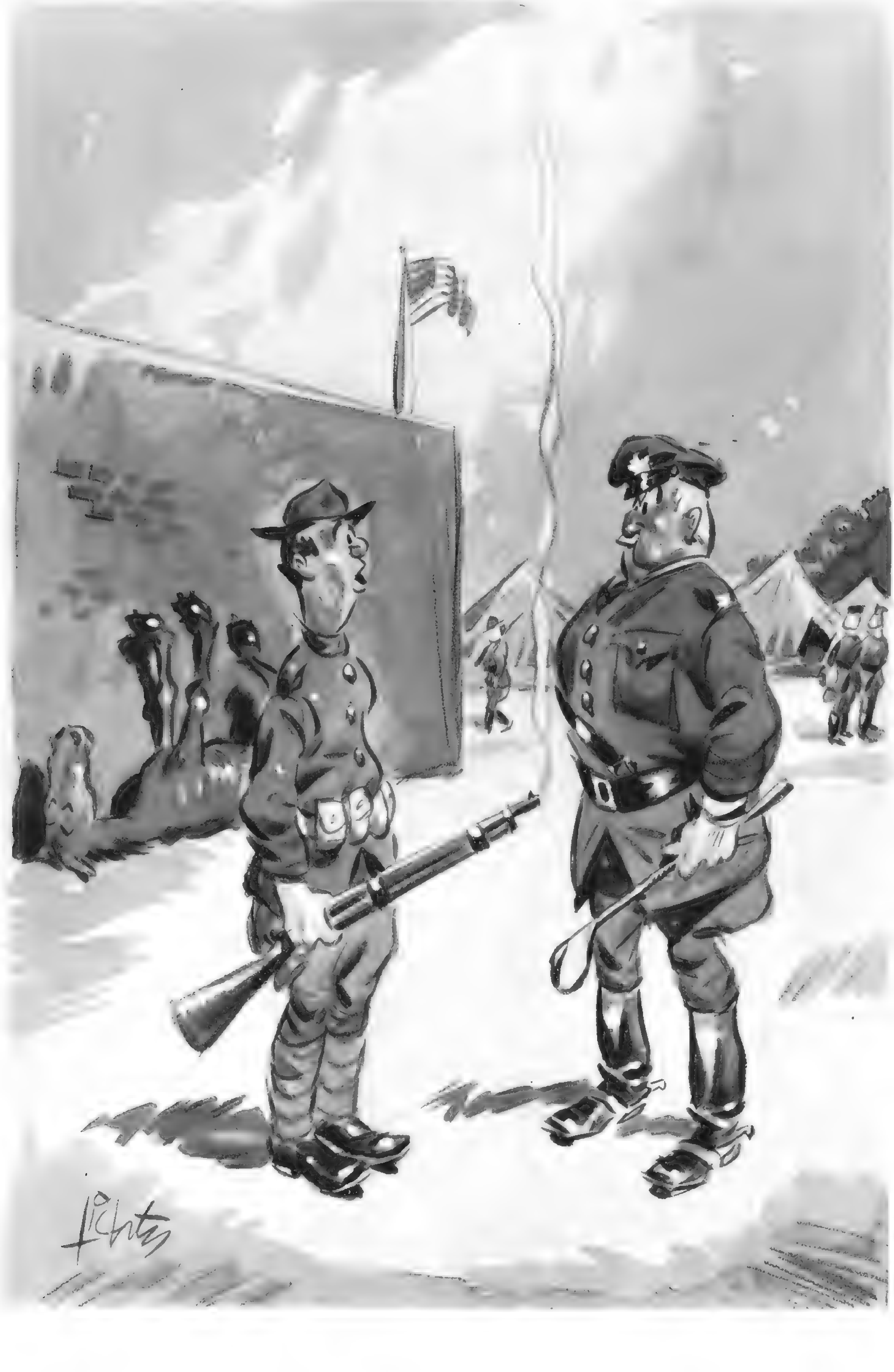


"Shod?—I thought you said shot!"

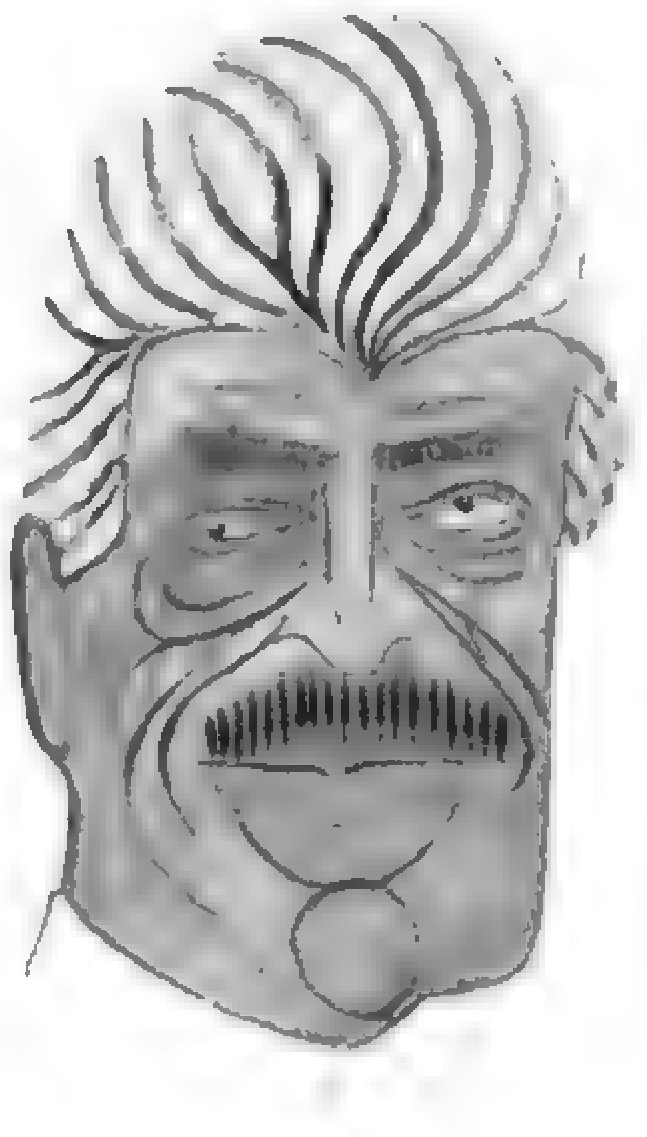
L'Amico Fritz

Portrait of a great violinist whose modesty made him hoax the world of music for thirty years

by DAVID EWEN

■ ARTICLE ■

Fate being what it is, it is not beyond the realm of possibility that the name of Fritz Kreisler will descend to posterity for a reason other than that he is the greatest violinist of our age. One can almost foresee some musical dictionary of the twenty-first century referring to Kreisler in this fashion: "He was one of the most distinguished artists of his generation, and a composer of many delightful morsels for his instrument. He is remembered today only because of a hoax which he perpetrated upon the entire world of music in his time—presenting his own compositions as products of such masters as Vivaldi, Martini, Couperin, Pugnani, Francoeur, etc. For more than thirty years this hoax went undetected until the composer himself revealed the truth."



Yet, as Kreisler himself has confessed to his close friends, he had no intention of pulling the nose of a music-world. When, many years ago, he first presented his "transcriptions"—with the fabulous explanation that he had stumbled across the original manuscripts in European monasteries and had freely adapted them for the violin—it was not to test the critical acumen of his fellow-musicians but merely as the temporary expedient of a young violinist who wished to have his works more widely performed. However, with the deception far more successful than Kreisler ever dared to hope, he discovered that it was not so easy to confess to the world that he had palmed off a fraud. He, therefore, nursed his secret, always alert for an opportunity to relieve himself of it gracefully. The opportunity arrived only recently when a New York music-critic, attempting to trace the source of the Pugnani *Praeludium and Allegro*, communicated first with Kreisler's publishers and then with Kreisler himself. He was told unequivocally, and without the slightest subterfuge, that the piece was original with Kreisler, that, as a matter of fact, the majority of other so-called "transcriptions" were original as well. And one could almost sense a sigh of infinite relief accompanying the confession.

It was to be expected that musicians should greet the hoax as if it were a personal offense, with grumbles of anger, and bitter accusation of artistic dishonesty. The music-world felt somewhat silly, and not a little awkward and embarrassed to learn that it had been the victim of a fraud for which all of musical history can find no counterpart. There have been composers who have concealed their identities under manufactured pseudonyms. But never before this has a composer masqueraded his music behind the great names of the past, to have the music accepted as genuine without question or suspicion.

And yet, musicians should not have been taken altogether by surprise. Twenty years ago, Kreisler presented his *Liebesfreud*, *Liebesleid* and *Schön Rosmarin* as "transcriptions of some posthumous waltzes of Josef Lanner;" and it was only because a Viennese critic verbally flogged Kreisler for his impudence in including his own *Caprice Viennois* in the same group with these "Josef Lanner gems" that Kreisler confessed that these pieces were not Lanner's but his own. This episode may have passed without very much publicity at the time, but musicians were well acquainted with it and often spoke of it. One would expect, therefore, that Kreisler's other "transcriptions" would have passed a more rigorous scrutiny. Perhaps they did—and it may have been only because the fraud was much too perfect that for a second time the music-world permitted itself to be duped by the great violinist.

It is very doubtful, however, if Kreisler's confession will diminish to any perceptible degree his enormous stature in the eyes of his audiences. Probably no artist of our time—with the possible exceptions of Paderewski and Toscanini—has inspired such adoration from audiences throughout the world as Kreisler has; and an adoration such as this is not so easily dissipated. Even now, with the incident still so fresh, the feeling is strong among many music-lovers that the deception was, after all, nothing worse than a youthful indiscretion, and that Kreisler recently handled a very difficult situation with great honesty. And the unquestionable skill with which Kreisler mimicked the style of the old masters cannot fail to elicit a certain measure of admiration. In any case, Kreisler's singular fascination for his audience is in no great danger. With the first unpleasantness and bitter taste, resulting from the discovery, forgotten, it is altogether likely that it may even succeed in reflecting added glory to him.

The enormous attraction that Kreisler holds for his audiences arises not merely from the magic of his violin and bow, but also from his personal charm. The poise and refinement of his platform mannerisms, the dignity and yet cordial warmth of his relationship with his audiences have an appeal whose strength cannot be questioned. His soft smile, in response to an ovation, is of ineffable sweetness, and his eyes are warm and kind. He possesses to an unusual degree the ability to create at his concerts an intimacy and personal contact between himself and his audiences which succeeds in making even the largest concert-hall assume the friendliness of a small drawing-room.

For a long time, now, Kreisler's personality has been enveloped in glamor to the eyes of his audiences. His intense humanity and great heart have, perhaps, inspired as much admiration as his sublime fiddling. His activities during and after the war, for example. It need not be retold that he did not hesitate to send his entire earnings to Austria to help alleviate the terrible suffering and despair of his fellow-countrymen as a result of the war. It is said that Mrs. Kreisler personally interested herself in the future of forty-five orphans, because she had promised their dying fathers in the hospital to look after them. And Mr. Kreisler was directly responsible for the support of some 1,500 starving artists. All of Kreisler's earnings, for a period of more than five years, flowed into Austria, where his wife contributed her marvelous energy and devotion in dividing the money among the sick, the starving and the crushed. His devotion to charitable work during these years was so great that everything else, pertaining to his art and life, assumed secondary importance. Ernö Balogh, who for a short time served as an accompanist to Kreisler, told me an anecdote in this connection which is particularly illuminating in giving us an insight into a great character. Shortly after the war, while concertizing in Norway, Kreisler was invited to have tea with the king—an honor which most artists would have accepted with unmitigated delight. Kreisler, however, apologized for not coming, explaining that he was too busy. That afternoon, Kreisler remained in his hotel to do secretarial work for a series of charities that he was conducting for needy Europeans. "But Fritz," Balogh said with surprise, "you told His Majesty that you were too busy to have tea with him, and now you are doing only charity work!" "Charity-work—that is something else," Kreisler answered softly. "Why should I go out of my way to have tea with a king? With a great thinker—a great artist—a great humanitarian, yes, I would gladly go out of my way to spend time with such a man. But a king? No, thank you! It's much more important to help these poor starving people!"

"And that," added Balogh as a commentary, "is a characteristic Kreisler gesture!"

Such human generosity could not, of

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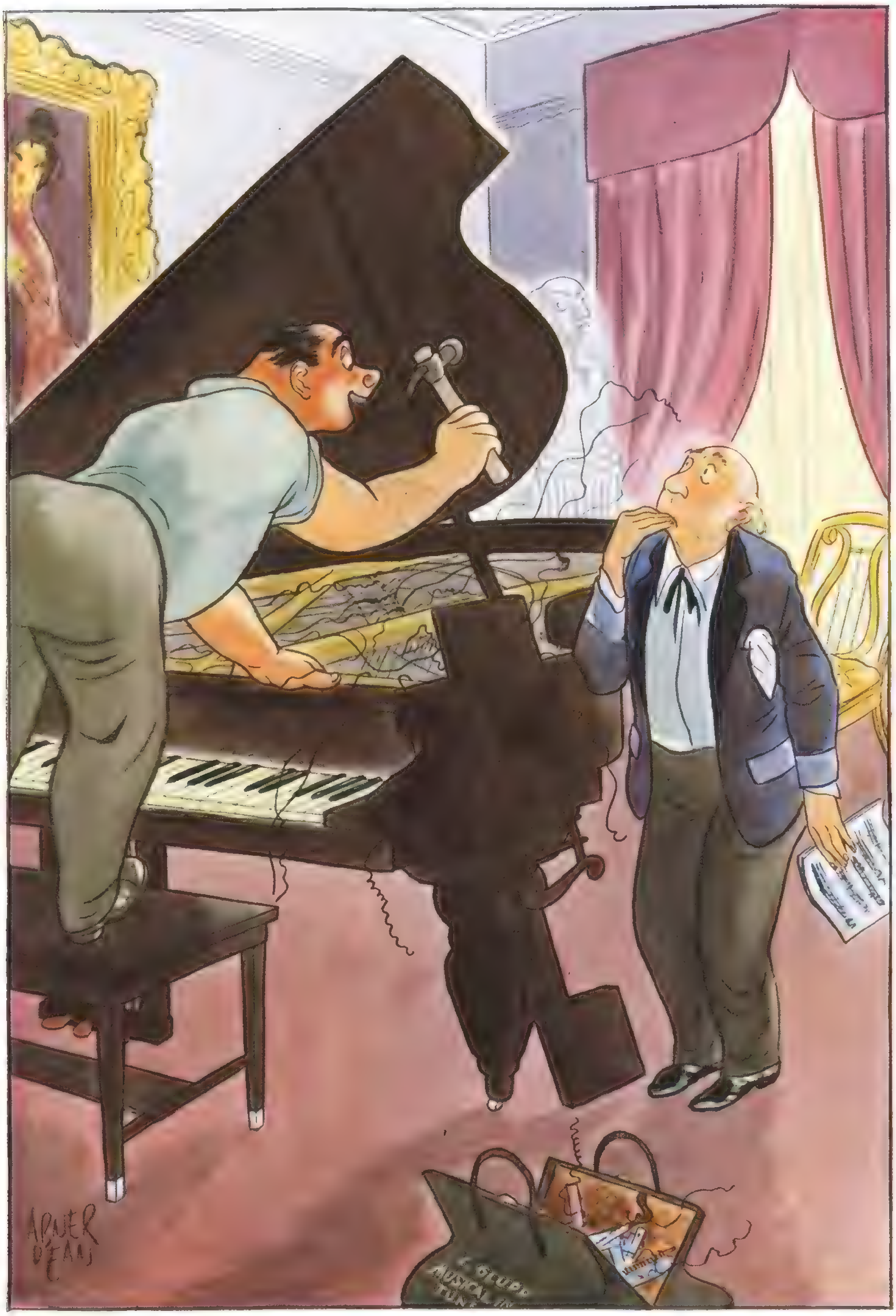
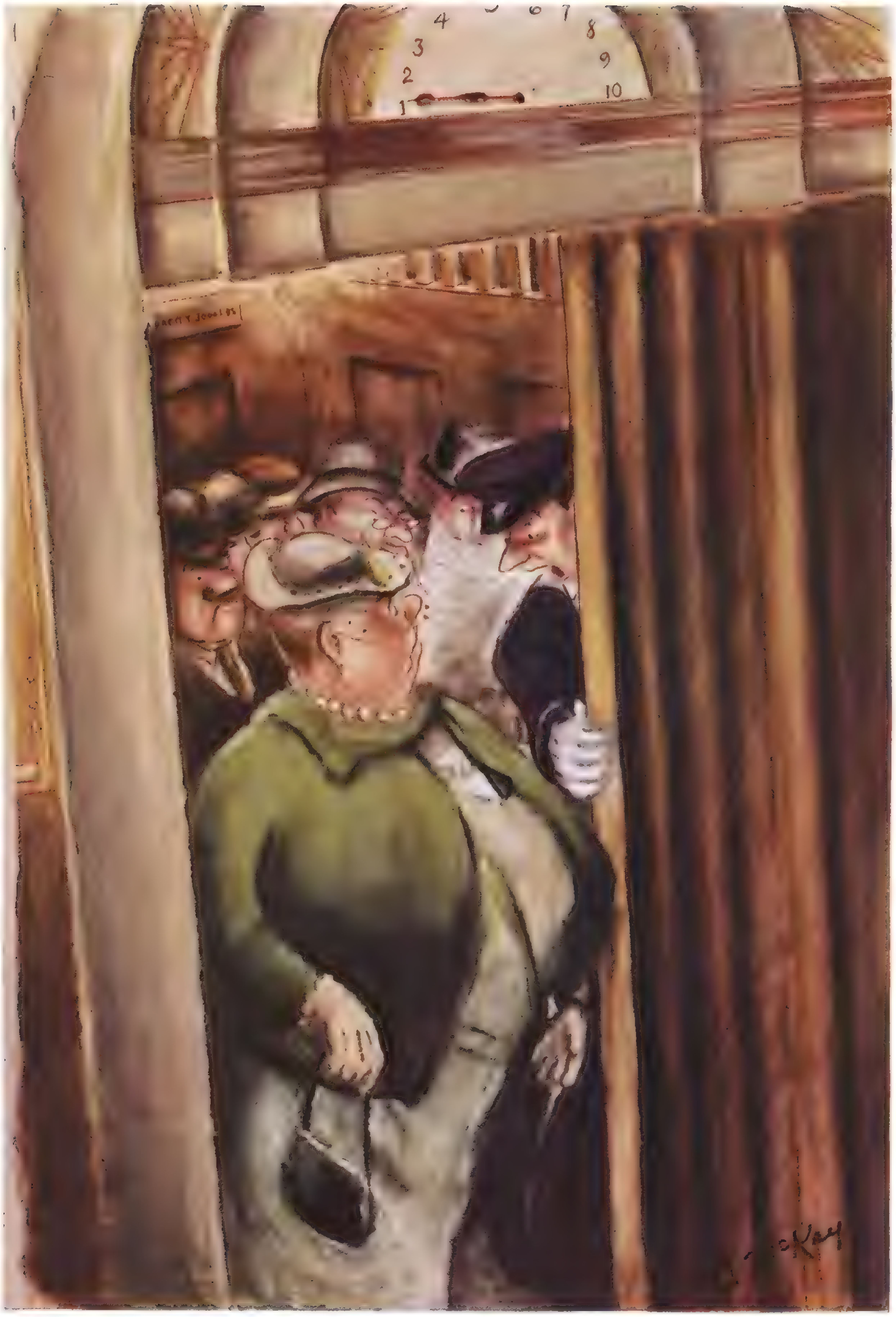

ABNER DEAN
E. GLUPP
MUSICAL IN
TUNE

"Oh, I guess I can tune it all right, but it's a bit more complicated than a ukulele, isn't it?"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"Well, it's up to you, lady, whether we go up or not!"

Beyond Horror

A momentary flare illuminates the mind of a soldier as he topples over the breaking point

by JEAN COTARD

• FICTION •

IT WAS in September, 1915, in Lorraine. Three hundred meters away were the troops of his Majesty, the Emperor, between us a space of ground that might be termed a wasteland, sowed with scrap iron, pockmarked with shell holes—and carefully dusted from time to time by the lead from machine-guns.

At night it was lighted intermittently by flares, hanging aloft briefly, serene and brilliant, revealing on rare occasions an unfortunate patrol, hugging a meagre tuft of grass, surprised by the illumination.

As a rule it was rather quiet in our sector. The crash of gunfire did not often mar the softness of spring. One was indeed unlucky if he left his bones in this classic corner that had once been a part of the motherland, and it held no particular interest except by the relative security that it offered.

We were disconcerted and surprised to learn that the enemy was stirring about. The watchers believed that they heard shears clicking in the shadows and that vague but unmistakable sound of barbed wire being gently moved, perhaps rubbed by a body crawling discreetly under the tangle.

Illusion or reality, we must find out if only to reassure ourselves that a surprise attack was not being planned. I decided to send out a patrol during the night at that hour when the moon was at its decline half veiled by the clouds that had been evident during the day floating lazily across the pastel heavens. Intermittent light would be favorable to alternate progression and observation.

At midday I talked the plan over with Lieutenant Montgermont, whom I had chosen to lead the little expedition. He suggested that a single man might accomplish the task with less danger of detection and offered to go, himself.

I realized that he was right in his contention, and that I could rely upon him to find out exactly what was going on. Daring, vigorous, clever, he was known in the Corps as one who could extricate himself from the most difficult situation with honor, yet I hesitated to accept his fearless offer.

"Who knows the ground better than I?" he insisted, and so I could do nothing but agree.

That afternoon and the first part of the night passed without incident. Toward one o'clock in the morning I was standing with the lieutenant beside the sentinels waiting until the moon had descended slightly toward the horizon.

One o'clock, that agonizing hour so dreaded during the somber and terrible years of the war, the moment when the fatigue of the day drags down the rebellious limbs and hangs most heavily upon the shoulders, the hour when the watchers with tired eyes interrogate the obscurity, seeking to divine the death-plans of the enemy, the hour which is for many the first hour of their last day on earth. . . .

We waited by the parapet, speaking in low tones of one thing and another and returning always to the topic of the war.

"What a frail thing the human body is," Lieutenant Montgermont said. "A bit of steel and it's gone—and yet it can endure so much suffering and live."

I thought perhaps he had some presentiment of ill luck, but evidently not. He was waiting eagerly for the time to leave with no fear or hesitation in his manner or voice.

We watched the erratic approach of a cloud toward the moon. The light touched the fringes, then a wave of darkness swept over the wasteland. The lieutenant's hand went to his revolver to see if it was well placed. I knew that he had a grenade in each of the pockets of his tunic. He touched my hand vigorously and briefly, climbed the steps that led up and out, and disappeared into the night.

For a short while I was aware of the furtive sound of his light step, then the silence around us was complete again. He must have crossed our entanglements, and was advancing now cautiously toward the enemy's lines.

We had calculated together the probable duration of his absence, and so I waited without uneasiness until two o'clock. During that time the firing from the German trenches was widely scattered and they sent up no more flares than were necessary to convince us of their vigilance. On our side things were quiet. I had given formal order for no firing, throwing of grenades, or flares.

The illuminated dial of my watch read half past two, then three o'clock. In the low whispers exchanged by the men on watch I sensed that they shared my growing uneasiness. They strained forward eagerly, hoping to see the familiar silhouette of the officer who had so often given them courage and confidence.

The minutes passed, drop by drop, making the time long. Nothing, absolutely nothing which my eyes could perceive or my ears hear—since that moment when I had last heard his faint footfalls die away.

Soon day would come and the certitude of death for all living beings between the lines. My senses were so alert that there were moments when the points of the barbed wire seemed to execute a mad dance as if they exulted over some motionless shadow that was lying beneath them, waiting an opportunity to crawl to our trenches.

Four o'clock, then four-thirty. The moon had disappeared now and toward the far horizon was a pale light that announced the day.

Suddenly a raucous howl, sinister and inhuman, tore the silence, sent a chill over the watchers. The sound of running feet followed swiftly by machine-gun fire and lead whipping the entanglements. Flares went up.

Lieutenant Montgermont was back, within our lines, in the trench. His haggard face was bloody and so were his hands. His eyes bulged with the fixety of madness and his body shook with convulsive trembling.

"What is it?"

"What's the matter?"

"What happened?"

He did not answer. We carried him to the shelter, asked him if he had been attacked, tried to find out if he were wounded. He did not seem to hear or understand.

What had he encountered out there? Death, itself, that he had found in the entanglements and expected to find, could not have brought him to this state of abject terror.

It was long after daylight before he commenced gradually to get control of himself. His eyes had lost some of their disturbing fixety. The trembling had subsided although a sudden noise would bring about a spasm. Shortly before noon when I returned to his side for the sixth time he managed to respond. "It was horrible—how can I ever forget it."

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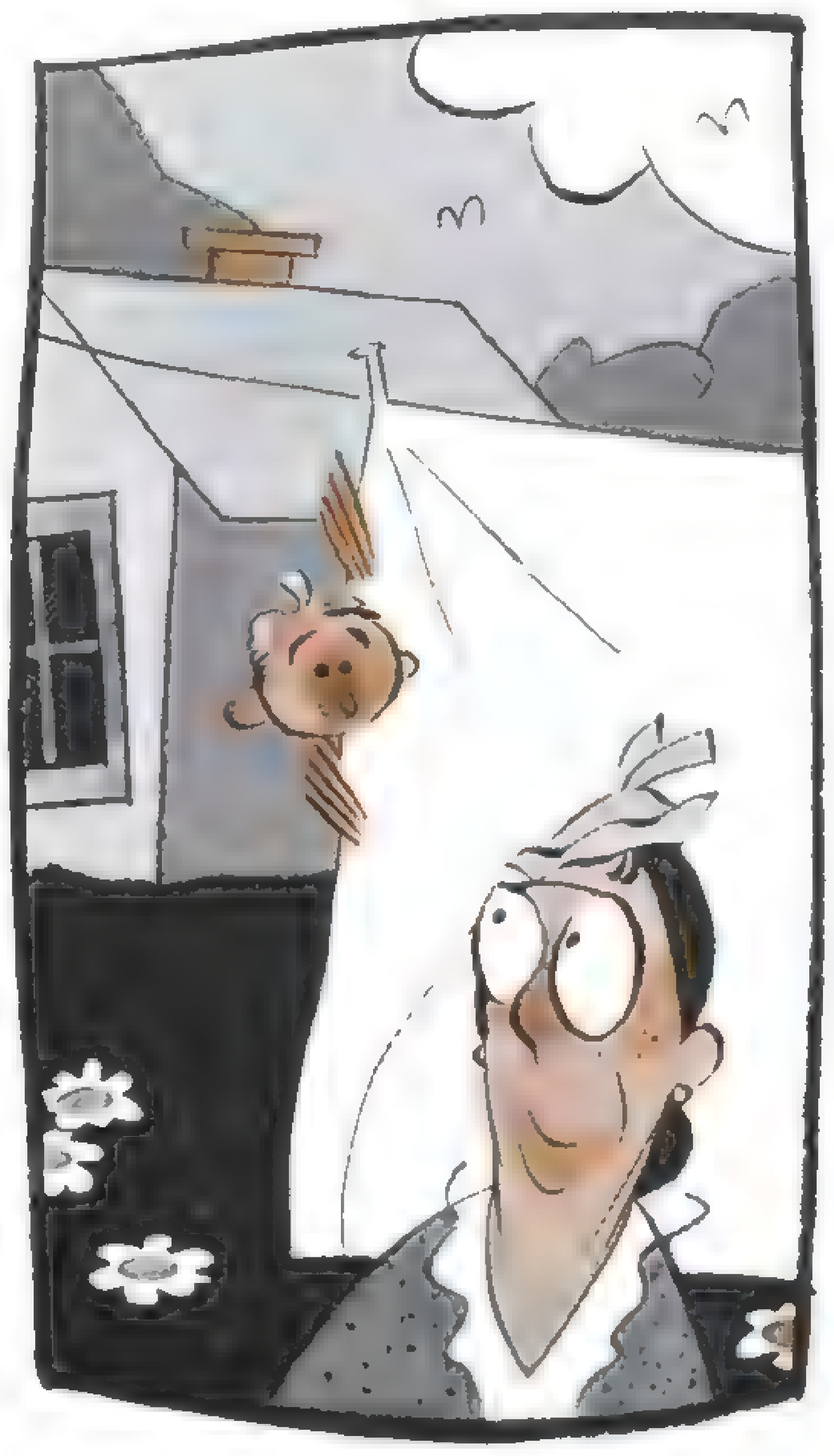
Nude Interlude

Nudism was a great boon to this soap-maker but not in the way one would imagine

by WALTER BROOKS

▪ SATIRE ▪

ONCE upon a time there was a young man named Robert Widgeon who had made a lot of money out of a cake of soap that wouldn't get lost in the bathtub. He had a nice apartment and a wife named Faith who was dark and slender and had a mouth like Garbo's. Between his wife and his soap factory Mr Widgeon was very happy. But he had been too busy to make friends and Mrs Widgeon was lonesome because she had lived in Evanston before her marriage where everything was gay and so Mr Widgeon went down to an exclusive suburb on Long Island called Castledonald and bought a house.



Well they lived there for six months and Mrs Widgeon was lonesomer than ever for nobody seemed to want to know them. They weren't even invited to charity bazaars. The only people who called were the Fuller Brush man and a Colonel Brackett who came to complain that Ronald dug up his radishes. Ronald was their dog. So at last they decided to go back to the city where they at least talked to visiting relatives from Evanston. But they had to sell the house first so Mr Widgeon put up a big For Sale sign on it.

Well one day Mr Widgeon came home early and it was pretty hot so he took a shower. But when he went to look for some clean underwear he couldn't find any. The cook and the maid were out and so was Mrs Widgeon so he went all over the house looking. He looked under things and behind things and even on a chance in the broom closet. He found a lot of things he had never seen before but no underwear. And he was just thinking that if he died of exposure Faith would be pretty sorry that she hadn't looked after him better when he looked out of the window and saw a lot of clothes hanging on the line down at the end of the garden.

Well the garden was all shut in with high hedges so he didn't bother to go upstairs for a dressing gown but went out just as he was. The breeze was cool and the grass was crisp and tickled his feet so he walked around a while. He thought about nudists and maybe they weren't so crazy after all and he thought about Mrs Widgeon and what she'd think if she came home and found him naked in the garden. He thought of something funny to say to her if she did. He thought he would say Nude afternoon dear. Only suppose the cook or the maid came home first. He couldn't think of anything very funny to say to them. And he started to get some underwear off the line. And just at that moment a stoutish expensively dressed elderly woman came around the corner of the house and looked at him through a lorgnette and said Dear me.

Well Mr Widgeon showed rare presence of mind for escape was impossible through the thorny-fingered shrubbery. He stepped behind a sheet and unpinned it and wrapped it about him. Then he bowed.

Dear me said the lady again coming closer You look just like Cicero addressing the senate O don't blush my dear man I am almost old enough to have known Cicero Are you the owner of this property? Yes said Mr Widgeon I am Robert Widgeon. And a nudist said the lady. How very interesting.

Well Mr Widgeon had his wits about him as anyone must who handles a lot of soap.

He recognized the lady as Mrs Ogilvy Jones the social leader of Castledonald and the widow of a big knitting mill owner. He had been waiting for this for the past six months.

He knew that he had charm and he felt that given the opportunity he could weave it about Mrs Ogilvy Jones and get an invitation out of her to one of her famous parties. After that other invitations would follow as a matter of course. And now just as he had given up hope the opportunity had come. He would have preferred not to meet it wrapped in a sheet. But Mrs Jones was a faddist who was always on the lookout for something new in the way of a swami or a surrealist or a sword swallower about whom she could arrange something novel in the way of an entertainment and perhaps she had never tried nudism.

So he said Well my wife and I aren't really very orthodox but we do practice nudism in a small way around the home. How very interesting said Mrs Ogilvy Jones and she sat down on a bench. And she said That sheet—please don't stand on ceremony. O that's all right said Mr Widgeon It's a bit chilly out here. And he pulled the sheet tighter about him and sat down.

And then he told her all about nudism. He made it as interesting as possible without being vulgar and he propped it up with ethics and hygiene and at last Mrs Ogilvy Jones said Dear me why it is almost a religion I thought it was just a lot of people going around naked. O dear no said Mr Widgeon with an indulgent smile.

Well said Mrs Ogilvy Jones getting up This has been most interesting but I came to inquire about the house for my sister Lady Scatville who wants to spend the summer in Castledonald. Mr Widgeon said he would be glad to show it to her but Mrs Ogilvy Jones said No she must go now but perhaps he and his wife would come to tea some day soon and tell her more about nudism. And he said they would be charmed and looped the end of the sheet over his arm and accompanied her to her car.

Well Mrs Widgeon was pretty pleased when she heard about this and she and Mr Widgeon got a lot of nudist literature and when they had read it it was really all so logical and so full of joy and sweetness and virtue that they didn't see why the whole world hadn't gone nudist. And then they went to tea at Mrs Ogilvy Jones' and after that they went again and then they were invited to dinner and several people called on them and they talked nudism all the time and everybody seemed tremendously interested most of all Mrs Ogilvy Jones. And Mr Widgeon took the For Sale sign down. But all the same he was a little worried. We've sold her nudism all right he said but what are we going to do when it comes time to deliver? But Mrs Widgeon just laughed and said O men are so modest.

Just the same Mrs Widgeon was just as petrified as Mr Widgeon when Mrs Ogilvy Jones sent out the invitations for her nudist garden party. They had been getting a little tired of the subject anyway for of course by this time everyone in town believed them to be nudists and whenever they went out into the garden there always seemed to be dozens of snickering little boys hiding in the shrubbery and they had noticed that Colonel Brackett and several other elderly retired military men often strolled past the house and dropped in unexpectedly to call more frequently than seemed strictly necessary. They had hoped that the whole thing would die down. But they did not count on the Nero complex which Mrs Ogilvy Jones had developed during her years of social despotism. Nor on the other hand did they properly gauge the extent of the power which her lavish and eccentric entertainments had consolidated.

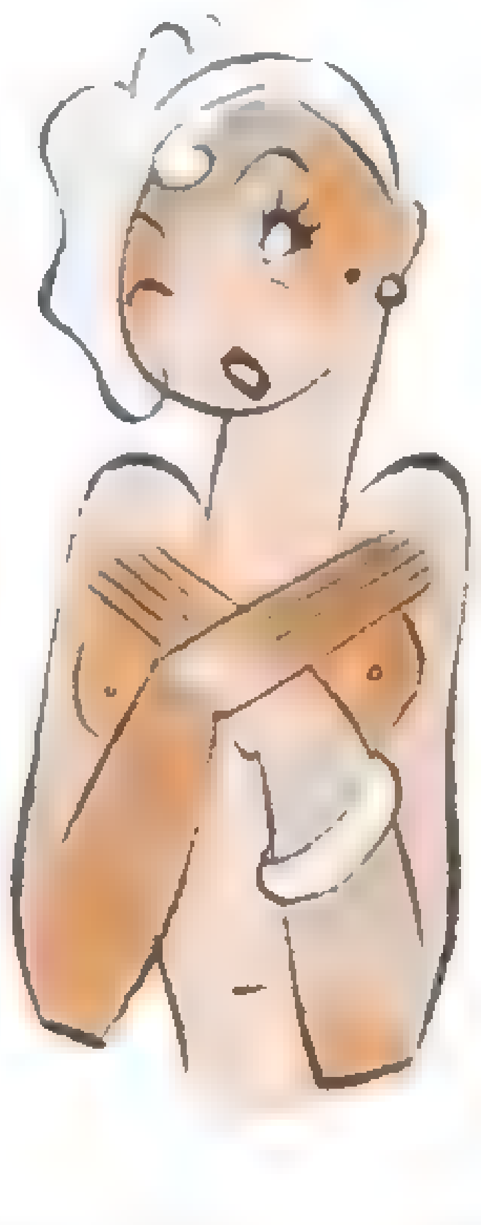
For a week before the party Castledonald quaked to its foundations. Life seemed just one long blush. Several families left town on alleged vacations and a number of the more timorous developed head colds jungle fever nervous indigestion and other ailments easy to counterfeit. But in the main the old guard stood firm though an earthquake or other major catastrophe would have been welcome.

When Mr Widgeon heard the news he turned pale. As chief nudist in town he knew that he would occupy a prominent position. Mrs Widgeon couldn't see why he was so upset because after all it was only one garment less than he wore at the beach. It's for you darling said Mr Widgeon I don't like to expose you to embarrassment. Mrs Widgeon smiled and then she said Well we have to go through with it if we want to stay in Castledonald. And Mr Widgeon agreed that they had to.

Well Mrs. Ogilvy Jones certainly had a swell day for her party. Mr Widgeon had been awake half the night praying for rain but it was no good. It was a beautiful day. The Widgeons didn't get there very early because Mrs Widgeon took so long to make up and there were a lot of cars lined up in the drive when they were shown up to the room where they were to undress before going down to the garden to join the party. Mr Widgeon took off one shoe and then went to the window. Nobody out there yet he said. I expect they're all lurking in their rooms waiting for someone else to start said Mrs Widgeon who was all ready Do hurry Bob, we'll have to start first, it's expected of us. I'm damned if I will said Mr Widgeon and at the mere thought he clutched at the shirt he had just taken off and draped it around his shoulders.

But just at that minute there was a shout and a rush of bare feet in the hall and Mrs Widgeon threw open the door and dashed out and Mr Widgeon after a last longing look at his trousers followed her. Mrs Ogilvy Jones had foreseen that there would be a good deal of last-minute modesty and she had hired a number of professional nudists to start things and it was these whom the Widgeons followed down the stairs and out into the garden. But everyone else followed too.

The garden looked very gay with lots of little chairs and tables and bright parasols and cushions but nobody wanted to sit on the cushions. The entire party made as one man for the pool.



Well Mrs Ogilvy Jones had foreseen this too and when all the thirty guests had got packed into the pool she had the water let out. And as it dropped lower and lower and exposed them all pink and helpless while the brown professional nudists looked on scornfully there was nothing to do but climb out.

Well just at that moment when everybody was getting pretty panicky down the garden walk under a pink parasol came Mrs Ogilvy Jones majestically stepping and clad only in a welcoming smile to greet her guests. So this put most of them at their ease right away and the general atmosphere of a house-party at the Borgias' cleared up and they sat down in the little chairs and Mrs Ogilvy Jones went around and spoke to everybody and the servants came out with refreshments. The servants had on shoes to distinguish them from the guests. After that everything went well though a few people still sat all hunched up like wild things surprised in the open. And Colonel Brackett had hidden in the shrubbery and couldn't be coaxed out.

Well then Mr Widgeon got up and stood behind his chair and made a speech about nudism. He told them how nudism and morality go hand in hand because no man can commit a crime with his clothes off and that a nudist has no place to carry either concealed weapons or loot. Once he got a little off the track and started to talk about soap and how many lives are saved yearly by the use of a soap that can't be stepped on in the bathtub but a mosquito bit his shoulder and brought him back to the point and he said what a great blessing air and sunshine were and that nudism was a sort of re-birth because naked we come into the world.

Some of the younger people had stopped listening to him and had begun to play games and a girl ran past screaming with a man after her and he pointed to them and said That is what nudism does for us ladies and gentlemen, have you ever heard such cries of pure joy at any other garden party? And he smiled indulgently at the shrubbery into which the two had disappeared and sat down. And he said to his wife I think that was that Smith girl. *I* certainly wouldn't have recognized her said Mrs Widgeon snappily and Mr Widgeon looked at her and said H'm yes people do look different with their clothes off don't they?

And then everybody congratulated him on his speech and he almost forgot that he didn't have any clothes on only he didn't have any pockets to put his hands into.

Well everything went nicely after that except that several of the guests got into animated talk with some of the servants under the impression that they were visiting diplomats. And indeed social distinctions seemed to have disappeared with clothes and it was extremely hard to place people when you couldn't notice how they were dressed. Though even undraped Mrs Ogilvy Jones was unmistakably the *grande dame.*

Mrs Widgeon received a good deal of attention and Mr Widgeon wandered off after a time and went in the pool which had been filled again and spent an hour or so explaining the finer points of nudism to the Smith girl. And probably nobody would have gone home for hours if at dusk the mosquitoes hadn't come out and got to work on them.

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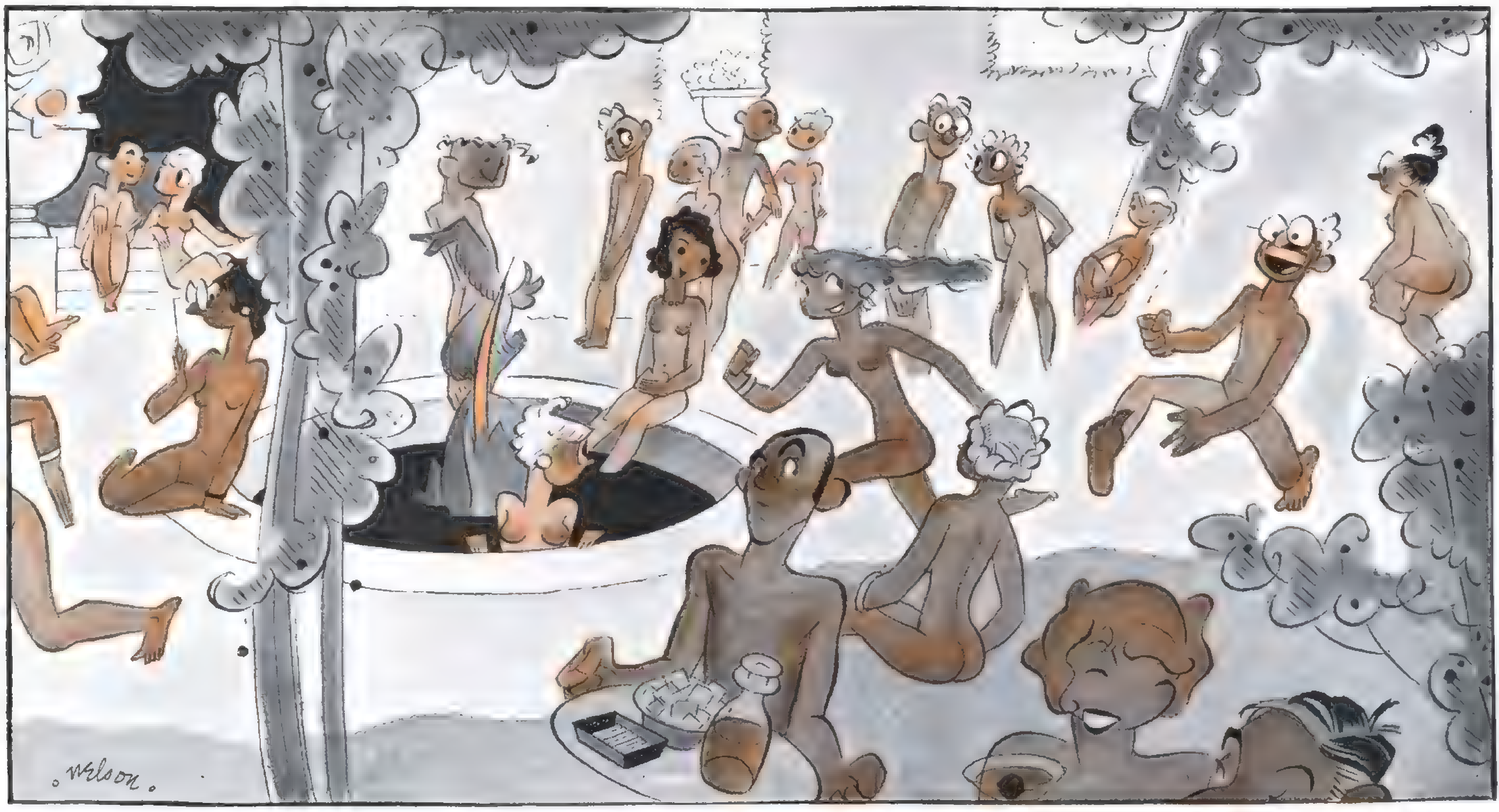


Fielder's Choice

The grasshopper was on base, the ant was in the grandstand, as was the boss' daughter

by EDWARD L. McKENNA

• FICTION •

It was seldom enough that Charles J. Horton went to see a ballgame. He worked for the Third National, and from the beginning he had taught himself to remember that although a bank closes at three o'clock it doesn't pay to rush right off as soon as your books for the day are finished. No; you stay right on, making yourself useful and noticeable to your superiors. You're painfully careful about everything, and you never make an error. You take the extension courses at the University, even though you already have a Phi Beta Kappa key from the little school up-state. You attend the lectures given by the Institute of Banking. You carry the Wall Street Journal, or the Commercial and Financial Chronicle, and you read magazines that cost at least thirty-five cents. You pay some attention to your appearance, shaving each morning after your cold shower and your setting-up exercises, and your habit is costly as your purse can buy. You economize on beggars and waiters, and live at your college club, where the food is so bad it reminds you of the old fraternity-house. Still, you get the stationery for nothing, and it gives you a certain cachet, or so you imagine. Your favorite book is your own bankbook, and you put by a little every month. You don't get married, and you're otherwise thrifty, neither drinking nor smoking nor going on parties, because if you really feel the need of recreation, can't you go to the movies or a theatre or a good restaurant all by yourself? You're really much better than most other people, and you've determined to get on, and so, perhaps, you will.

The program was working well enough for Charlie Horton. At twenty-eight, he was out of a teller's cage, and back of a desk and on the slow road to fortune. He had subordinates to whom he could be distant and severe, and two thousand dollars in his savings account, and a few good bonds, though he carried no life-insurance whatsoever.

So, on this bright Saturday afternoon he was sitting behind first base, among people he rather disliked, and watching the acrobatics of eighteen athletes for whom, as individuals, he felt a faint contempt. One of them he knew, though he hadn't spoken to him for years. They'd gone to school together. Joe Marchand had been a popular hero, and Charlie Horton had been almost nobody.

Joe Marchand was more or less a popular hero still, though most experts agreed that he was slipping a little. He played right field for the Eagles, and had batted .342 last season. His arm was still all right, but he wasn't so fast in the field or on the bases. That was to be expected. He was almost thirty.

Joe had never finished high-school. When he was seventeen, he was picking up a few dollars playing semi-professional ball, and then he played two seasons for Scranton and one in the Southern League. Somebody saw him down there, and picked up his contract, and ever since then he'd been in the big money. There'd been seasons when he'd made eight and ten thousand. It was generally understood that he wasn't getting anything like that any more, but Joe never said so. Whatever it was, he never saved a cent more than enough to take him and his wife and his three kids through the winter.

Outside of his family, the things Joe liked best were baseball, close harmony, and twenty-five-cent-limit draw. He had always been crazy about playing ball, crazy about every sort of sport, every sort of game. Boxing, horse-racing, ice-hockey, hunting, fishing, cards, dice, billiards, and even golf fascinated him always. He wasn't a drinking man, and he didn't chase around, but he did like to gamble, and to watch games, and to play them.

He weighed a hundred and ninety pounds, and his face and neck and hands looked as if they'd been dipped in some brown stain. After a game they'd won, or on the Pullman, or back at the hotel, he and Art Herman and Petey Grant would start harmonizing. Joe had a barytone voice, not nearly so good as he imagined, but he knew a thousand songs all full of barber-shop and pleasing sentiment, and he never forgot a new wow, a new combination of confluent chords. Songs in which there were two separate and distinct first-tenor parts were his delight.

The only people he disliked in all the world were fresh fans and fresh bushers, and even the bushers soon got used to Joe, and the fans didn't ride him, as a rule. Anyhow, he played in right field. Nobody took him too seriously, except left-handers; he could murder them. His one great weakness was this: he was a bad waiter. When the count was two and two, unless he had a signal, he'd be apt to take a crack at the next one, whatever it was, for to be called out on strikes without swinging just ruined his afternoon. Also, it did not give him much pleasure to knock one into the infield, even though he scratched a hit out of it. Joe liked to sock them. From his first days in the league it was his great delight to watch the fielders playing deep for him, dropping back toward the fence and the bleachers when he walked out toward the plate. He wasn't a scientific hitter, but he certainly could lean on them.

He'd helped to win two pennants; this year, the Eagles weren't even in the first division. That didn't worry him or any of them. They were playing away, in a big town they liked, against the leaders of the league, and the Eagles didn't think so much of them, outside of their pitchers. It was a double-header, and the games made a difference in the league's standing, though not to them.

Everybody felt pretty good. Contenders who amount to anything always like a crack at the champion, whether they beat him or not. Forty thousand people were out there to watch them, to jeer them in a pleasant enough sort of way, with the good-natured contempt of victors, even vicarious ones. It was August, the sun was nice, and not too bright, and the dry, scorched grass was good to feel beneath their feet. Some of them were kids, with years before them, some of them were on their way out, like Joe. Anyhow, they had this fine long summer afternoon.

The thing happened, in the beginning of the fourth.

Joe was coaching a runner on first, so he was nearest to it. He heard all the noise, the screaming, and turned around, and peered up at the stands behind him.

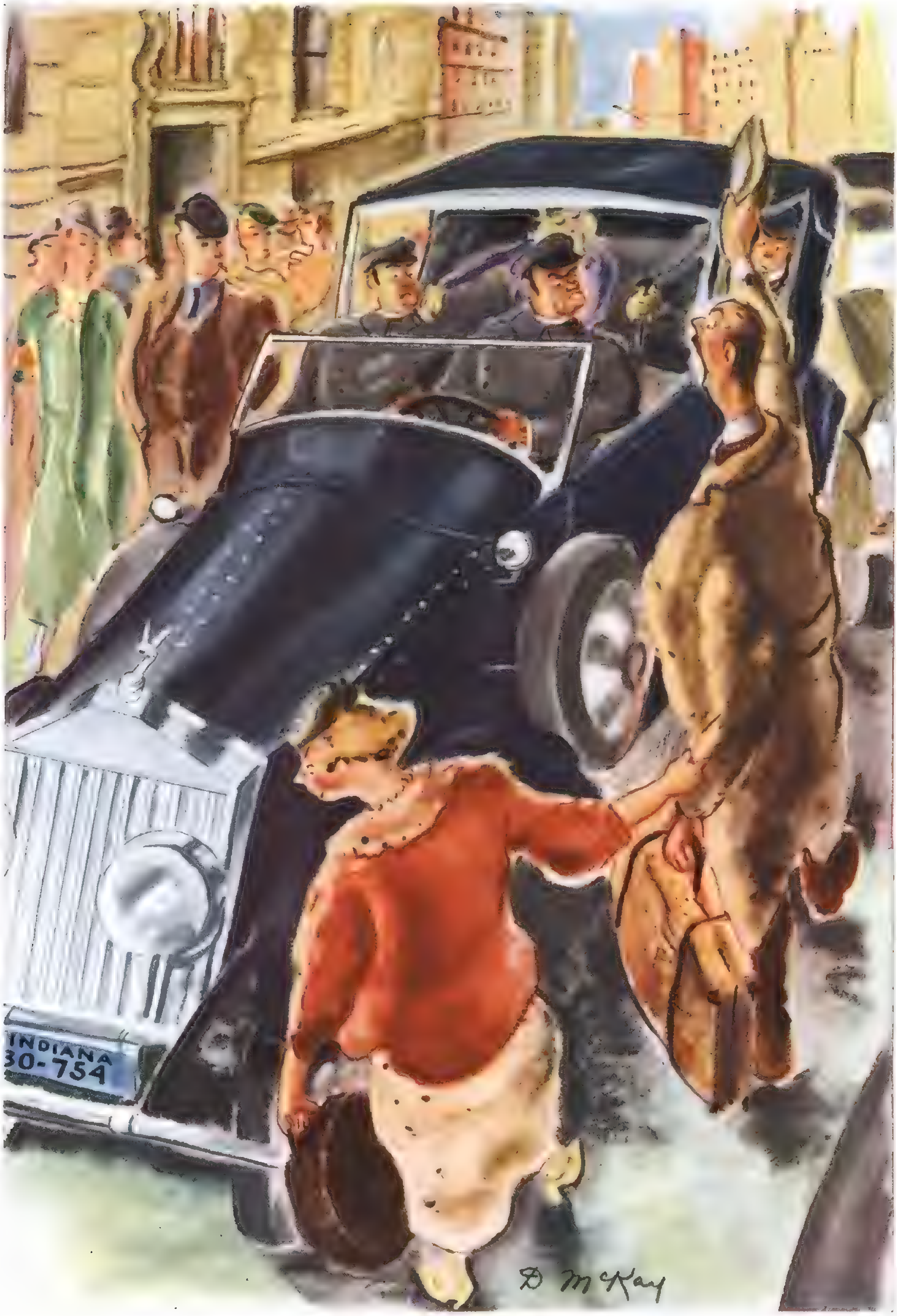
Just back of first base, the crowds were giving way to right and left, pushing and leaping. A sea of people was surging in each direction, and seats were breaking beneath them as they went, but there was almost nowhere for them to go. Out into the aisles they came, and fell upon those seated in the next section, and that in turn went rolling onward till the next aisle was reached. There was the crashing and creaking of rotted timber, the snap of the arms of broken chairs, the thin sharp yelp of men in fear.

The first-base stand was collapsing.

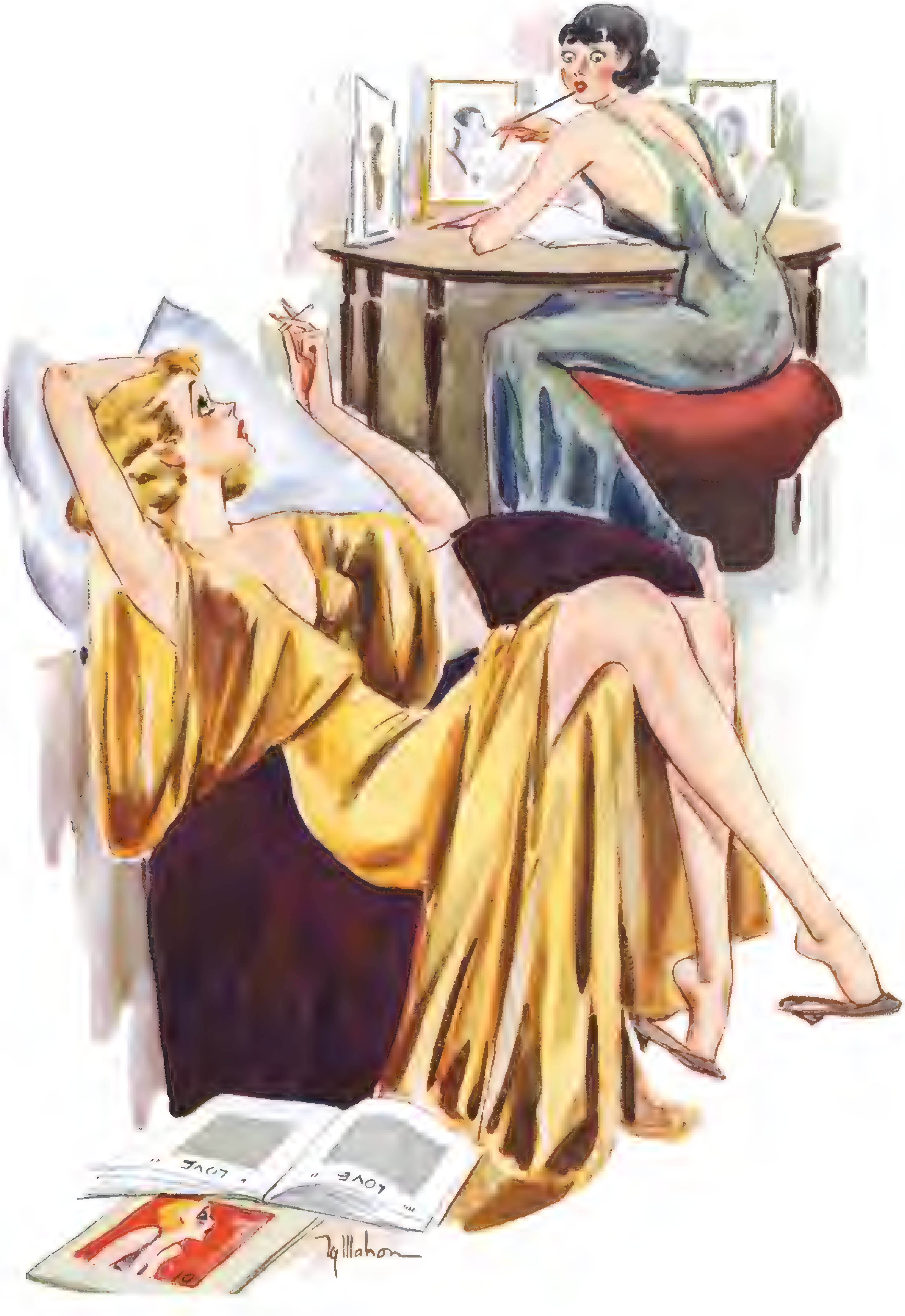
"Hi!" shouted Joe. "Hi! Come on, you guys." With that, he went into the falling stand.

He didn't know quite what he was going to do. All he knew was that he was going where the trouble was, to do his best. There weren't many followed him. A few policemen charged into that stand, too. Cops haven't much sense either.

Continued at top of page 132


INDIANA
30-754
D McKay

"Yoo-Hoo! We're from Fort Wayne!"


"LOVE"
"LOVE"
McMahon

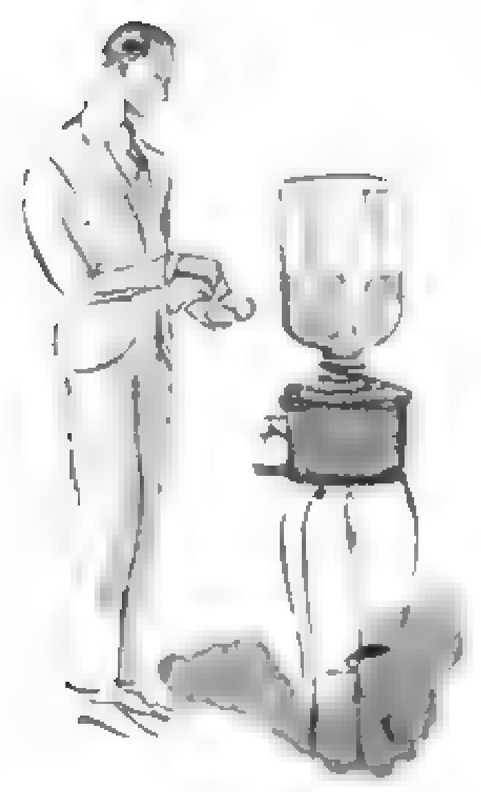
"I kept a diary once—but Mr. Bloom gave me hell"

Keep a Cool Upper Lip

Stiff collars are cooler than soft collars but the skin of the great toe is man's hot spot

by J. ROBERT BURKE, M. D.

▪ ARTICLE ▪



THAT perennial, and always exasperating, bromide "Hot enuf for yuh?" will soon become obsolete now that properly air-conditioned homes, trains, and places of business are increasing in number. Most of us, however, not yet able to afford having the air we breathe filtered, washed, cooled and dried, to meet summer conditions, must carry on the battle for comfort when the thermometer climbs and our arch-enemy "high humidity" pays his too frequent visits. Would you like to be cooler this summer? It can be done.

Why is heat produced in the body and how is it eliminated? As you are reading this, heat is being generated in your tissues, due to the metabolic chemical reactions which burn up the food you have eaten—be you vegetarian or not. When you turn a page, muscular activity occurs, and a great amount of the energy which is liberated to produce this movement is changed into heat. Fanning yourself may make your face feel cooler, but, actually, you are increasing your body heat. The greater the movements of your muscles, the more heat is developed; and if more heat is produced than can be eliminated, the body temperature rises and you feel hot.

Now to get rid of this heat. About three-fourths of the total heat loss from the body takes place through conduction, radiation and convection from the skin surface. The heat is carried by the blood stream to the skin, where it is dissipated. From this you will readily agree that free perspiration is necessary in hot weather. Every time we breathe, water is evaporated from the lungs and this takes care of the other fourth of the total heat loss. When the surrounding air contains a great amount of moisture, the possibility of evaporation from the skin is reduced and this accounts for our discomfort on a humid day. Evaporation is hastened by moving air, even though the current be very slight. That old saying "It isn't the heat—it's the humidity" was founded on fact. Discomfort, or more serious trouble, in summer is due to the fact that the individual is exposed to heat, is producing more heat by his actions, is in a place where body-heat loss is difficult or impossible, and has not taken enough liquids properly.

Female legs, and arms, have unlimited possibilities. Male legs are usually considered just a means of getting a man somewhere, and his arms prehensile aids which may get him into trouble when he does arrive, but they are really quite important in the problem of keeping one's self cool. Remember that 75% of your body-heat loss is from the skin surface, and since it has been calculated that two-thirds of the entire body surface is accounted for by the area of the arms, hands, legs, and feet, it behooves you to keep those areas exposed to the air as much as the law, and Mrs. Grundy, will allow. Experiments have shown that more heat can be lost in the legs than in the arms, and the further from the trunk the greater the loss. Women—whatever their original motives may have been, or still are—by completely exposing their arms and wearing less on their legs and feet, have certainly gone a long way in solving their particular heat problem. It is an interesting fact that the skin on the great toe is especially responsive to the necessity of the body to lose heat, as a definite relationship between the basal metabolic rate and the dissipation of heat from this toe has been established. That is probably why your feet swell more in summer. The present vogue of wearing sandals with all the toes, and most of the heel, exposed is good during warm days, but these areas need more covering when the evenings are cool.

It is high time for someone to devise more suitable summer-weather raiment for men. Something must be done to allow them greater exposure of legs and arms in polite society. All summer clothing should consist of light porous materials that will permit as much air as possible to reach the skin. During the past year, clothing manufacturers have been striving to produce goods of the lightest possible weight consistent with good tailoring, and shape-retaining qualities. These same manufacturers had no one but themselves to blame for the recent "Go Without" movement which is still flourishing and causing tremendous sales losses. First, men went without garters; then hats; then neckties; and soon after that, in some circles you were a sissy if you wore an undershirt. They did hold out against shorts—probably due to the fact that the average male is inherently more modest than his sister; although he seems inconsistent when you contrast the modesty of his street wear and his nudity on beaches. Perhaps it is a case of "Tous if by land and none if by sea."

You may think that the original motive in this movement was the desire to be "Collegiate" or in style, and that the economic saving, when considered, was the factor that sustained it. But, back of all that was the fact that men had, subconsciously, been seeking greater clothing comfort for years, and so when this trend, or fad, presented itself, it gave them a welcome excuse to start shedding things.

Garters were too wide and carried unnecessary gadgets. Dancing, or even walking, on a hot night made them soggy, irritating, and non-functioning fixtures. Straw hats, of the rigid sailor type, were altogether too heavy for comfort, while leghorns and panamas were too expensive. Neckties of heavy silk, or allied products, made the neck warmer and retained moisture too long. The pulling off of undershirts was merely a desperate gesture in seeking relief from the silk, and tightly woven broadcloth, shirts. The process should have been reversed. As for formal evening wear, the poor male, who had to push, or pull, varying weights during an evening of dancing, certainly deserves extra strings on his celestial harp for the suffering he endured under a boiled shirt, a vest, and a woolen coat. The only break he did get was that when he wore a low-wing collar, his Adam's Apple did get a breeze. Oxford dancing shoes, containing four or six eyelets, were not conducive to proper ventilation of his active feet. The fair sex, knowing that they were fetchingly attractive, and delightfully cool, in their two garments which grossed a few ounces, couldn't understand why their swains didn't jump at the opportunity of dancing whenever possible.

A decided improvement has been made in formal evening clothes. Dinner jackets are being made in very light-weight materials. Vests are backless and light. Shirts are pliable, but at the same time adhere to the chest line so there is no bulging. The new formal-shirt weighs just a bit less than half of previous ones. Trousers are of loosely woven serges. The old-fashioned, and cooler, dancing pump with its black ribbon is back. This is beginning to take on the tone of a set of fashion notes, so we'd better get back to our own skin-game.

Investigators have recently learned new facts about the normal action of water in our systems. The person who tells you that you are "all wet" is nearer the truth than

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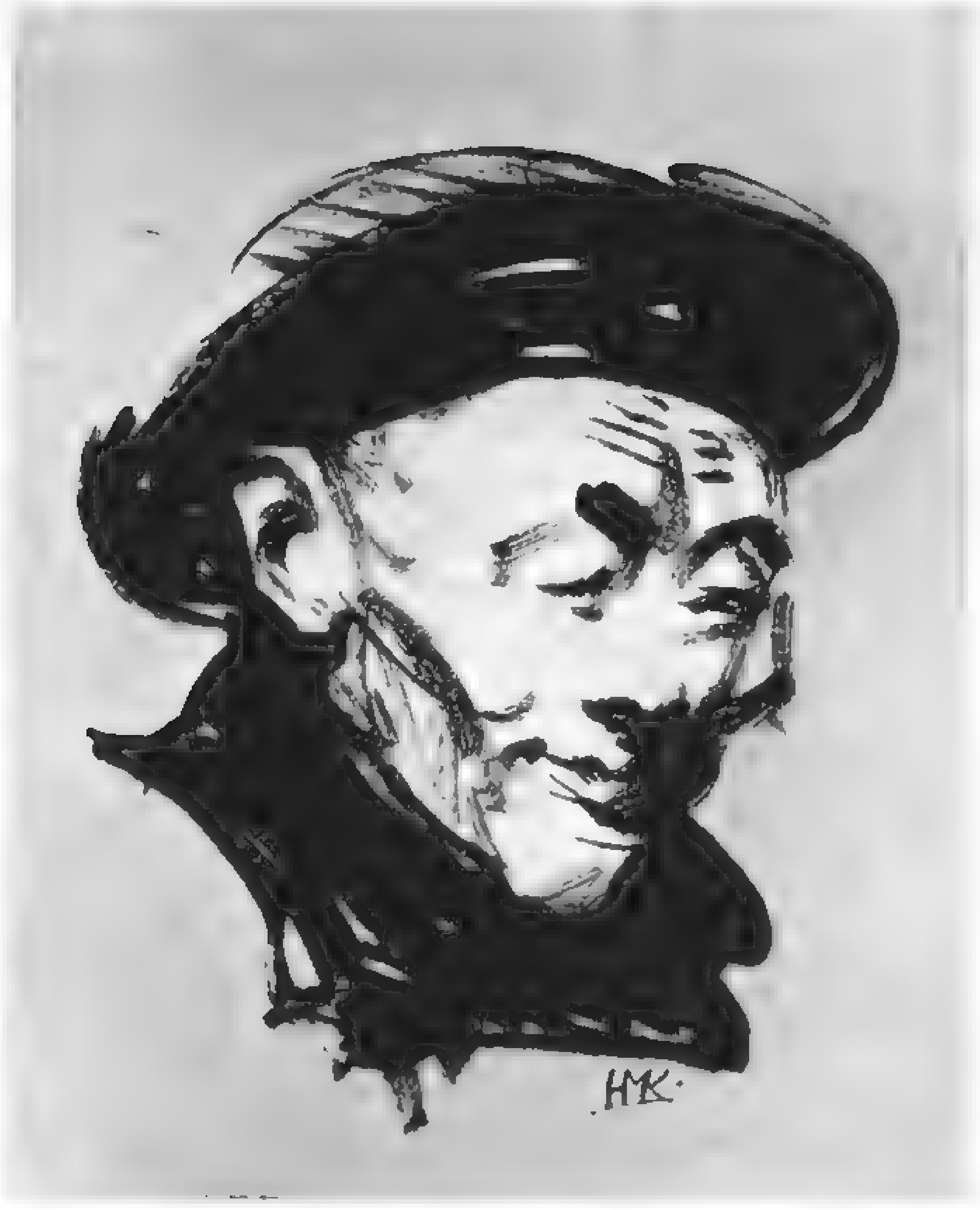
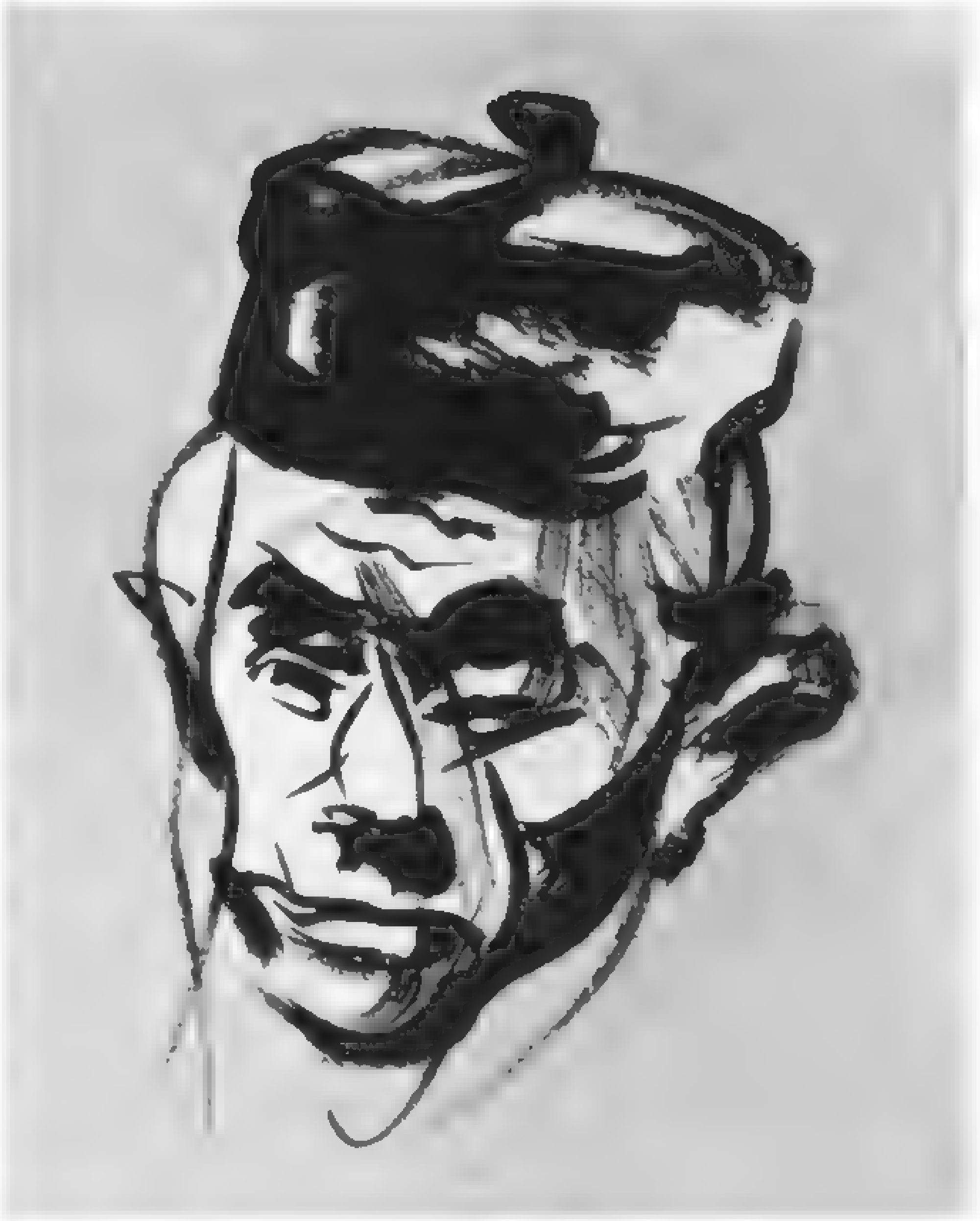
Two Gentlemen of Chinatown

Sad parable of a friendship that was too delicate and a courtesy that was too complex

by THOMAS BURKE

• FICTION •





This tale comes out of the lavender-blue distance of years and years ago, when street-bands were playing Sousa's new marches and when London had a Chinatown.

In that period, which to us is faintly aromatic, Young Fred was busy about the down-stream waterside earning his living. He did not earn his living by dealing in this or that commodity, or by manufacturing useful or useless things, or by working for other people's profit. He earned his living by the study of human nature. Novelists study human nature, and if they are good novelists they enrich the subject of their study. But almost every subject of Young Fred's study was a little poorer after Young Fred had studied him. As a gold-digger he could have given profitable lessons to the ladies of Broadway and the Riviera.

On the evening of a day that had been as dull as a wet day empty of business or friends can be, he sat in his back bedroom and stared at wet roofs and red chimney-pots. Things in his world were not going well. Money was running short; and worse—the supply of Mugs, the source of money, was also running short. He was faced with the problem of making bricks without clay, straw, old newspapers, or whatever bricks are made of. Black rain falling on grimy roofs is not a notable fount of inspiration, but Young Fred continued to stare through the window, and burn woodbines, until he reached that state of semi-trance which is the only invitation the Muses recognize.

It was when he was well sunk in this mooning and all-forlorn state that the Muse came. It came not *via* the black rain but *via* a band which was playing—or would have said it was playing—at the corner of his street. It had just finished transmuting a Sousa march into a dirge, and was beginning an air from a new musical play called *The Geisha*—a song about "Ching-chang, Chinaman . . ." when the Muse descended and slipped an Idea into a corner of his mind. At the moment of its arrival it had no shape. It was a mere homunculus of an idea. But within a few seconds it began to grow and to take an agreeable form. As it grew in his active mind, there emerged, from the corner where memory lives, two images which seemed fit companions for it. The images were Mr. Wo and Mr. Wum.

Young Fred had not made close and deliberate study of Mr. Wo and Mr. Wum, but in his normal passings to and fro they had come under his unsleeping observation. He had noted them and their characteristics, and had filed them in his mental cabinet for possible future reference. They appeared to him now as the perfect vehicles for the materialization of the Idea.

They were close friends. Their friendship was not the casual, intimate, all-confessing friendship of common Englishmen. It was a friendship of dignities and reserves. A stranger, even if he could have eavesdropped on their private talk, would never have guessed they were deeply attached to each other. Neither knew much about the other, or sought to know; did not know even whether the other was rich or poor. Theirs was a philosophical friendship. There was no warmth in their expressions; no Chinese equivalents of "Dear old chap" or "Man, you talk like a damfool." They went for slow walks together, talking little. They took meals at each other's houses, gravely and ceremonially; and though they had done this twice a week for some years, they still did it as though it were happening for the first time and they were the guest of a new acquaintance. When they did talk their speech was aloof and scrupulous in courtesy; mostly impersonal. But the bond between them, though imperceptible, was strong, and each knew that at any crisis he could call upon the other and be served.

Outside themselves, nobody knew, or had evidence for judging, that they were friends. Nobody, that is, save the exceptionally gifted Young Fred; and you could no more hide things from him than you can from children at Christmas-time. It was in their peculiar friendship that he saw his opportunity, and the morning after the arrival of the Idea he set to work to put it into action.

His first visit was to a postoffice where he bought a bill-stamp. On this bill-stamp he put some writing centering upon the figure of fifty pounds. He then went along the streets with that air of sober citizenship which is worn by all business-men when they are engaged upon some notably slimy bit of work. He maintained this air through most of that morning.

At the suitable hour of eleven o'clock he called at the home of Mr. Wo, and desired a few minutes' private conversation. In a little room at the back he explained to the courteous Mr. Wo that he was in business as a commercial and financial agent (which sounded as though it meant something, but gave no hint of its meaning) and that he had been approached, in ordinary way of business, by Mr. Wum. Mr. Wum, it appeared, needed, until the end of the month, a small loan; a mere matter of fifty pounds. At this Mr. Wo exclaimed that of course he would readily lend his friend that sum, or two and three times that sum. To which Young Fred hastily interposed a quick No. No; that was not Mr. Wum's way. He had no desire to incommode his friends by introducing wretched commercial details between them. He preferred to keep business and friendship apart. That was why he had approached the obliging Young Fred. Young Fred, on his side, was wholly willing to make the advance, and had no doubts at all of Mr. Wum's personal integrity. Still, business was business and commercial risks were commercial risks. So, as he knew that Mr. Wo was a friend of Mr. Wum, it occurred to him that Mr. Wo would have no objection to guaranteeing the bill. Mr. Wo assured him that his surmise was sound, and that he would have pleasure in doing as requested. Whereupon Young Fred produced the bill, and Mr. Wo brought out his writing-brushes and endorsed it as blackly and solidly as ever a bill was endorsed.

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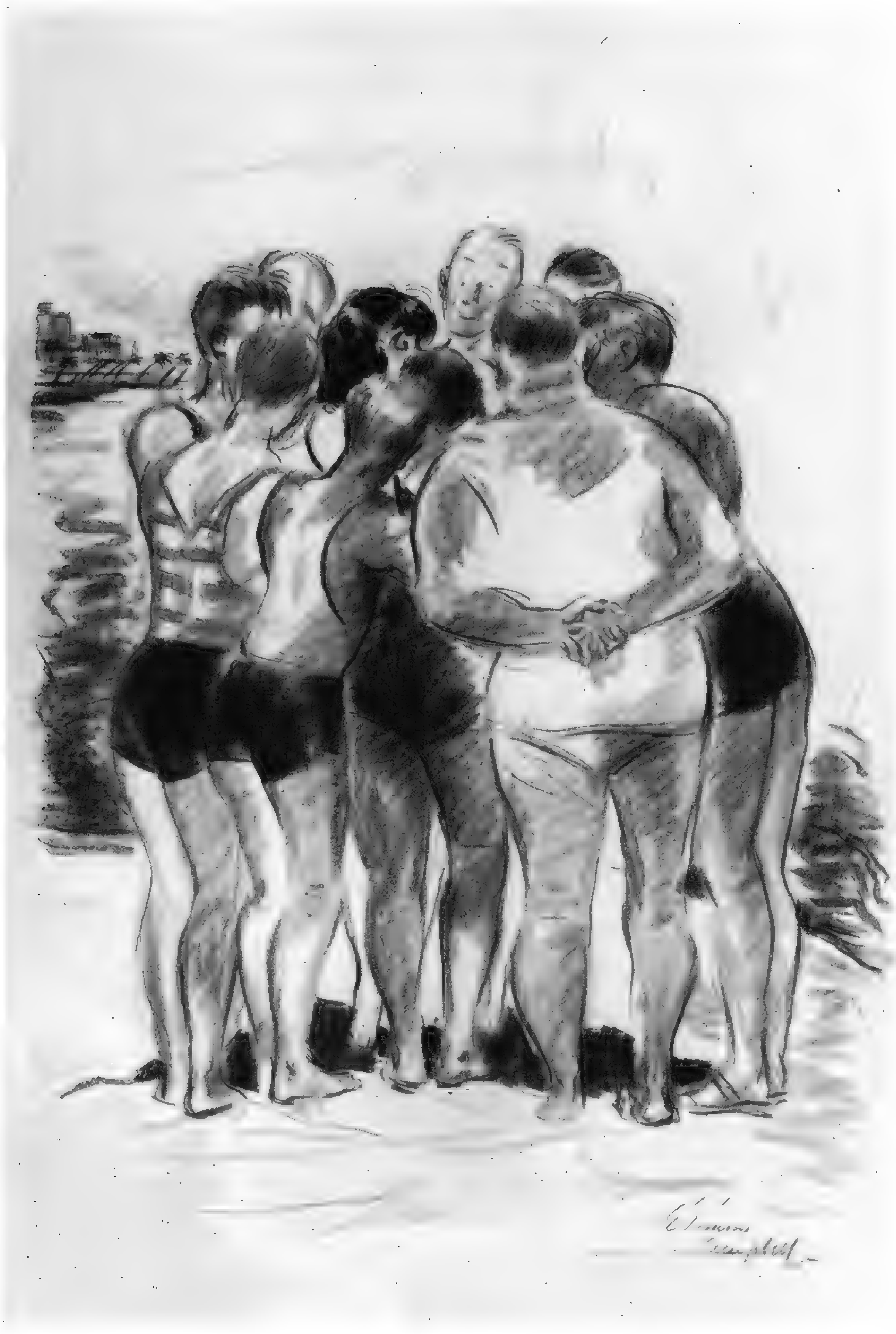

E. Simms Campbell

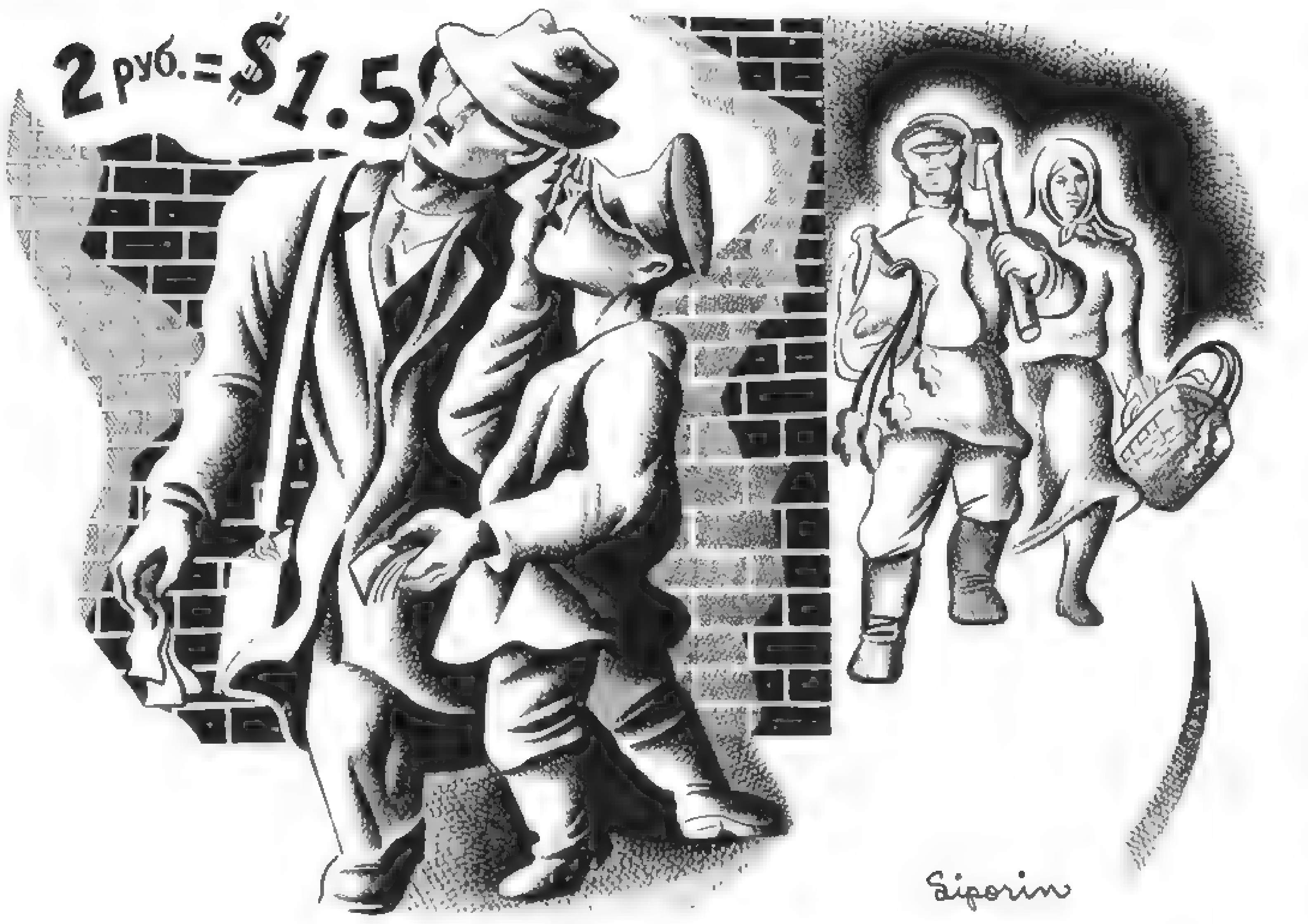
"Now tell us just where you lost your bathing suit, an' we'll find it for you"

What the Soviets Use for Money

A gold ruble is not a gold ruble because there isn't any gold ruble but if there was—

by FRED C. KELLY

• ARTICLE •



When I reached Moscow, on my first of two visits to the Soviet Union, I ingenuously expected to follow common practice in a foreign country and change part of my money into their kind of money.

I therefore went to the cashier's window in my hotel, laid down a $5 bill, and inquired how may rubles that would buy.

"The official rate for the gold ruble," said she—pronouncing ruble rube-lay—"is about 75 cents today, but of course we have no gold rubles." (That was in 1933. The rate now is about 90 cents.)

"When do you expect to have a supply on hand?" I asked.

"We won't have any," she replied, smiling at me sweetly.

"Then tell me where am I to get them."

"But you can't get them," she told me. "You see, they *don't exist.*"

It was beginning to sound so crazy I wondered if I had heard her correctly. In a ruble country and no rubles! Now, surely—

"A minute ago," I said, "you mentioned the value of the ruble in American money. Now you say there are no rubles."

"No gold rubles," she corrected.

"Well now, just on an average day," I asked, banteringly, "what kind of rubles *do* you have?"

"We have paper rubles," she replied, "but here in the hotel we do not accept paper rubles. We take only *valuta.*"

"You take only what?"

"*Valuta.* Foreign money. Dollars, francs, pounds—any kind of recognized foreign money."

A light began to dawn. "Let me see now," I said, "if I make you. As I understand it these gold rubles you told me about, but which do not exist, are simply an abstract idea to enable you to make prices on goods in terms of dollars or other foreign money."

"That's about right," she replied.

But my education was only starting.

I discovered that an ordinary souvenir postcard and stamp, bought at the stand in the hotel, would cost more than 20 cents and a stamp to send a letter by air mail to Paris would be nearly one dollar.

My social correspondence with friends at home seemed doomed to lag.

About that time, I heard an American engineer whisper something about sending a cablegram to America for only 14 cents.

I was becoming more and more bewildered over this strange financial system. Then I heard about the *black bourse*, that is, the forbidden practice of swapping paper rubles for dollars at a rate far below the official rate.

In this bootleg exchange, I learned, it is possible to obtain the ordinary paper rubles, in which all Russian workers are paid, not at the official rate, but for about 2½ cents each.

There is a heavy penalty for any Soviet citizen who engages in such traffic, but it has been going on and will continue until there is a plentiful supply of goods. Little boys sometimes sell rubles on the street. But already the situation is improving and the Soviets are looking forward to the day when with goods more plentiful, there will be no advantage in trading rubles for foreign money.

To understand what brought about this bootleg financial exchange, we must recall that, in the beginning of the upbuilding of Soviet industries, it was necessary for the government to pay out a vast amount in rubles to engineers and workmen employed in constructing factories and dams; and there was a limited amount of goods for which one could spend rubles after receiving them. The lower paid workmen had to spend their entire wages for the simplest necessities, but there were others who had more rubles than they could use. Factories were not yet in production and much goods, especially luxuries, had to be imported. The government could not afford to stock their stores with a great variety of goods. Moreover, the government was in great need of obtaining foreign money to pay on their foreign debts. Hence the greater part of the luxury goods they offered for sale was in Torgsin stores where only foreign money was accepted. Customers here were mainly tourists and other foreigners. If the better paid workers wished to buy luxuries, they had first to obtain *valuta* on the best terms possible.

Likewise, a foreigner, working in the Soviet Union, and paid in rubles, would have little to gain by saving his money, because one is not permitted to take rubles out of the country—nor to bring them in. If he bought goods, such as antiques, he could not take these home with him unless he showed receipts at the customs house to prove he had paid for them with foreign currency. Here again, there was great temptation to trade rubles for *valuta* according to whatever terms were dictated by supply and demand in the Soviet market.

Today if a tourist chances to obtain a few rubles at a low price, he finds his use for them is limited. They do show him a big saving in stamps and cables. But he can't pay his hotel bills with them. If he tries to buy goods in the Mostorg stores, the cost is almost as much as if he had gone to a Torgsin store and bought the same goods with currency he brought from his own country. In other words, prices are high because the supply of Soviet money still exceeds the supply of goods. People are still spending rubles the government paid out before they had much goods.

However, goods sold for rubles in stores open to the general public are not the only source of supply to workers. The government has said to its own people: "We'll try to give you your bare necessities at low cost, in your factory or other cooperative shops, but when you want more goods, you will have to take your chance in the open market."

Until a few months ago, bread could be obtained by a worker, in limited quantity, at a great bargain. Today ration cards for bread are no longer used since bread has become plentiful enough to be sold at a uniform price, no matter how much one buys. But the price is higher than was paid by one holding a ration card. The government has raised everybody's wages ten per cent to offset this higher price. Ration cards still exist for various other articles, but the government is now aiming to do away soon with all rationing and produce enough goods to let anybody buy all he desires at a uniform price.

It is inaccurate to say—and one hears such careless statements—that a Russian worker receiving 300 rubles a month is getting only the equivalent of that in dollars at the bootleg rate, or $7 or $8 a month. While those paper rubles won't buy many dollars,

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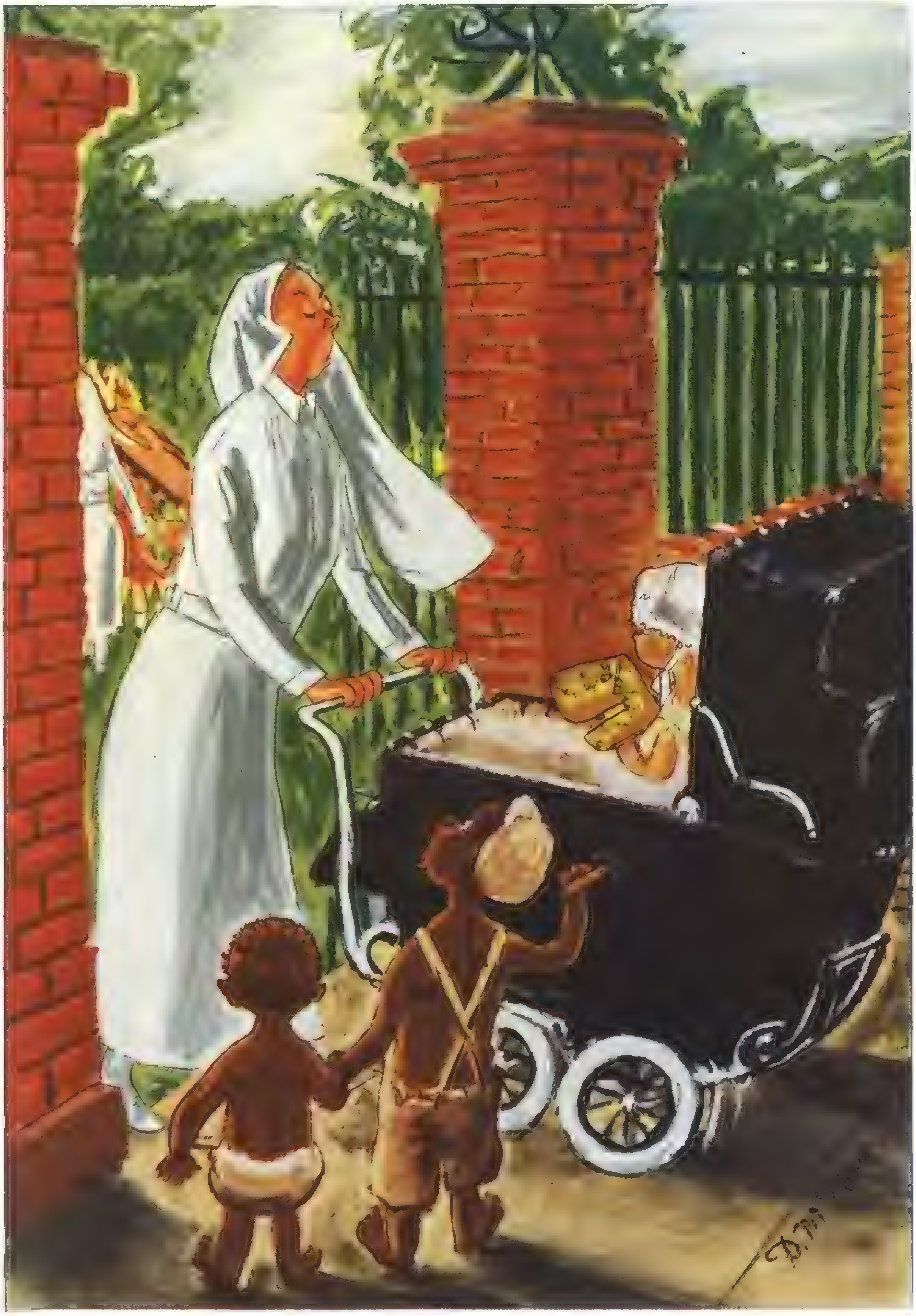
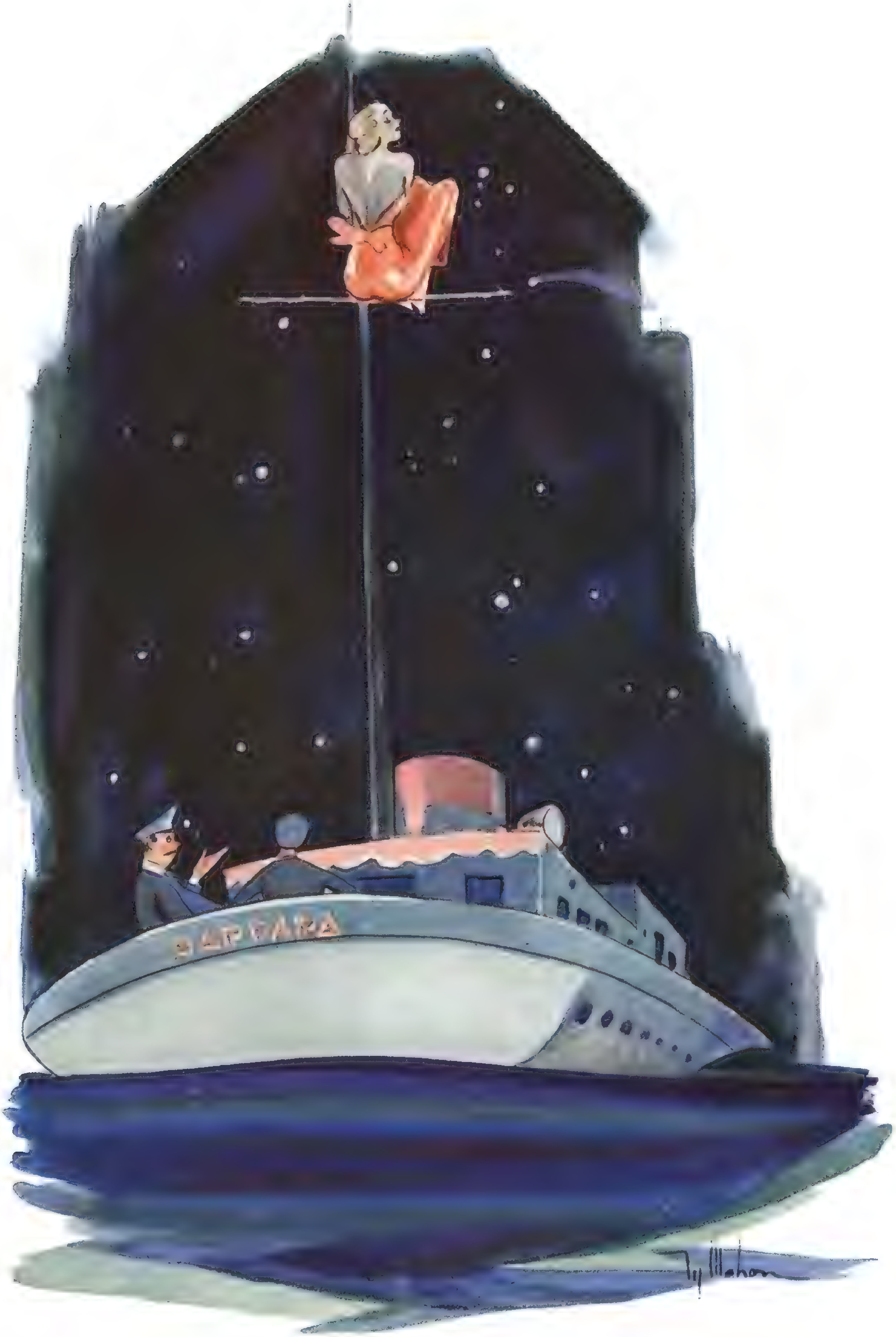




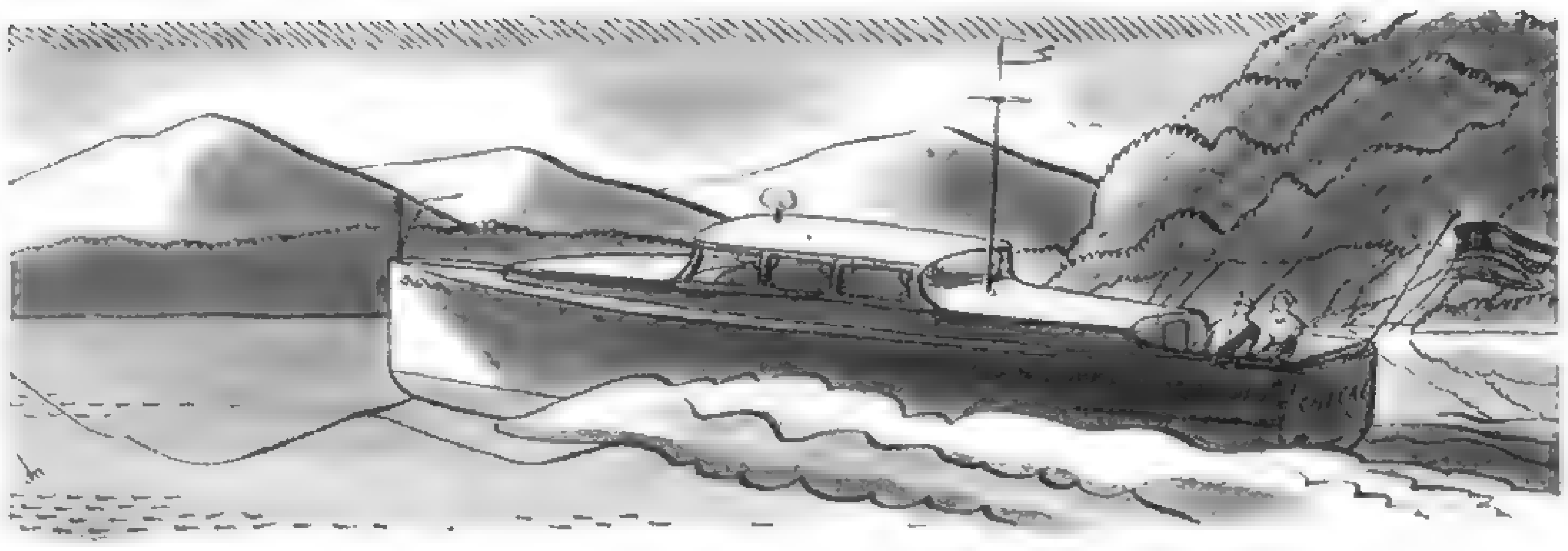
"She says she's going to stay up there until we reach land!"

The Gentle Art of Easy Cruising

A hundred miles of water are as good as three hundred when you are going nowhere in particular

by TRAVIS HOKE

• SPORTS •



EARLY in the spring a woman whose husband had just bought his first motor cruiser asked me: "How far north—well, anyway, how far toward St. Johns, New Brunswick, could we get in three weeks this summer? And could we get farther, do you think, by going the other way past New Jersey, Delaware, and Virginia—or whatever those states are south of here?" Since she was a charming young person I took the rest of the afternoon off to explain to her, with cocktails, why nothing I could say in answer would be right because everything she implied by way of question was wrong—utterly, crudely wrong, though of course I didn't put it quite like that.

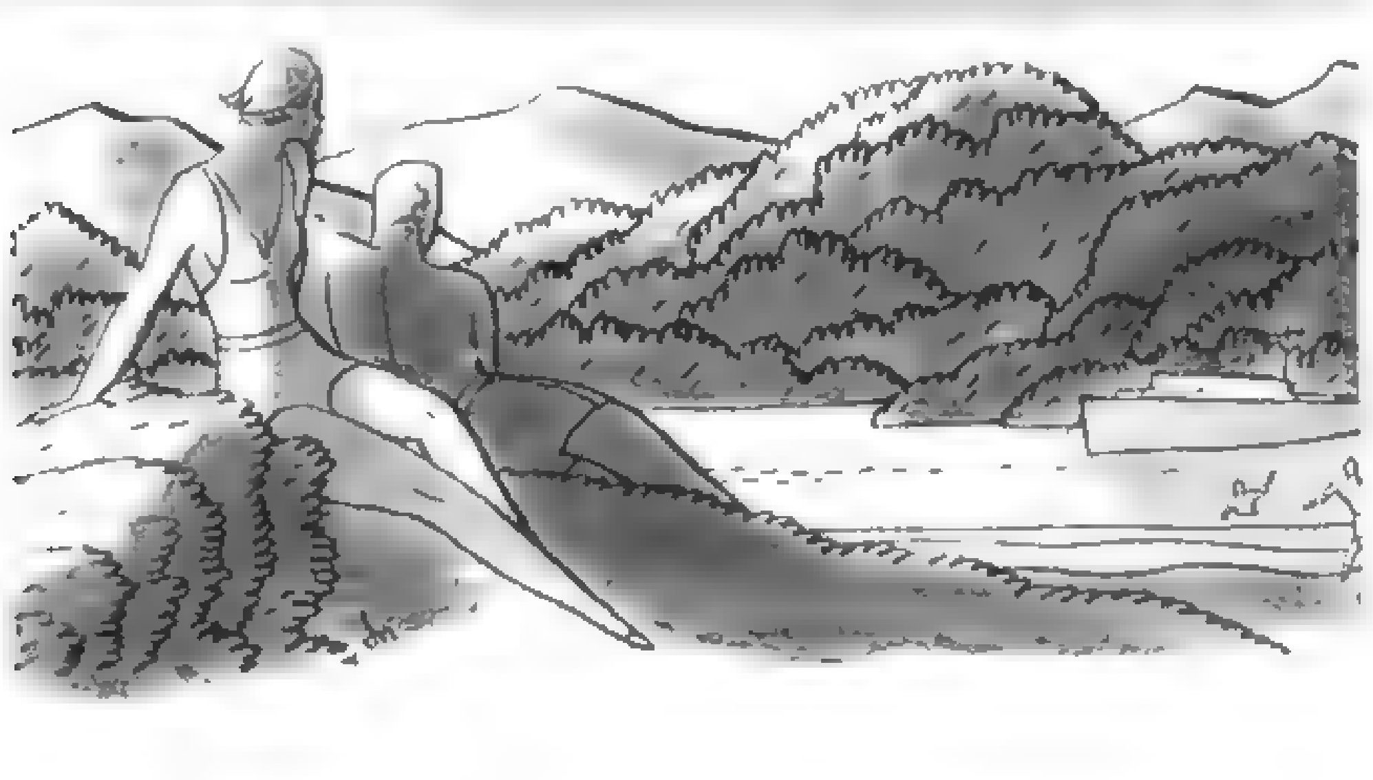
She and her husband were planning to spend half their holiday bucketing away as fast as they could so that they would have to spend the other half bucketing back as fast as they could!

That, they thought, was what one did on a cruise. After all, why not? A cruiser is a means of getting from one place to another, as well as something to live in, and the farthest places always seem the most delectable. I suppose most beginners feel just that way about it.

The trouble is, all too many never get over feeling that way. Plenty of veterans spend their time afloat rushing about as fast and as far as they can manage, trying to stifle, meanwhile, the suspicion that boating isn't what it was cracked up to be. Even when nature takes its course and they slow down to fewer miles-made-good and more hours at anchor, they have an uneasy feeling, to the end of the chapter, that they ought to be under way most of the time.

It comes down eventually, I suppose, to a question of what you think you can get out of cruising, and what you really can get, and it's my belief that there is more of the latter than of the former—and further, from observation, that beginners usually think they want something out of cruising that they won't like so very much when they get it.

The average man who takes up motor boating—and I exclude, here, the speed-boat people—does a good deal of dreaming about it beforehand. Which is just as it should be, except that he may not dream the right dreams.



Most men I have asked about it said that they imagined themselves going far out to sea, for instance, and those who, when the time came, got the right kind of boat for offshore work and set forth in her found that the ocean was not flat, as in their dreams, and that there wasn't much to do or see anyway, once they got out there. And so, when they had been convinced by sufficient tossing-about that there was nothing in the sturdy sea-dog business and betook themselves to quieter waters, they found themselves with craft they no longer wanted: space, comfort, speed, or economy of operation having been sacrificed to sea-worthiness. Even those who reach the stage of demanding a custom-built job frequently have, as that expert George F. Crouch puts it, a "mania to own a boat designed in all her essentials for deep water voyages during a North Atlantic winter, and then use her ninety per cent of the time for week-end cruises on Long Island Sound in summer."

Surely as common as the deep-water dreamers, and included, no doubt, among them, are those who, like my friends, dream simply of going as far as they can in a given time. It may be a habit gained from motoring on land, or it may be the general restlessness of the age, but whatever the cause, there seems to be hardly any one without actual experience who dreams of cruising as a matter of going little and idling much.

Yet I maintain that for those who really want to be on the water, and again, let us exclude such specialists as fishermen, Sunday picnickers, and those gay souls who keep a boat solely to do their revelling in, for us others the lazy, short-haul cruise—the easy cruise—is the thing.

What can you get from a motor boat cruise that you cannot get from a trip by land or air? Not speed, of course. But you can get a freer mobility, and more of certain kinds of comfort such as privacy and cleanliness and quiet; and sometimes economy; and you can get a new and different view of places and people—people met by water somehow are different from those met by land, and in my experience, easier and more likeable. And above all, you can get freedom: freedom of living—to sleep, eat, and dress as you choose—and freedom of movement—to stay forever or pick up and go whenever you want, unfettered by time tables or traffic lights or creeping processions of Sunday drivers.

You can get all these things, that is, unless you give them up for distance covered. You can get all this in a few miles of running provided you take a day to it, and you cannot get more in 80 miles a day, and you'll get less if you make it 160.

You can shoot right down the middle of Chesapeake Bay, running day and night, and turn around at Norfolk and shoot back, and you will not have had as much out of it as if you had set forth to explore every little inlet, with a maximum daily run of six hours, and had never got beyond West River. There are exceptions, of course, dictated by local conditions, but in general the way to get the most comfort and pleasure and whatever else it is that makes for the fascination of cruising is to start reasonably early in the morning, head for a safe, comfortable anchorage that you can reach by early afternoon—stop sooner if you come to a likely spot—spend the rest of the day sleeping, eating, fishing, loafing, and exploring the possibilities of the place afloat, aswim and ashore, and never to leave it for another until you have reasonably exhausted its possibilities. There is always a next time for the next place.

The pleasure to be had from a cruise depends obviously, on the nature of the cruising ground, to a large extent. Items such as interest, scenery, climate, the prevalence of fogs, the complexities of tide and current, are highly important, of course, but in general the best waters for the kind of cruise we are talking about are those with many bays and inlets and few large cities—it is no fun to pitch at anchor in an open roadway, or pick your way through driftwood, tugs

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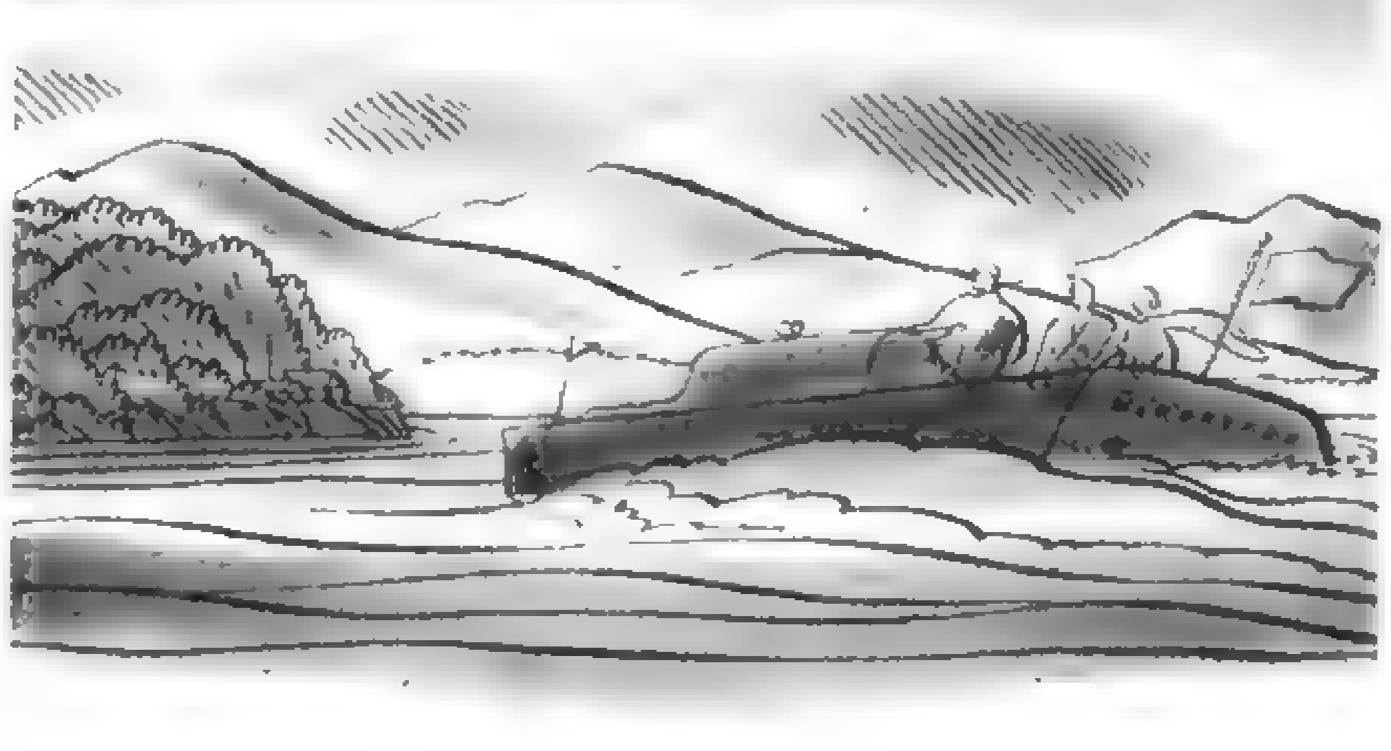


I Am Taken To Be Shot

Out of sixty marching to their execution under Cossack guns, seven had the will to escape

by ALBERT PARRY

• ARTICLE •

RESISTANCE was useless, as now we knew we were surrounded by the Whites on all sides. Those of us who still had rifles and revolvers began to fling them to the ground.

We were lined up against a fence and counted. There were exactly sixty of us. No one was allowed to shrink behind his neighbor, as several of us tried.

A bearded White peasant-soldier then called to us:

"Don't fuss, my lads. We are all Russians, we are all Greek-Orthodox."

He shook his rifle at us, but his face was tired and simple. My neighbor, a tall Lett, said darkly:

"However, we aren't all Greek-Orthodox."

Many were hastily destroying letters and documents. My brother had some propaganda literature which he had borrowed from a commissar and stuffed into his boots to protect his frost-bitten feet.

Now I helped him to extract the eloquent brochures from the boots and tear them into small pieces. A fellow-prisoner glanced at us and said:

"It's no use tearing those. We'll be shot right away just the same. Look—"

A carriage, once perhaps belonging to some landowner, was rolling toward us. The driver checked a pair of horses while two Cossacks turned at us the muzzle of a machine-gun placed in the back of the carriage. My breath came short.

I stumbled through the snow to one of the mounted officers, and shouted:

"Don't kill us, comrade, we aren't Reds! We were taken prisoners by the Reds and dragged along . . ."

"Get back!" yelled the officer. "Fall back into line, you bastard!"

I realized my mistake. I should have called the officer Your Noble-Birth or Your High-Birth or perhaps even Your Excellency. By force of my Red army habit I had called him Comrade, and he immediately knew I was lying.

No sooner was the last man driven into line than we heard the distant rumble of a renewed battle. A Cossack on a fine roan cut into the group of officers, and holding his hand in salute, reported some news. The news must have been bad because the officer addressed made a face and, in a breaking falsetto, gave a command to the carriage driver. The carriage lumbered away, over the ice and snow. And with it went the machine-gun.

There was a pause, and now I noticed that the peasant-soldiers who had captured us were gone. They had been relieved by some mounted Cossacks. The senior officer commanded:

"March all of them to the cemetery immediately." He pointed. "Use your rifles."

The officers rode off. The Cossacks herded us together, and we walked up the hill. Only now I saw that Sobolev and Zadrigailo were among the prisoners, also that there were three Red nurses. The two men had been the Czar's army officers before the revolution.

In fact, it was understood that Sobolev had held a general's rank in the old army. Now he said to the nearest of the convoy:

"At least you can spare our sisters of mercy. They didn't fight against you."

The Cossacks studied the young faces of two of the women. One of the horsemen remarked:

"We can make use of the wenches. What say, landsmen?"

Others grumbled their assent, but their sergeant wiped his nose on his glove and decreed:

"No, we'll shoot them, too. Plenty of women where we're going."

He waved toward Rostov, hidden behind the frozen hills and the early morning fog. So, thought I, our city also has been taken by the Whites. I turned to my brother as we marched, and said: "It's a pity the family won't even know where we are buried."

With these words the realization of impending pain and death pierced my whole being. I felt hazy. I became weak in my legs and arms. I wanted to vomit.

My brother walked in silence, his head bent downward, as was his habit. Then he said:

"What do you think they're going to do to us?"

The Lett lighted a cigarette and answered for me:

"Shoot us, of course. Many a White there was that I have taken prisoner and shot. Now it's my turn. That surely was a stupid way for us to be trapped."

As we walked, he quietly gave a description of the night battle. Our sentries had been cold in the bare, white fields. They had gone into a Cossack's house and fallen asleep.

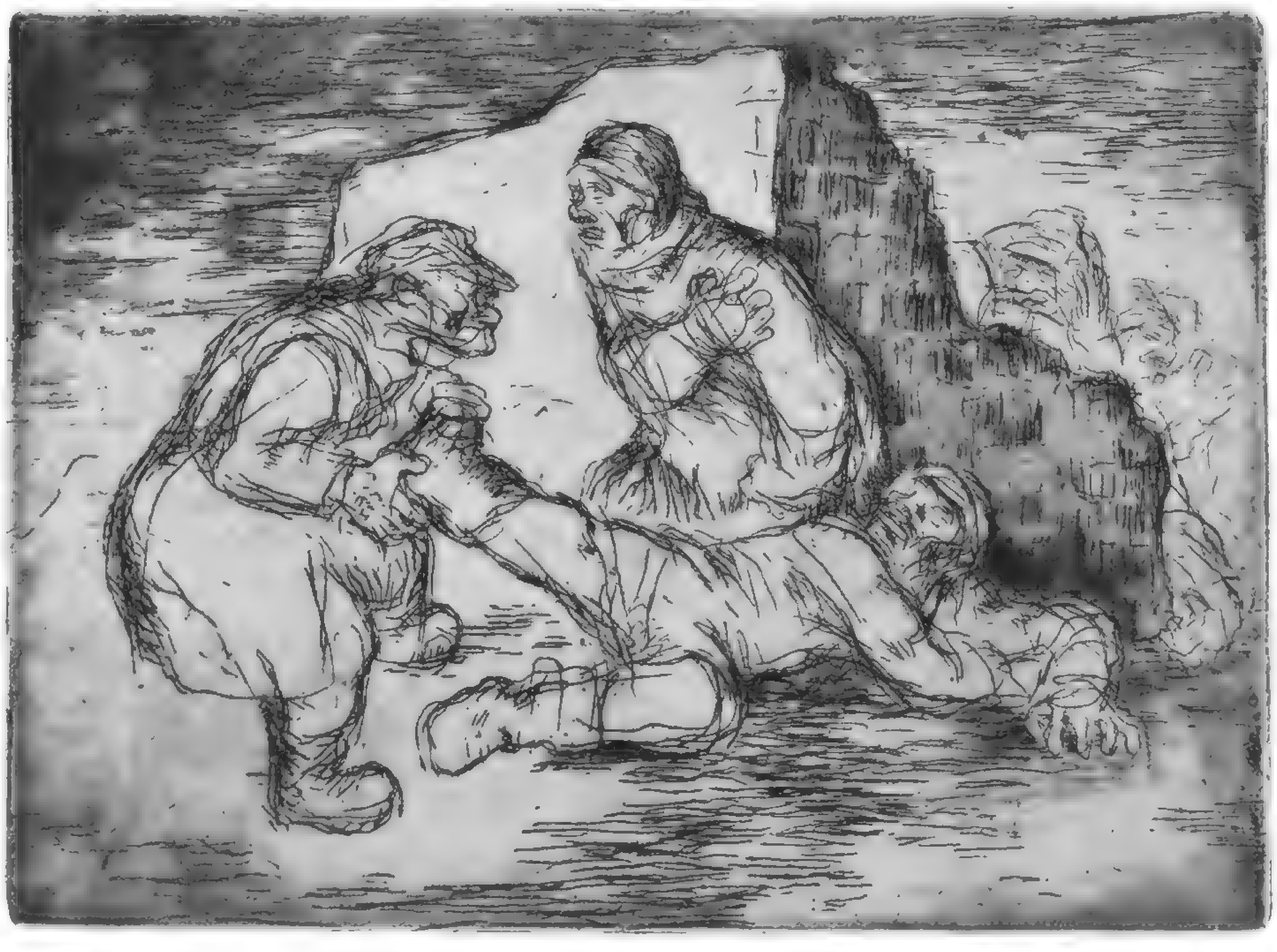
The Cossack women sent a message to the Whites to come and take all of us unawares. That was how it had happened, the devil take the sentries.

"They are in hell already," said Sobolev. "They were butchered in their nightshirts. The scoundrels even undressed when they went to sleep."

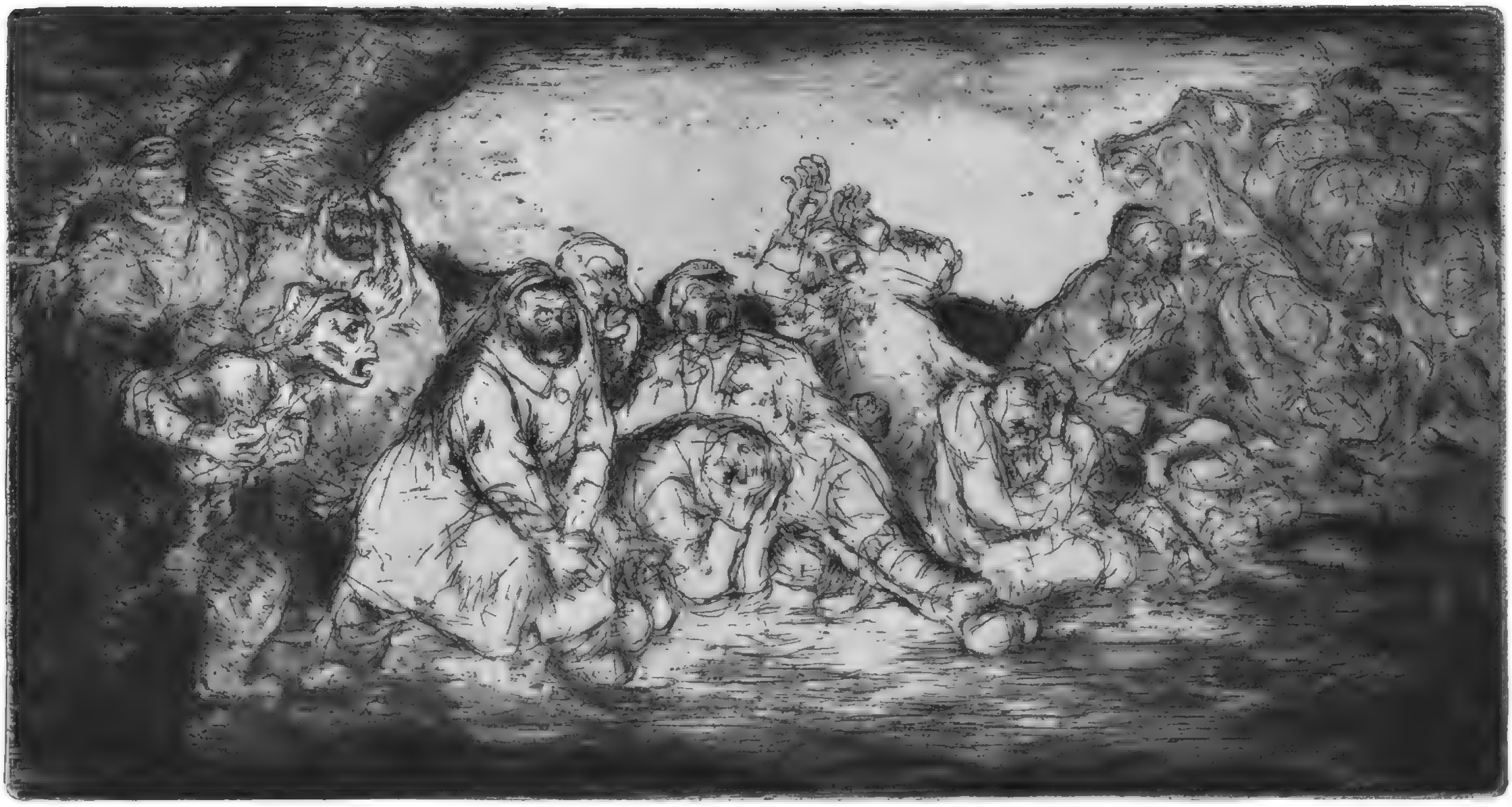
This seemed funny to a few prisoners. They laughed. But an old soldier right next to them clenched his fists and cried:

"Don't you know that you too will be shot in a minute? There is the cemetery, there!"

Tears flowed down his cheeks and stopped midway in the wrinkles. His voice shook in fury and self-pity. One of those who had laughed now bent to cut his new shiny boots with a knife and answered:



ETCHING BY JOHN GROTH



ETCHING BY JOHN GROTH

John Groth

"Death is not a wife, you can't chase it away."

A blond man seconded:

"Death is not an inheritance, you can't refuse to take it."

Then he asked:

"Why do you cut your boots?"

His friend answered:

"These Cossack vultures shan't use them. I want these boots to die when I die."

Then we all walked in silence. My brother shivered.

"Don't," I said to him, "maybe it's for the best . . ."

"I am cold," complained my brother. "The Cossacks took my overcoat and gave me this."

Indeed, his fine warm overcoat, which had belonged to a military doctor, was gone. In its place there was a White private's coat, torn and bedraggled, with one shoulder-strap dangling.

"Don't worry, comrade," said the Lett, "you won't feel the cold in another minute."

Again there was silence. One of the nurses tried to smile at a Cossack, but her smile was wan. The Cossack wasn't impressed. We marched on.

"Oh I can't," said my brother, "let's try and escape."

He edged himself out of the column, but a Cossack yelled out and waved his sabre over my brother's head. My brother ducked and lost himself among the prisoners.

I followed him and clutched his arm. I do not remember what happened after that. I know that we walked; I remember faces, voices, but all these floated before me while an utter sense of unreality, of non-existence, of finality that had already arrived, numbed me.

Then we stopped. The prisoners were talking more loudly than before, and I understood that something had happened.

"The convoy," said the Lett, nodding toward the steppe.

"The convoy what?" I asked.

"The convoy has left us."

"Are we free? We won't be shot?"

"Oh no, they just ordered us to wait for them. They just killed a Red and are busy robbing him. Our turn will come directly."

In his precise and quiet manner he explained. There was a Red cavalryman, he said, who had tried to be clever. When by the end of our retreat he saw that we were surrounded, the cavalryman had changed the Red stripe on his hat for a white stripe and thought that the safest place for him would be with the Cossack escort which was taking us to the cemetery. He had played the role of victor instead of victim.

But he overplayed. To ward off any possible suspicion on the part of the White Cossacks, the cavalryman boasted to them of the innumerable Reds he had captured and killed. While talking he rolled a cigarette and stopped his story long enough to say to a Cossack:

"Comrade, give me a light."

The word "comrade" had betrayed him as it had many another. The Cossacks immediately ordered him to alight. As soon as he was on the ground they led him aside from us, and there shot and killed him. As he fell, gold coins rolled from his pockets.

On seeing this, the Cossacks jumped from their horses, and now while some of the men fought among themselves for the coins in the snow, others were busy searching the pockets of the warm corpse for more booty.

"The dog," muttered the Lett, "he joined the Red army to loot, and now he has met his end." He spat toward the distant Cossacks and their victim, and added: "However, we who joined the Red army for its ideals will meet the same end in a few minutes."

"Why not escape?" I cried. "Now!"

Everyone heard me. The prisoners turned their heads toward me. They contemplated me, the sky, the road, and especially the distance between the Cossacks and our group.

"Impossible," said Sobolev. "We had orders to stop and wait for the Cossacks. We must obey."

Zadrigailo smiled and said:

"Don't talk nonsense, comrade commander. You have lost your wits. Still, we can't run. The Cossacks will shoot at us."

"Damn you!" I raged. "Damn you with your puny logic! If we stay here and wait for them we'll be killed, all of us! If we run, some of us will be killed but some will escape. Don't you see?"

No, they did not see. They were ready to die. Though willing to take any chance in battle, they would not dare once the battle was over and they were prisoners doomed to death. Even the sensible Lett unexpectedly joined them in their Slav fatalism. Out of the fifty-nine prisoners only six, including my brother, pushed their way through the crowd to me.

"Well," said one of them, "hurry up, or it'll be too late. Lead us!"

I looked at them puzzled. Again I felt hazy and weak.

"Come on, lead us!" shouted a young soldier.

I looked at his hat of shaggy sheepskin. I looked at his bold eyes. And then I turned and ran. I ran followed by my brother and five others. Those who stayed behind called to us:

"Hey, where are you going?"

But we did not answer. We were running away from the prisoners. We were running away from the captors who now, too, shouted:

"Stop, stop! Hold them!"

The Cossacks were running after us, pulling their horses by the bridles, shooting at us in much confusion. We dashed wildly, waving our blue chilblained hands at one another, our hearts beating, our lips covered with frozen saliva.

The bullets flew past us, above us. But I was alive. My brother too was alive, running by my side, breathing in gasps, his head low between his shoulders, his eyes mad with tears and fear and the desire to

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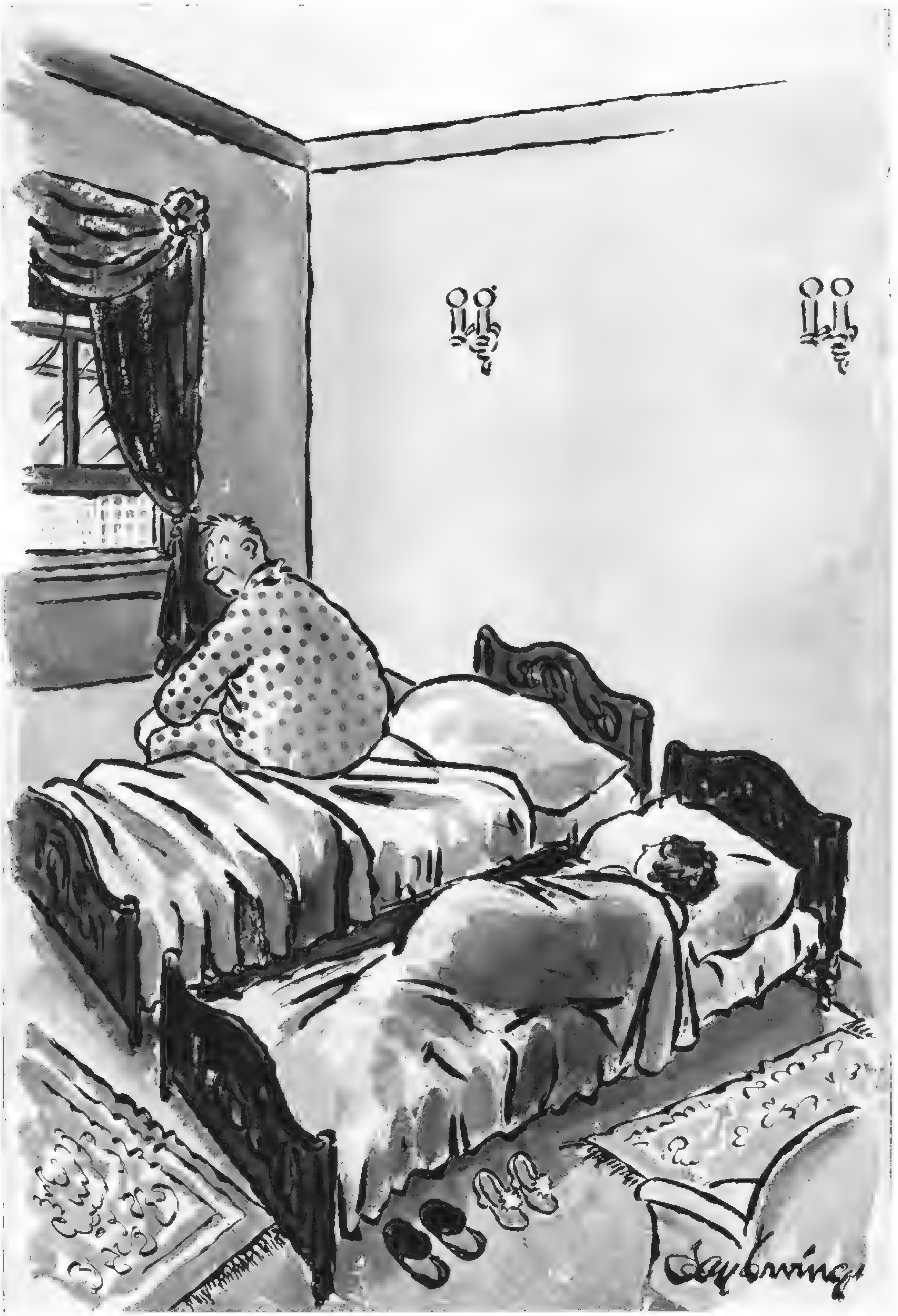


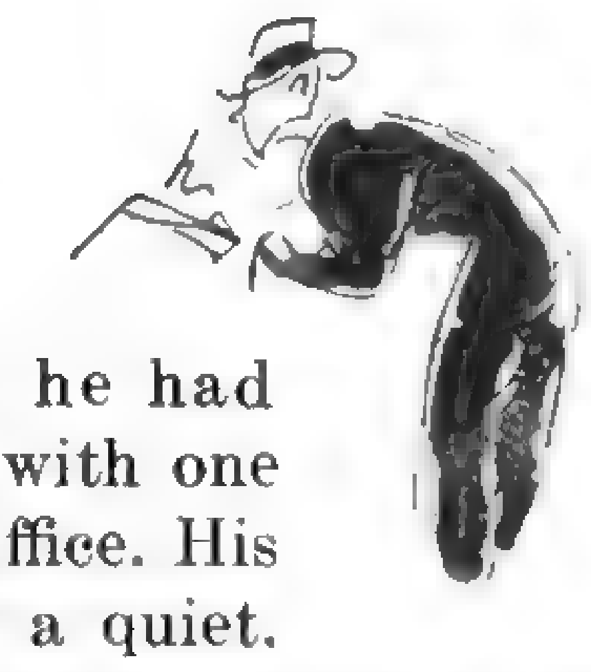
"Where on earth did I leave my slippers?"

Newspaperman's Purgatory

Between Brikbatz and Bronx angles The Home News reporter learns a celebrated craft

by JOHN F. DeVINE

• ARTICLE •



PURGATORY, the Oxford Dictionary says in part, is "a place of temporary suffering."

In the twenty-seven years that *The Home News* has been the "Bible of the Bronx," and in the fourteen or fifteen years since Lucius T. Russell came out of the west to found the Newark *Ledger* these two newspapers have become the most famous stopover spots in American journalism.

Known to newspapermen from coast to coast *The Home News* and the *Ledger* probably have provided temporary jobs for more than a thousand reporters and copyreaders who have gone into the New York metropolitan area in search of journalistic fame and, such as it is, fortune. With shining eyes turned toward Park Row, innumerable newspapermen, good, bad, and adequate, have walked with springy step up the ramps at Grand Central and up the stairways at Penn Station, only to learn that if they would eat they must take a tube train to Newark, or tarry a while in the Bronx, to await a vacancy downtown. And though their background may have been built from years of experience on country weeklies or on metropolitan dailies they have found in the Bronx and in the *Ledger* office a journalism that was, to put it mildly, different.

Unique in the history of American newspapers *The Home News* is the only big town daily ever to become an outstanding financial success through the somewhat paradoxical expedient of ignoring every precept of metropolitan journalism. Prosperity was achieved in the world's largest city, and has been retained albeit in a slightly lesser degree since 1930, by rigid adherence to a small town newspaper policy.

The Bronx, Harlem (white), and Washington Heights constitute its world. Nothing that happens in Asia, Europe, Ohio, or, for that matter, even in nearby midtown Manhattan, rates more than a paragraph or two—unless it has a Bronx angle.

The beginning of the world's first large-scale Socialistic experiment might have gone unsung in the Bronx, had not Leon Trotzky once worked as a tailor in New York city's northernmost borough. Circumstances being what they were, and the policy of the paper being what it was, *The Home News* recognized the Soviet *coup*, under the headline:

Bronx Man Leads Russian
Revolution

Shortly before he fought Dempsey in Philadelphia, in 1926, Gene Tunney bought a home for his mother in the Riverdale section of the Bronx. *The Home News* story of the Shakespearean scholar's first victory over the Manassa Mauler carried this head:

Gene Tunney Brings Championship
To The Bronx

In the days prior to the depression, which affected *The Home News* principally because its publisher, James O'Flaherty, had chosen an unfortunate time to spend several hundred thousand dollars on a new building, *The Home News* employed seventy-six editorial workers. Forty-eight of these were district reporters, whose major task was to fill the district pages with names, names, names, and still more names. Working in two shifts, twenty-four on the day side and the rest at night, the district men covered every club meeting, birthday party, wedding, and *bar mitzvah* that took place between 125th Street and Pelham Bay Park.

The stories of these fraternal and social gatherings were followed by series of "Brikbatz," designed solely and simply to get into the paper the names of every lodge brother and guest. The grind of writing four solid columns of copy a day, including a couple hundred "Brikbatz," is apt to pall on the most fertile reporter, with the result that paragraphs which sparkled were rarely to be found.

But there was one notable occasion on which a tired night side reporter departed from the custom of writing "Brikbatz" which said nothing and meant nothing. A blasé copy desk, weary and eyesore from editing insipid paragraphs announcing that "George Appleby talked longer and louder than anyone else at the meeting," and that "Effie Ellerton insisted on being allowed to blow out the candles even though she wasn't the birthdayite," was brought suddenly to life as the fine, bright sunlight of a Bronx morning was caught and held by one brikbat which stood out as a beacon in the copy of a district man who was destined to become, a few years later, a high-powered Hollywood press agent. Inclined even in those days toward press-agenting he had learned early to write with one eye on the Will Hays office. His brikbat, written about a quiet, unobtrusive Bronx housewife, was short, but enlightening.

"Mrs. George D....," it read, "denies she has ever been in a bawdy house."

Commenting on the comeliness of a Bronx maiden, a copyreader told one of the more scholarly district reporters "she would make a good lay." Two days later those *Home News* readers whose minds ran more to modern slang than to classical allusion found it difficult to fathom the brikbat which passed on the information that "a well known young Bronx blade believes Miss Ethlyn T.... would make an excellent lyric, if well handled." The reporter who wrote that has gone on to better things, and now is on the staff of the New York *Times*, where he doesn't have to write "Brikbatz."

With a daily circulation of 130,000 and Sunday distribution of 175,000, *The Home News* has been built up by Mr. O'Flaherty, who inherited it from his father. Even before it was moved into the new building, it was said to have been the most valuable newspaper property in New York State, with the exception, of course, of Manhattan. Mr. O'Flaherty is reputed to have refused an offer, made by William Randolph Hearst, of three million dollars for the paper. Hearst retaliated by starting a Bronx and Harlem edition of his *Evening Journal*, but this never has made a dent in *The Home News*.

As an outlet for the dynamic energy of its managing editor, Harry Goodwin, a former song writer who transferred his creative efforts from the sloppy lyrics of Tin Pan Alley to the task of building a better Bronx, *The Home News* has conducted numerous municipal crusades to clean up the toilets in the uptown subway and "El" stations and to reduce fire hazards, not only in Bronx tenements and apartments but in summer hotels a hundred miles up state, for it is in those hotels that Bronxites spend their summers.

Because its managing editor regards his paper as the watchdog of Bronx interests, *The Home News* has on its staff one of the most astute City Hall reporters to be found in New York.

Politically independent, *The Home News* supports the candidates whom the Messrs.

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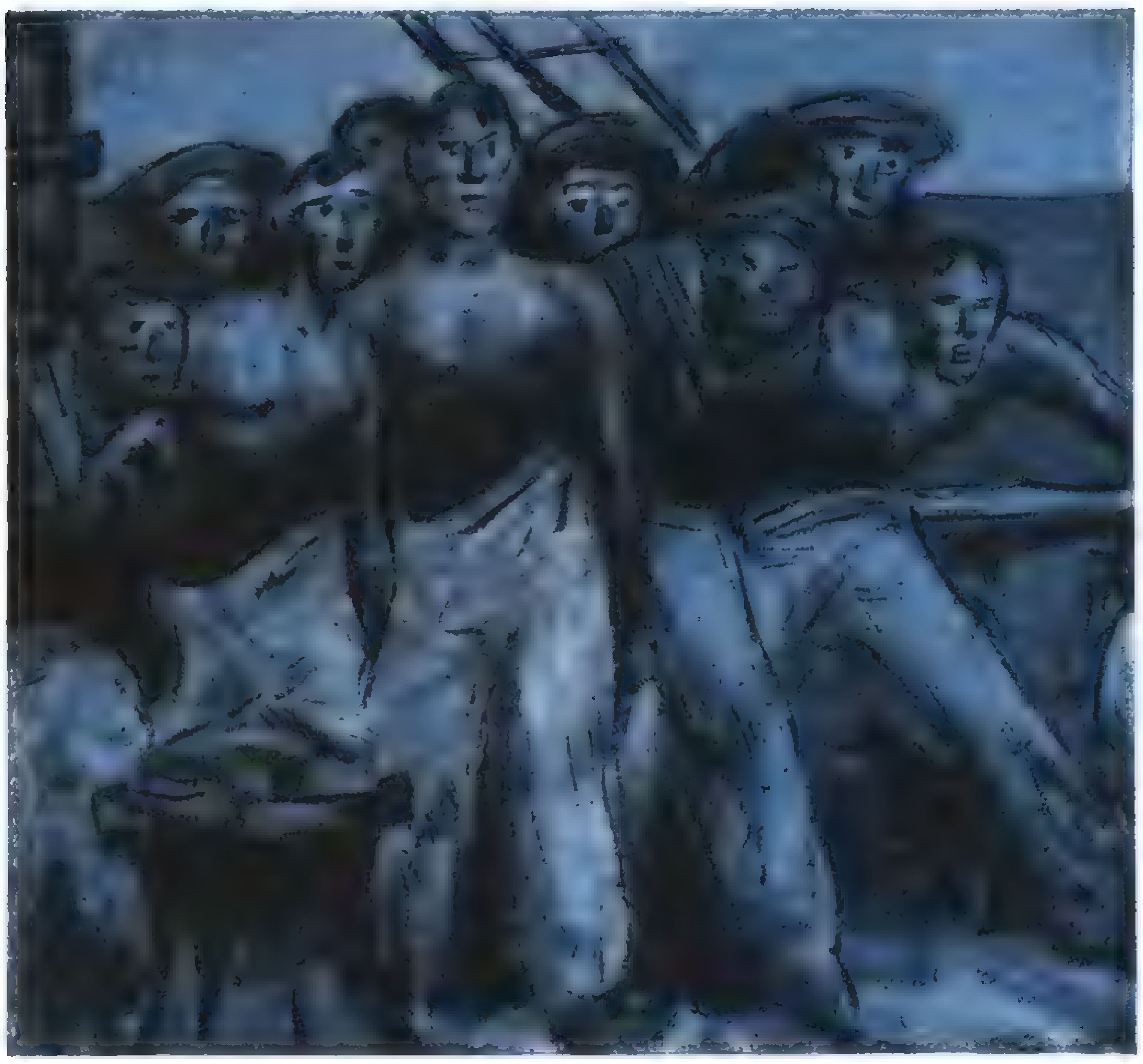
Mutiny on the Brig Somers

When a captain and his officers held court and decided to hang three navy men from the yardarm

by HANSON W. BALDWIN

• SEMI-FICTION •



PAINTING BY ERIC LUNDGREN

With the sea chuckling beneath her forefoot, and royals, skysails and stu'nsails bellying taut in the soft breath of the northeast trades, the United States Brig *Somers* bowled gently over a tropic sea towards Charlotte Amalie, Danish West Indies.

It was the second dog watch, Friday, November 25, 1842; the sudden twilight of the tropics had faded swiftly into the shadowed splendor of night. Overside the bow wave curled quietly aft in a fine feather of white and phosphorescence gleamed briefly golden in the dark waters.

On deck the running rigging had been neatly coiled, the boat falls flemished down, the spit kids stowed beneath the spar deck guns and the ship was settling down into the restless sleep of night upon the ocean.

Aft by the wheel were the officer-of-the-deck and the helmsman, their sun-tanned faces sharply etched in the faint glow from the binnacle. Forward near the bitts, J. W. Wales, the purser's steward, was lolling, taking the air after supper and smoking a bed-time pipe. There were few others on the spar deck except the watch.

Wales puffed out a strong mouthful of smoke and turned to find Midshipman Philip Spencer at his side. Spencer made some remark about the weather; Wales answered in an offhand manner, for Spencer, though he was the son of John Canfield Spencer, Secretary of War in the cabinet of President John Tyler, was not popular with his shipmates—"he was a constant offender in a matter in which a self-respecting officer may never offend; he was always trying to bridge an unbridgeable distance in rank between man and officer."

"Come up on the booms with me; I've something to say to you."

Spencer's eyes gleamed, and Wales, startled and curious, knocked the ashes from his pipe, accompanied the midshipman aft and clambered up on the clutter of boats and spare gear stowed in the booms.

It was black dark on the booms; only the faint pin-prick of the stars relieved the sable of the sky. Spencer's sudden strained voice broke through the gentle creak of cordage and the slap of waves:

"Do you fear death?—Do you fear a dead man?—Are you afraid to kill a man?" Wales, frightened, edged away and answered something that seemed to satisfy the midshipman.

"I don't doubt your courage at all; I know it. But can you keep a secret and will you keep one? If so, take the oath—."

Word for word and phrase for phrase, the steward repeated after Spencer a solemn oath never to reveal to any person the conversation which was about to take place between the two. Then, with the soft winds soughing through the shrouds, Spencer told the horrified Wales of the details of a plot to murder the captain and officers, to seize the brig and to hoist the Jolly Roger to her maintruck.

"Feel of my neck-handkerchief," he commanded.

Wales did so and there was "a rumpling which showed that there was a paper in the back part of it."

Spencer told him there was a "secret writing" in the paper—the plan and stations of the mutineers. There were about twenty of them, he said; they would start a fight on the forecastle; Spencer would bring the men to the mast and get the officer-of-the-deck to come and settle the difficulty; as soon as the officer got to the gangway he would be seized and thrown overboard. The scuttles to the spar deck from the cabin and steerage, the only exits to the deck from the officers country, would be guarded, the arms chest opened, and all officers and others who did not fit in with Spencer's plans would be murdered.

There was much more of it; for half an hour an eager excited torrent of words poured from the lips of the 19-year-old midshipman—the Isle of Pines, the skull and cross-bones, piracy, captured ships scuttled without trace, blood and gold, beautiful women—"It was his object . . . to select such of the female passengers (of captured ships) as were suitable, and after they had used them sufficiently to dispose of them—." Spencer gloated and his eyes flashed as Wales, dissembling and scared, cringed back against the cutter strakes.

Spencer gave Wales no chance to reply; towards the end of his monologue—it was about eight bells and the watch was stirring about the deck—he called out to a seaman, Elisha Small, who was passing beneath the booms and told him to come up. The midshipman said something to Small in Spanish, and then—in English—

"Oh, you need not be under any apprehension of fear on *his* account, as I have sounded him pretty well, and find he is one of us."

Small nodded; went away; the strange interview ended with tentative arrangements for another on the morrow, and threats by Spencer of violent and immediate death if the steward "lisped a syllable."

Spencer left Wales a shaken and a terrified man, obsessed with the necessity—despite his oath—of getting the news to the captain, Commander Alexander Slidell Mackenzie, as soon as possible. The steward came up on the quarterdeck after Spencer had turned in in his hammock and hung about the cabin entrance, but he saw Seaman Small watching him and, frightened, he slunk away. Wales then tried to get into the wardroom to report to the first lieutenant, Guert Gansevoort, but Spencer saw the steward coming into the steerage and wanted to know—

"Why in the devil are you cruising around this place at this time of night?—Why don't you turn in?"

And so the night of November 25, 1842, dragged into history. Wales lay awake trembling the night long, while the brig *Somers*, running her westing down, sailed quietly on towards Charlotte Amalie, 1,700 miles away.

Saturday, November 26, 1842

In the early morning Wales got into the wardroom on some pretext and told Purser H. M. Heiskill of the incipient mutiny. The purser informed Lt. Gansevoort, the second-in-command, and Gansevoort, "thoroughly alarmed," hurried to inform Commander Mackenzie without waiting to learn the details.

Mackenzie was thirty-nine years old, an officer with "proved reputation for courage and efficiency—a record of unusual ability in his profession" and author of several books of biography and travel. He was highly esteemed and well fitted, by character, ability and temperament, to command the *Somers* with her crew of 13 officers and 120 "men"—some eighty of them apprentice boys.

At first, the youthful commander refused to take the "mutiny" seriously. He listened attentively to all Gansevoort said; asked a number of rather impatient questions; smoothed his thin auburn hair; and then declared that the "vessel was in good discipline" and that he found it difficult to credit Wales' report. He directed Gansevoort, however, to "watch Mr. Spencer narrowly without seeming to do so" and also to watch the crew.

The lieutenant carried out his instructions —while the brig was humming along with the trade winds towards Charlotte Amalie. There was little to report. Spencer spent the day "rather sullenly in one corner of the steerage, as was his custom, engaged in examining a small piece of paper and writing on it with his pencil, and occasionally finding relaxation in working with his penknife at the tail of a devil fish, one of the joints of which he had formed into a sliding ring for his cravat." He was seen in the wardroom looking at a chart of the West Indies and making inquiries about the Isle of Pines. He went to the foretop, where an apprentice, Benjamin F. Green, tattooed "some love devices" on his arm. That was all, but Gansevoort learned other things —that Spencer had been trying for some time to "ascertain the rate of the chronometer"; that he had been "seen in secret and nightly conferences with Boatswain's Mate Samuel Cromwell and Seaman Elisha Small"; that he had been intimate with the crew, though reserved with the officers; that he had given money to Small and money and tobacco to others; that he had caused the wardroom steward to steal brandy from the mess and had been drunk; that he had "the habit of amusing the crew by making music with his jaw," and that he had been dismissed in disgrace from the Brazilian squadron.

These things, to Gansevoort, were cumulative evidence, and, when he detected the midshipman looking at him "with the most infernal expression I have ever seen upon a human face," the lieutenant was "satisfied at once" of Spencer's guilt.

As the day wore on and the sun passed the meridian and sank towards a mass of cumulous clouds in the western sky, Commander Mackenzie, wearied with much thinking and disturbed by the tension of an uncertain danger, changed his mind. At evening quarters with the sun gilding the world of water and painting the far horizon with the soft hues of twilight, the captain ordered all officers aft on the quarterdeck; the master took the wheel and Mackenzie approached Spencer and said:

"I learn, Mr. Spencer, that you aspire to command of the *Somers?*"

With a bland but deferential smile, the midshipman shook his head.

"Did you not tell Mr. Wales, sir, that you had a project to kill the commander, the officers and a considerable portion of the crew of this vessel and convert her into a pirate?"

"I may have told him so, sir, but it was in joke."

"This, sir, is joking on a forbidden subject; this joke may cost you your life. Be pleased to remove your neck-handkerchief."

But there was no longer any "crumpling"; the paper had gone.

Spencer was arrested, his sword taken from him, and he was placed on the port arms-chest on the quarterdeck, double-ironed and handcuffed. He was warned that if he talked to or communicated with the crew in any way he would be put "to instant death," and Lt. Gansevoort was directed to see that these orders were carried out. The officer-of-the-deck was armed with cutlass and pistol, while the amazed crew, dismissed from quarters, slunk forward, eying each other warily and talking in groups in guarded whispers. Gansevoort and Midshipman Henry Rodgers went below to the steerage to search Spencer's locker. Two papers with "Greek characters" were found. Rodgers translated them and presented the result to the captain as follows:

Certain

P. Spencer
E. Andrews
D. McKinley
Wales

Doubtful

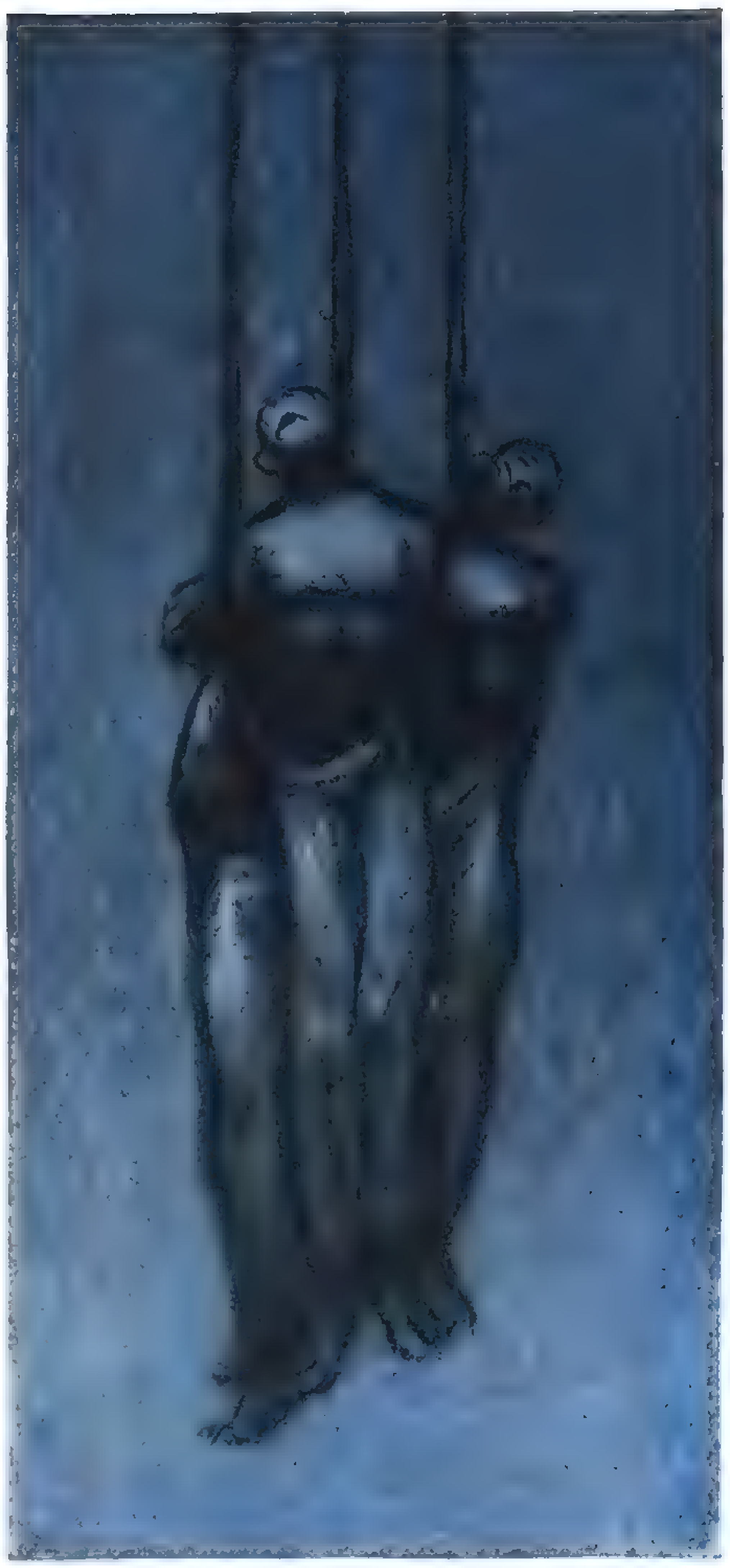
Wilson x
McKee x
Warner
Greene
Gedney
Van Veltzor
Sullivan
Godfrey
Gallia x
Howard x

Those doubtful marked x will probably be induced to join before the project is carried into execution. The remainder of the doubtful will probably join when the thing is done, if not, they must be forced. If any not marked down wish to join after the thing is done we will pick out the best and dispose of the rest.

Nolens Volens

Sibley
Van Brunt
Blackwell
Clarke
Corney
Garratrantz
Strummond
Witmore
Waltham
Nevilles
Dickinson
Riley
Scott
Crawley
Rodman
Selsor
The Doctor

Wheel: McKee
Arm Chest: McKinley
Cabin: Spencer, Small, Wilson
Wardroom: Spencer
Steerage: Spencer, Small, Wilson



Mackenzie, face strained and eyes bloodshot from sleeplessness, pored hour after hour over the names, as the dancing shadows from the swinging lamp flickered about his cabin. Along the darkened decks, beneath the canvas faintly creaking in the bolt ropes, the officer-of-the-deck, armed and uneasy, trusting no one, jumpy from suspense, made the rounds of the ship. Spencer, on the arms chest, slept peacefully, his chains clanking as the ship rolled. Mackenzie, below in his cabin, sat wakefully—thinking—tortured thinking, seeing his kingdom of the sea, all he knew and loved and had built up, wavering like the staggering shadows, the crazy shadows, lengthening and crawling across the deck, shifting and climbing in grotesque shapes up the solid oaken bulkheads, tortured shadows—shifting things . . . .

Sunday, November 27th

It was a glorious Sunday in the year 1842; a flood of blinding tropic sunlight should have washed clean all the terrors of the dark. Sweet winds—fair winds—still bellied the bleached canvas and tenderly touched the lovely, eager bosom of the sea.

The wind freshened in the early morning, and after sail was shortened, the crew stood to quarters ready for inspection. Commander Mackenzie eyed his men closely—men he once could trust—as they lined up with their battle axes. Forward was Samuel Cromwell, a boatswain's mate of the old school, ready with tongue and marline spike, the tallest man in the crew, a bushy-bearded, mustachioed sailor, cruel, violent, profane, and able, seamed with the scars of his slaving days. "He had a determined and dangerous air." Elisha Small was a weazened, shrivelled little man with a timorous face. He shifted

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Wanna Buy a Truck?

Self-expression for the ice-pick and the auto is the aim of the selfless industrial designer

by GILBERT SELDES

• THE LIVELY ARTS •

I DON'T think that enough has been said of the most spectacular artistic triumph of the American people. On the other hand, perhaps too much has been said about the innate feeling for art of the French or German or Italian peasant, all of whom, without a doubt, created cathedrals several centuries ago and are now building as hideous habitations as you can find anywhere on earth. Not being a nation of architects, stone-cutters, and mural decorators, the benighted Americans have not made a great communal effort in erecting churches, but they did, with obstinate pressure, insist that certain familiar objects made for and by them should be well designed and handsome. For the object of their attack they took the most powerful, the most successful, and the most dominant industrialist in the world, to wit, Mr. Henry Ford, who had been busy for about fifteen years producing a motor car which was an utterly dependable mechanism for moving from place to place but was ugly as sin. If everything said about the blunted artistic sensibilities of the American people were true, they should have been indifferent to the black and ugly old Fords, and, considering that the better looking cars of the period were more expensive, and, remembering that Americans care for nothing except money, they really should have preferred the ugly car to the handsome one.

Mr. Ford seemed for a time to think they did, and it was rumored that when flashing colors and new contours appeared on other cars, he said, "They can have any color so long as it is black." Nevertheless, the time came when Mr. Ford, needing to compete for business, re-designed his car and produced a model which, except in a few details, is at least as good looking as any special body you can find. It is quite true that a few engineers and designers actually produced the car, but fundamentally it is the work of several million potential buyers who apparently decided that they need not submit to quantity production of ugliness.

There are about a dozen first rank industrial designers in the country, and there are some spectacular fakers in the business, and a lot of people who do moderately good work; in addition there are hundreds of excellent workers in various factories continually improving and refining the design of one particular product. When the idea that everything sold might sell more if it looked pretty first came to the American business man, he made some appalling errors, because he and some of his designers believed that all you needed to do was to splash a striking color here or there, and apply prettiness like a false front to whatever you were making. There was, for example, a rash of the most rococo fountain pens the world has ever seen about four years ago, and they were really uglier than the gold and silver filigree pens of the generation before. When the bright sparkle of chromium began to shine in the manufacturers' eyes, they slapped bits of it on every available spot, and one enthusiastic manufacturer of taxi-cabs strung a series of chromium pipes, which unfortunately led nowhere and served no purpose, all over his radiators.

It was notable that among the first designers engaged to "fix up" things were half a dozen men who were best known for stage settings, and, while some of their work was good—Lee Simonson, for instance, designed a piano—their instinct, naturally, was more to mask an object than to give it a true front. The next step gave the public an even more cockeyed idea of what industrial design meant, because the great boom in modern furniture began, and the general impression for a time was that any man who used chromium, bakelite, and odd woods, and made sideboards or dining room chairs which looked totally unlike the style of Louis XV, was an industrial designer. Actually, a man like Donald Deskey going into the work with good training, and collaborating with manufacturers, could turn out furniture far superior to the old product and could make the business of producing beds or desks or chairs harmonious with modern architecture. In spite of the depression, which hit building as hard as anything else and nearly paralyzed the furniture industry, modern design has flourished, and it has put an end to the monotony and lack of character of most American rooms. Nevertheless, this is only a small item in the catalogue of industrial design.

Today designers are working on locomotives, trucks, radiators, kitchen utensils, refrigerators, washing machines, clocks, aeroplanes, radios, fly swatters, air conditioning, silverware, cameras, telephone instruments, and a hundred other things which we use day by day, and their great object is to find the external form which is most suitable to the character and the use of what they make. Mr. Henry Dreyfuss, for instance, was called upon to design an ice-pick. The steel shaft with the pointed end has always been a perfect piece of design in itself; but after you dig out a rather large chunk there is always the moment when you want to trim the piece of ice so that it will fit into the glass. The long wooden handle has never been of much help, and Mr. Dreyfuss, using a wooden ball at the top of the handle, inserted a wedge of metal which gives a hearty bang and does the work. He also inverted the proportions of the handle for a kitchen strainer, placing the thick end near the mesh so that it will not topple off the pot. The narrow limits within which industrial designers work when they are making objects to be sold by the millions can be judged by this: that a quarter of a cent added to the cost per object is enough to make it impossible for the manufacturer to produce. On the other hand, the change in design may multiply the sales to an astonishing extent, as when Walter D. Teague re-designed the carrying case for Kodak cameras and quadrupled the sales. Even corn poppers sell better in a new design.

The range of these designers is extraordinary. One of them is reported to have announced his intention to design a thousand objects a year, but the general rule is for a designer to have three or four main accounts and to do a few others more or less on the side. George Sakier, for instance, designs Fostoria glass, the products of the Standard Sanitary Company, the bottles for Schenley, and is largely responsible for the improvements in radiators through his work with the American Radiator Company. The last of these is in the field of domestic engineering, which includes air conditioning and heating, and brings designers up against a new series of problems, because they are all interested in pre-fabrication—the highest example of which is the pre-fabricated house—and here they meet not only old prejudice, but the violent hostility of the building trades unions, which see their profession being destroyed by the engineers. Raymond Loewy has re-designed locomotives for the Pennsylvania Railroad, has been responsible for the appearance of the Hupmobile since 1928, has worked on radio, refrigerators, and dupli-

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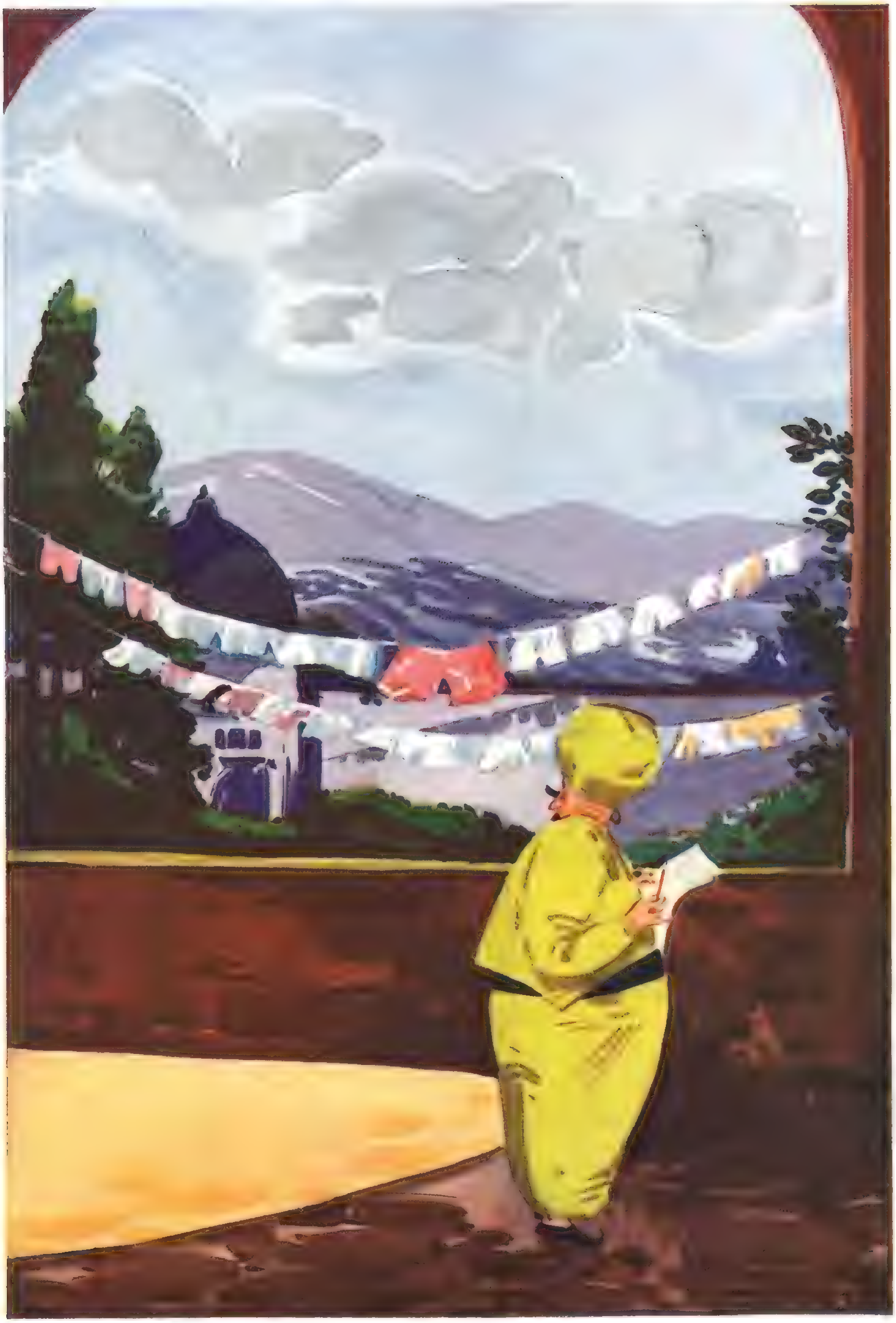
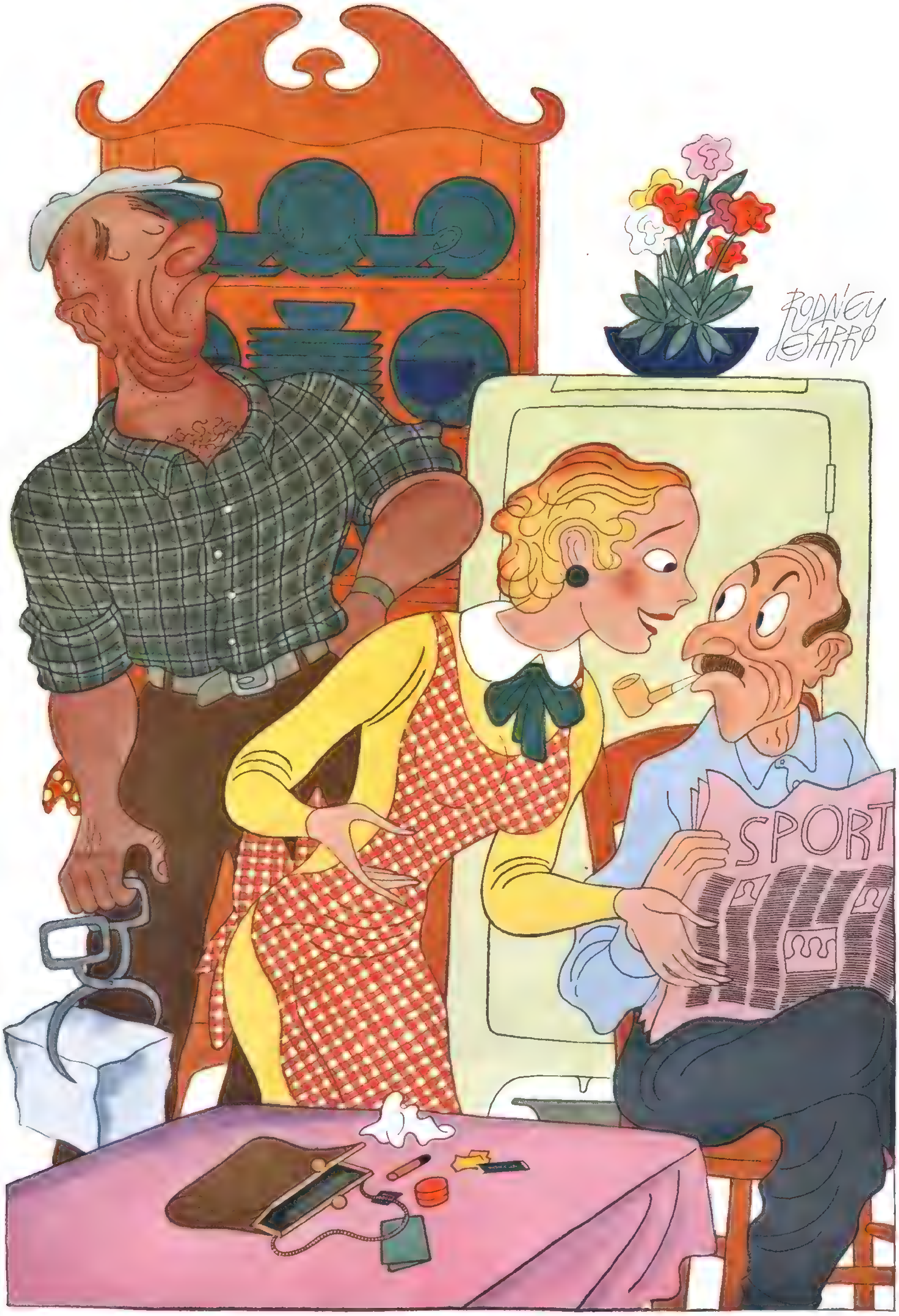


"M-m-m—that's funny—I don't remember her!"


RODNEY DE SARRO
SPORT

"Adolph—I'll have to kiss the iceman again—we haven't any change"

The Cube-Root of Coolness

Leading up to the secret of the champagne watermelon as it is fixed in Savannah

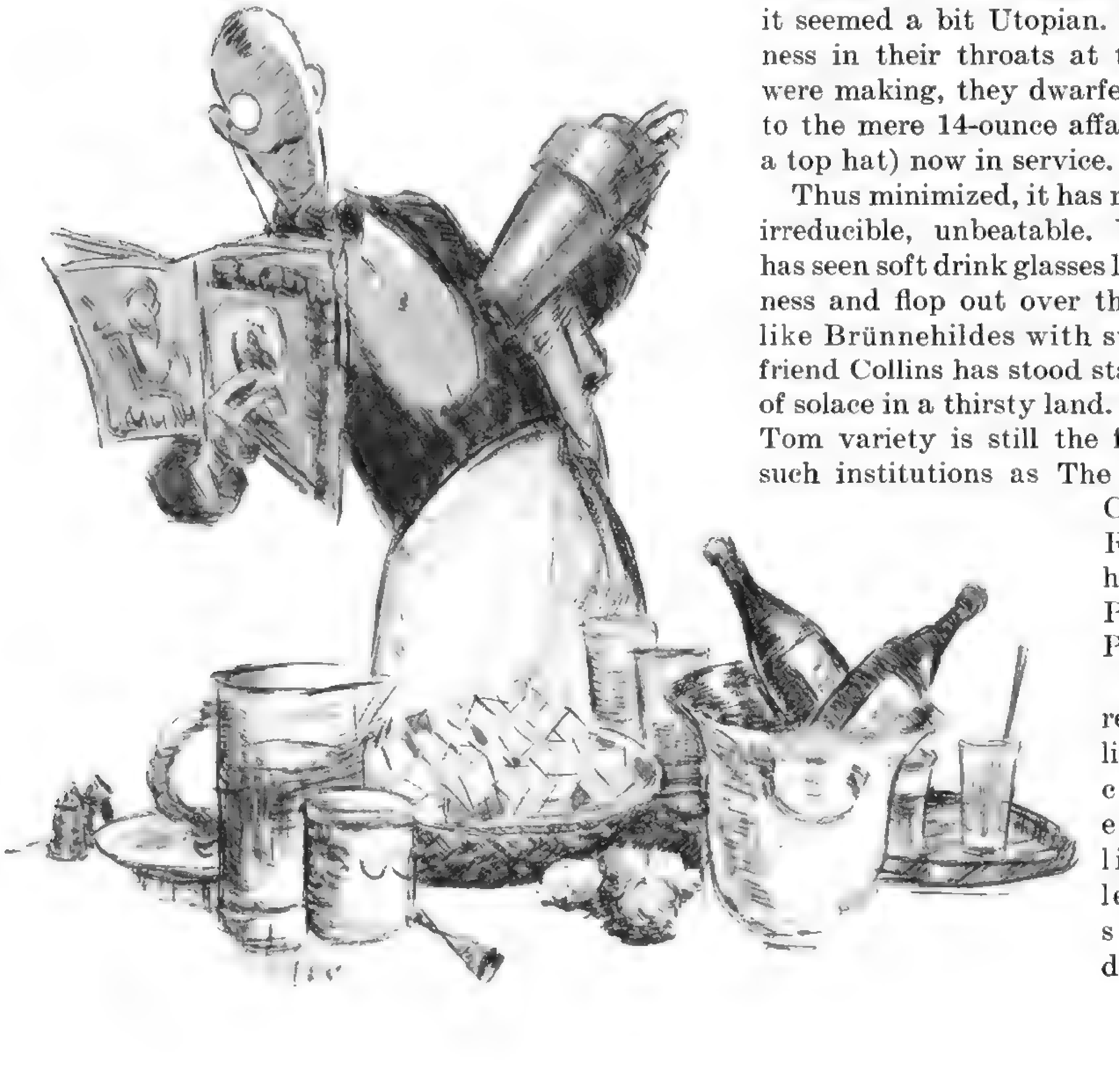
by LAWTON MACKALL

• ARTICLE •

UNREDEEMED ice-water is a brash thing to fling into the human system. At causing gut grief it's a success; otherwise, especially amid overheatedness, its chill seems misapplied. Giving the feverish gulper extra pants, it at the same time imparts something of the sensation of a beehive in receipt of a brick. As repercussions there are such indigenous phenomena as Deacon's Dyspepsia and Boob's Bellyache, disturbances which foreign visitors are apt to wonder at.

Indeed, from the drastic behavior of Lord D——— (well-known literary lion), who, as a guest over here, went so far as to pluck the ice from his glass and plop it on the fine linen, practically stunning his hostess, one gathers that we Americans are a bit odd. Not drinkers but shock absorbers.

For the sake of the good name of the American abdomen let me say that today his Lordship would find better feelings prevailing. The chill-swillers have just about finished killing themselves off, and rational people have learned that true refreshment isn't a matter of frenzied intake, but of cool enjoyment. The refrigerator, evolved into a precision instrument, plays a more important role than ever; its cubes are given a chance in drinks worth while—concoctions so pleasant, so subtle, so taste-entrancing, that the mouth detains them, toying lingeringly with each sip as though parting with it were such sweet sorrow. How could there be a dry tongue in the house?



Any possible shock is cushioned with alcohol. You taste coolness, as of fountains at eve. Yet there's an underlying something that protects you against dangers of the dewy night, even at eleven o'clock in the morning. If your pores are ajar after exercise and at the mercy of every sneaky breeze, a "tall and mild" will stand guard over them.

Access may be had either by straw or lip. There is a theory, though, that any glass small enough to lift is "too brief for such weather." But I notice that anything by the name of Collins gets hoisted avidly, regardless of magnitude, no matter whether a Thomas or a John. So it's all very baffling—especially when there's not even any certainty as to where the name Collins came from.

The best legend is that John and Thomas Collins were, by an interesting coincidence, brothers in bartending. John, the gifted one—or possibly it was Thomas, or the two of them together—had a vision of a greater gin drink than had ever been dispensed. Something positively colossal. Stupendous. In the shape of a silo, and preferably about that size.

Dreaming this dream and forced to compromise between the ideal and the practical, John and/or Thomas whittled it down to the proportions of an umbrella stand. Still it seemed a bit Utopian. So, with a tightness in their throats at the sacrifice they were making, they dwarfed their namesake to the mere 14-ounce affair (no taller than a top hat) now in service.

Thus minimized, it has remained staunch, irreducible, unbeatable. While the world has seen soft drink glasses lose their straightness and flop out over their metal corsets like Brünnehildes with swindle bottoms, friend Collins has stood stalwart, a cylinder of solace in a thirsty land. Incidentally, the Tom variety is still the favorite cooler in such institutions as The Detroit Athletic Club, The Piping Rock Club, and the headquarters of Princetonians on Park Avenue.

To get down to recipes, both Collinses are fizzed up creations, each employing one lime (or half a lemon) one barspoonful powdered sugar, and one jigger of gin—the difference being that in the case of the Tom it's Anglo-Saxon "Tom Gin" (which is merely "London Dry" sweetened, after distillation, with cane syrup), whereas with the John the requirements call for Holland Gin, pungently schnappsy and a bit unexpected-tasting when your first try it.

With these twin upstanders to choose from, one might imagine that drinkers would be divided into two camps. But they aren't. They're all over the place, claiming supremacy for Daisies, Fizzes, Rickeys, and specialties of one breed and another. The same day that I get a letter from an ESQUIRE reader in Skagway, Alaska, telling me that the Princeton Club Gin Daisy (makings divulged in the June issue) is the top of tops—that very day an acquaintance stops me on the street insisting that Old Nassau's raspberry syrup idea is all humid: take it from him, the Gin Daisy *he* makes is tinged with *grenadine* (one tablespoonful) and has assorted fruits and mint bestrewing its surface.

I'd have argued the matter at a mixing station, except that better men than I have been somewhat-the-worsted in such controversies. At that, though, neither of the drinks in question has quite the stratospheric zoom that is conferred by the Gin Razzle Daisy, which substitutes a dash of absinthe for the grenadine or raspberry, and adds white of egg and seltzer.

When we come to connect with that treasured Southern climate remedy known as a New Orleans Fizz, the good news to be reported is plentiful. It consists of: Juice of ½ lemon and ½ lime, white of 1 egg, 1 spoon sugar, 3 dashes orange flower water, 1 jigger cream, 1 jigger gin; well shaken with ice and strained into goblet with fizz to fill. Properly mingled, this drink is so smooth that it takes you about six of them to find out what they're up to.

Simpler to prepare, yet a good-looker and mighty tasty, is the fizz made with Sloe Gin. (1 jigger of it, added to the juice of half a lemon sweetened with 1 barspoon sugar; the rest seltzer.) The flavor, suggestive of choke cherry tempered with damson, has a tangy astringency which is most quenchful, leaving an after-taste that bids you come again. Personally, in summertime I find this druped liquor a good answer to many a what'll-you-have.

Persons who prefer their Sloe Gin with ginger ale, instead of seltzer, have a pet name for the combination. They call it Bucket of Blood—which is no idle flattery of its color. It's so bloody magnificent that, by comparison, the ginger ale edition of plain gin, known as a Fog Horn (1 jigger;

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The Cube-Root of Coolness

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½ lime) looks rather anemic.

Still and all, plain unberried London Dry has its nobility and deserves our gratitude—our sentiment, even—every time anybody shakes anything up.

The other day a friend of mine who belongs to the Bohemian Club in San Francisco was telling me about that institution and its Grove of redwoods and the impressive High Jinks that are held there. He spoke of gin so devotionally that I asked him to jot down the ritual of the thing, and here it is. I'm taking the liberty of entitling it "How to Know Nature's Pleasanter Side."

Take a pint cup, pure silver;
Fill it with crushed ice;
Put in juice ½ lemon;
Put in tablespoonful powdered sugar;
Joggle cup *slightly* for five minutes;
Add large jigger best gin;
Let stand until entire outside heavily frosted.
Sit quietly: only a mutt will talk or read.
After 15 minutes of sedate joy
Take 15 minutes more of same.
The day becomes beautiful.

If my long distance Amen sounds parched I hope the Bohemians will pardon me.

But to the Latins, callous as they might seem, gin emotion such as mine would be incomprehensible. They are Vermouthers. In Rome, Paris, Rio de Janeiro, Buenos Aires, and all over the Latin world it's grape-product apéritifs they go in for at cocktail time—principally Vermouth. In fact, in the Argentine, Paraguay, and various other South American countries there are two official sipping periods in the day—one before lunch and the other before dinner—both called Vermouth Hours. Likewise a Sunday afternoon "at home" is known as a Vermouth, even the invitation cards so designating it.

As for the Frenchman, who drinks straight wine with lunch and dinner, and brandy (i. e., distilled wine) after dinner, what he craves between whiles is *wine*, but of a kind not designed to accompany food. Hence there is specially prepared for him a white wine of a dryish, appetite-whetting sort, which, grown in the region between Marseilles and Carcassonne, is aged several years, fortified with local white brandy, and finally treated with all sorts of "grandmother's herbs" and flowers, acquiring a special "Vermouth flavor."

For us Americans to think of Vermouth as just something that helps round out the bouquet of a cocktail is as naïve as to suppose rum happens only on plum puddings.

The fact is, Vermouth *is* a cocktail: brandy, wine, and added flavor-elements including bitters. Instead of being mixed by a bartender under your appraising eye, it is prepared in secret, according to company recipe and company resources. And there is where the larger, stronger concerns have the advantage. They are able to buy widely, from vineyards located in all the "good places" of the region, and blend and balance as is done in the Champagne industry. Furthermore they can hold their stocks in cask for the requisite four years.

Thus the largest French concern keeps in its Marseilles warehouses never less than a million gallons, and does its fortifying and herb-infusing in batches of 130,000 gallons—which is quite a lot of Vermouth at a clip. Even so, the color of the product isn't constant. Monsieur the manager admits it.

"*Le bon dieu* arranges that," he shrugs at the same time that he points skyward. "The wines of one year get much, much sun and are slightly darker; the wines of the next get not so much and are a trifle lighter. It is for us to keep the quality the same, and we do that, by experience. Also the fortification. The natural wines have something around 15 per cent alcohol. When we put the finished Vermouth into the bottle it has 19 per cent and can live practically forever in any climate."

The principal Italian firms also operate in France in a big way. Their Italian Vermouth they make at Turin, world metropolis of the industry. Sweet wines from all over Italy and Sicily—particularly Marsala wines—are brought there to be added to what the Turin region is itself able to supply. In general the Italian type has nothing in common with the French. The vines are different, and they grow on trellises and stakes, whereas the Southern France system is "right out of the ground like vegetables."

What there is in it for us is the fact that Vermouth is consumed in great quantities in warm weather places. The sultrier the day, the safer you are in chosing a Vermouth—either straight or fizzed. The latter is especially pleasant as a cooler and appetizer.

I wouldn't be so presuming, however, as to try to persuade any West Indian planter to abandon his punch or his swizzle stick. Hardly! Such joys are the real reason for spending one's life there.

Still, we, too, can have our punch—as per example the Detroit Athletic Club and the Anglers Club of New York, which have it regularly. The prescription is: Juice of 1 lime; 1 spoon sugar; 1 jigger rum. You shake well, strain into a glass of shaved ice, fill up with plain water or seltzer, and decorate with fruit and mint. Some fanatics administer a sprinkle of red pepper.

And how, gentle sirs, about punch of the Fish House variety? Very well, then, let's have it, to the tune of: Juice of ½ lemon; 1 barspoon sugar; 1 jigger rum; ⅓ jigger brandy. Strain into glass of shaved ice, well fruited.

And the Bacardi Collins—giving brothers John and Thomas a Cuban cousin. Thus: Juice of 1 lime; 1 spoon sugar; 1 jigger rum. Shake well with ice; strain into Collins glass ballasted with ice cubes. Fill with fizz.

These indeed are exact duplications. But a swizzle stick which I cherish as a souvenir can hardly hope to function as triumphantly as it did in the hands of its original owner, down on the Spanish Main. How he twirled it between his palms, setting the twig fingers a-whirr in the pitcher of finely smashed ice, coarse-grained sugar, and native rum! In just a few minutes the pitcher foamed, and the stuff was poured. You had to down it quick, like a dose of Seidlitz. Only how different, thank heaven!

A drink I can be grateful for in a more leisurely manner is brandy and soda. A friend of mine who returned from a trip to India treasuring his hotel bills as mementoes of the swell time he had had, showed them to me. They were one continuous brandy-and-soda list.

At that he had missed out on the Brandy Fizz, which would be a grave omission no matter in what nook of the globe. So for people like him I earnestly offer the formula: Juice of 1 lemon; 1 barspoon sugar; 1 jigger brandy; 2 dashes yellow Chartreuse. Shake well with ice; strain; fill glass with siphon.

In the Whiskey Zone (all hemispheres, etc.) let me supplement the obvious-but-why-not highball suggestion—and this takes in Rye, Bourbon, Scotch and Irish (bless their pots!)—with the Mamie Taylor: Juice of ½ lime; jigger of Scotch; bottle of ginger ale. Serve in Collins glass. And also the Milk Punch, illustrating how greatly Bossie and her works may be improved upon, to wit: Into glass filled with shaved ice put 1 spoon sugar and 1 jigger whiskey. Fill glass with milk; shake; strain into large goblet; sprinkle with nutmeg. And, while we're still thinking of animals, the Nag's Neck: ⅓ Rye; ⅔ ginger ale; twist of lemon peel; ice; stir.

I might dwell upon, or preferably among, juleps. But I'm Southern, suh, and I'll be kind to you by hurdling that topic (it's a case of ten pages or I'm mute).

Somehow the notion seems to have got around that wines are "heavy" like fur overcoats, and aren't to be bothered with during the season when straws are worn and sucked through. It's as though Château Yquem had to be kept in moth balls.

Rather than attempt any debate on the subject let me point out to your palate the allurements of a combination called Royal Plush. You prepare it in a glass pitcher, inserting first several large lumps of ice, then 1 pint Burgundy and 1 pint Champagne. Subsequent duties consist merely of stirring and consuming.

For a simple, unassuming veranda drink there's the Claret Lemonade. A tall glass is filled three-fourths full with lemonade prepared in the usual manner. Atop this pour claret—carefully—so that it *remains* on top. When the partaker inserts his or her spoon and stirs, it's a pretty sight.

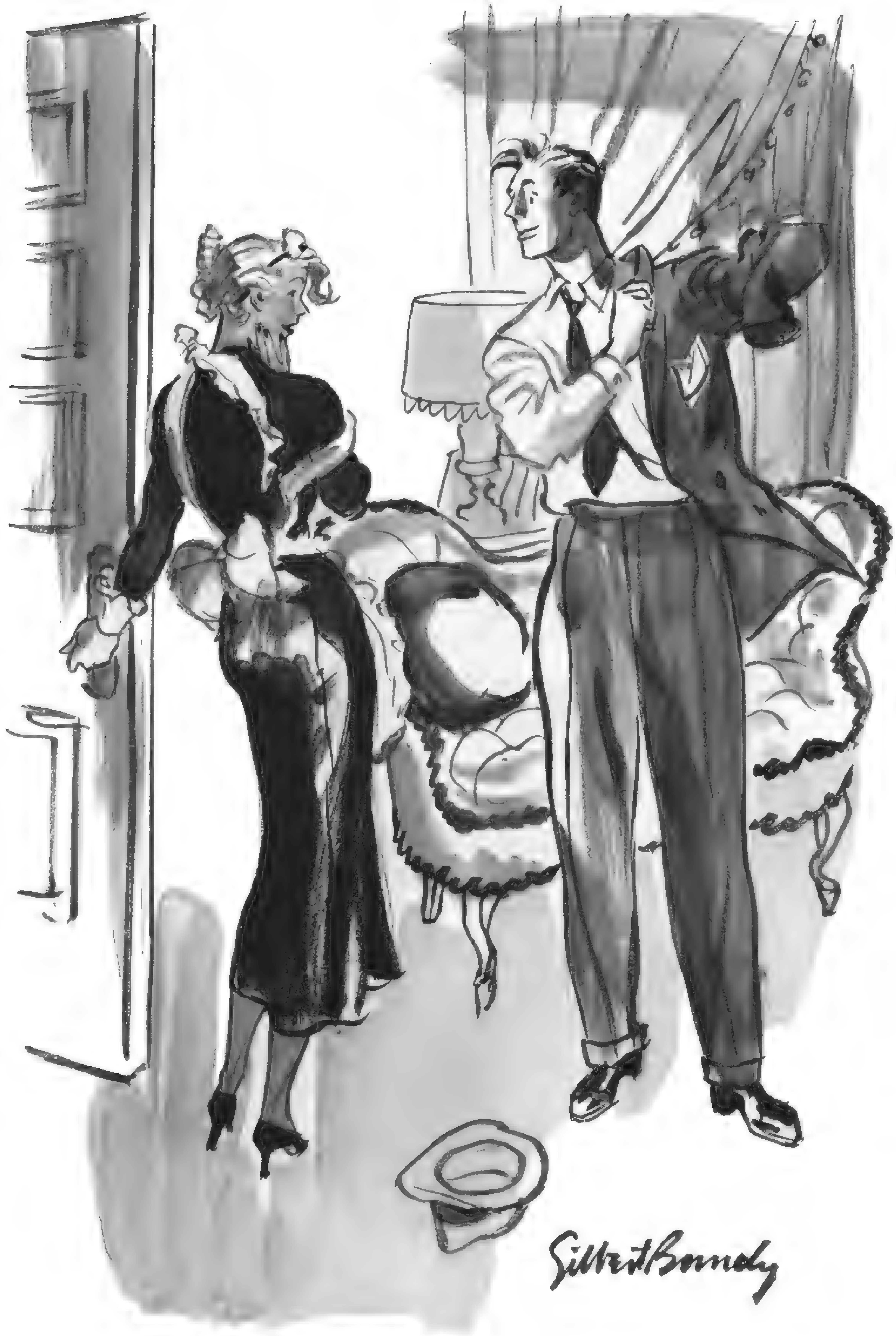
Something with which post-chaise travelers used to slake themselves at roadside inns was the Port Wine Sangaree, still as good as ever. And easy: 1 barspoon sugar; 1 jigger water; 1½ jiggers port wine. Stir; strain.

For a really gala concoction the Sauterne Cup offers: 1 tablespoon sugar; rind of 1 lemon; 3 slices orange; 3 of lemon; 1 slice cucumber peel; berries; 1 pony brandy; 1 pony maraschino; 1 wine glass sherry; 1 quart Sauterne; 1 bottle soda—the mixing done in glass pitcher containing lumps of ice. Ornament with fruit.

To outdo that, substitute Champagne for the Sauterne, add 1 pony white Curaçao, and use fresh mint instead of fruit.

But here I've been enumerating trifles, when back in Savannah they really had something. I mean, they *did* something. They would take a cool watermelon, cut a small lid out of the top, pour in a bottle of Champagne, replace lid and put melon back to keep cool till ready. When you sliced it the pulp was a-prickle with bubbles.

A dish like that honestly made me care for fruit. #



"Shall I tell Miss June you called?"

The Celebrity

Continued from page 22

his thumb over his shoulder.

"This is a free country."

"I don't mean they're wrong . . . But I've got my living to make" said the young man from the sticks.

"A man's got a right to his opinions" said the husband pouring out the soapy water into the sink.

"Where I come from," said the young man from the sticks, "the Declaration of Independence stirs up a hornet's nest."

When the glasses were washed they went out through the hall to the front room. People had thinned out a little. The man who was talking about shooting them against a white wall strode up to them as they came in waving a crooked forefinger. "Now you're both office workers . . . You tell us what the white collar classes think about it. Are they coming round to the side of the working class?"

"It takes plenty work to stay in the working class, these days" said the young man from the sticks.

"Do you mean to tell me" . . . the haggard faced man began.

There were three long rings on the doorbell. Everybody quieted down. "There he is" said somebody.

"Sounds like his ring," said the husband.

The couple, the young man had met on the French Line boat, went to the door. A small nattily dressed young man came in. "Oh we thought you were Charles Edward Holden," said a girl.

"Well maybe I am," said the new young man. "I've felt funny all day." The remark didn't go so well. You could feel the silence freezing around people's mouths.

"Well I think I'd better be getting along" said the young man from the sticks. He said goodby to the husband and added "And thank our charming hostess for me."

In the hall he found his charming hostess and the new young man talking profoundly together. They didn't notice him. Downstairs on the stoop he found the man who never forgot a face. "So it got a bit too dense for you too? . . . When the dear lady has more than three of her beaux present at one time it becomes positively stifling . . . I suppose you know that Holden is the real number one."

"You don't say" said the young man from the sticks, yanking up the collar of his overcoat because it was still drizzling.

"Better come and have a bite to eat. I know a wonderful place . . . almost like the old days. Those stand up suppers get you in the long run."

"They sure do," said the young man from the sticks.

They went in by a black door through a corridor that smelt of toilets into a stuffy barroom that had a few tables with dirty tablecloths in a row at the end. They sat down at a table and ordered two ryes.

"I know where it was we met . . . It was years ago at Little Hungary."

"But I've never been to Hungary" said the young man from the sticks.

"Sure . . . Here's how . . . I never forget a face . . . Now I sometimes get confused on names."

On the strength of that they had several more ryes with beer chasers. The man who never forgot a face kept seeing people he knew at the bar. They got up and went over to the bar to join the crowd. A stubby girl in a Bulgarian blouse who had come in with two ash colored young men was warmly greeted as Darling. He put his arm around her neck and started to introduce her all around. When he came to the young man from the sticks he hesitated. "Oh you're getting old," she sing songed. "Can't remember names any more."

"Sure I can Darling, meet . . . My very dear friend . . . Meet Colonel . . . " The young man from the sticks had put out his hand and was just going to say his name when the man who never forgot a face came out with "Charles Edward Holden."

The girl had a turned up nose and blue eyes with dark rings under them. The eyes looked up at the young man from the sticks while she shook his hand. "Not really . . . Oh I've so wanted to meet you Mr. Holden . . . I've read every word you ever wrote."

"But I'm not really . . . " he stammered.

"Not really a colonel" said the girl with her voice full of honest understanding.

"Just a colonel for a night" said the man who never forgot a face, with a wave of a hand and ordered up a round of whiskies.

They went on drinking.

"Oh Mr. Holden," said the girl, who put her whiskies away without water like a trouper, "isn't it wonderful that we should meet like this. I thought you were much older and not nearly so good looking. Now Mr. Holden I want you to tell me all about everything."

"Better call me Charley."

"My name's Bobbie . . . you'll call me Bobbie won't you?"

She drew him away down towards the empty end of the bar a little. "I was having a rotten time . . . They are dear boys but they won't talk about anything except how Phyllis drank iodine because Edward doesn't love her any more . . . I hate personalities don't you? I like to talk about problems and things that count, don't you? I like the kind of people who do things. I mean world conditions, Marxism, books and things like that, don't you? Did you ever read the first chapter of *Capital* out loud?"

"Well maybe," began the young man from the sticks.

The girl was plucking at his sleeve.

"Suppose we go somewhere quiet and talk. I can't hear myself think in here."

"Do you know some place we can dance?" he asked. The girl nodded.

On the street she took his arm. The wind had gone into the north, cold and gusty. They walked east and down a street full of tenements and crowded little Italian stores. The girl rang at a basement door. While they were waiting she put her hand on his arm. "I got some money . . . Let this be my party."

"But I wouldn't like that."

"All right. We'll make it fifty fifty . . . I believe in sex equality, don't you?"

While they were waiting for the door to open he leaned over and kissed her. Her lips were there all ready. "Oh this is a wonderful evening for me," she said snuggling up to him. "You are the nicest celebrity I ever met . . . Most of them are pretty stuffy, don't you think so? No joy de vivre . . . When we have time I want you to explain me your theory of the effect of the commodity dollar on working class consumption." "But" he stammered "I'm not . . . "

The door opened. "Hello Jimmy" said the girl to a slick looking young man in a brown suit as they brushed past him into the narrow passage. "Meet the boy friend . . . Mr. Grady, Mr. Holden." The young man's eyes flashed. "Not Charles Edward . . . " The girl nodded her head excitedly so that a big lock of her hair flopped over one eye. "Well sir, I'm surely happy to meet you . . . I'm a constant reader, sir."

The girl mussed up Jimmy's hair. "He's one of the toughest mugs in Manhattan, but he's very nice to his friends."

Bowing and blushing Jimmy found them a table next to the dance floor in the stuffy little pale pink cabaret hot from the spotlights and the cigarette smoke and the sweat of people dancing. Then she grabbed his hand and pulled him to his feet. They danced. The girl rubbed close to him till he could feel her little round breasts through the Bulgarian blouse. "My the boy can dance," she whispered. "Let's forget everything . . . Who we are . . . the day of the week."

"Me . . . I forgot two hours ago," he said giving her a squeeze.

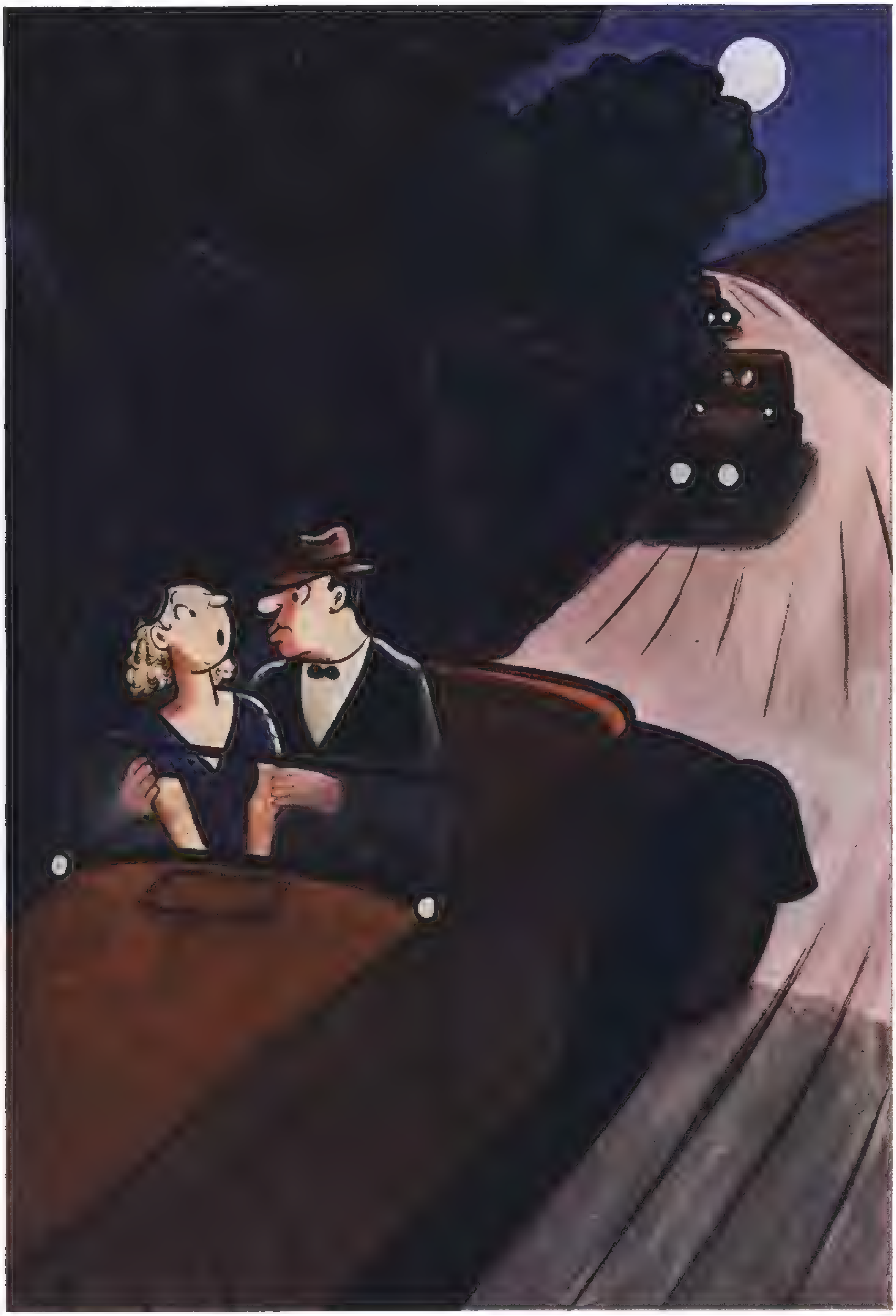
"You're just a plain farmer lad and I'm a bashful barefoot girl."

"More truth than poetry to that" he said through his teeth.

"Poetry . . . I love poetry don't you . . . I like to go up to the roof and read it in the rain . . . I'm a pagan child at heart, aren't you? . . . And then you'll tell me all about your work."

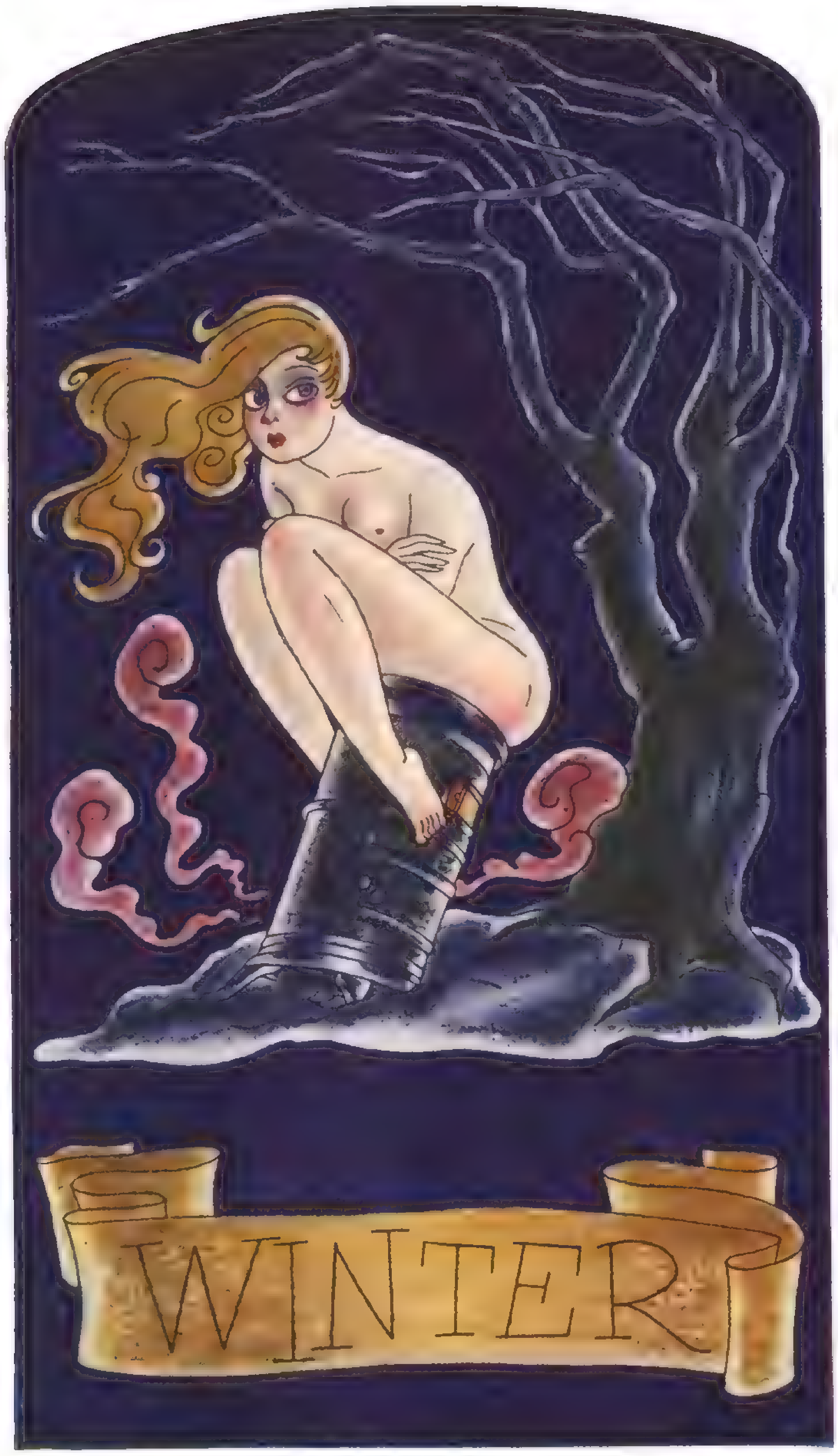
They danced until the place closed up. They were staggering when they got out on the black empty streets. They stumbled past garbage pails. Cats ran out from under their feet. They stopped at a corner to talk about unemployment with a cop. In every dark doorway they stopped and kissed. The milkman with his frame of empties was just coming out of the door of the house where she lived. Overhead the sky was getting haggard. As she was looking for her latchkey in her purse, she whispered thoughtfully: "People who really do things make the most beautiful lovers, don't you think so?"

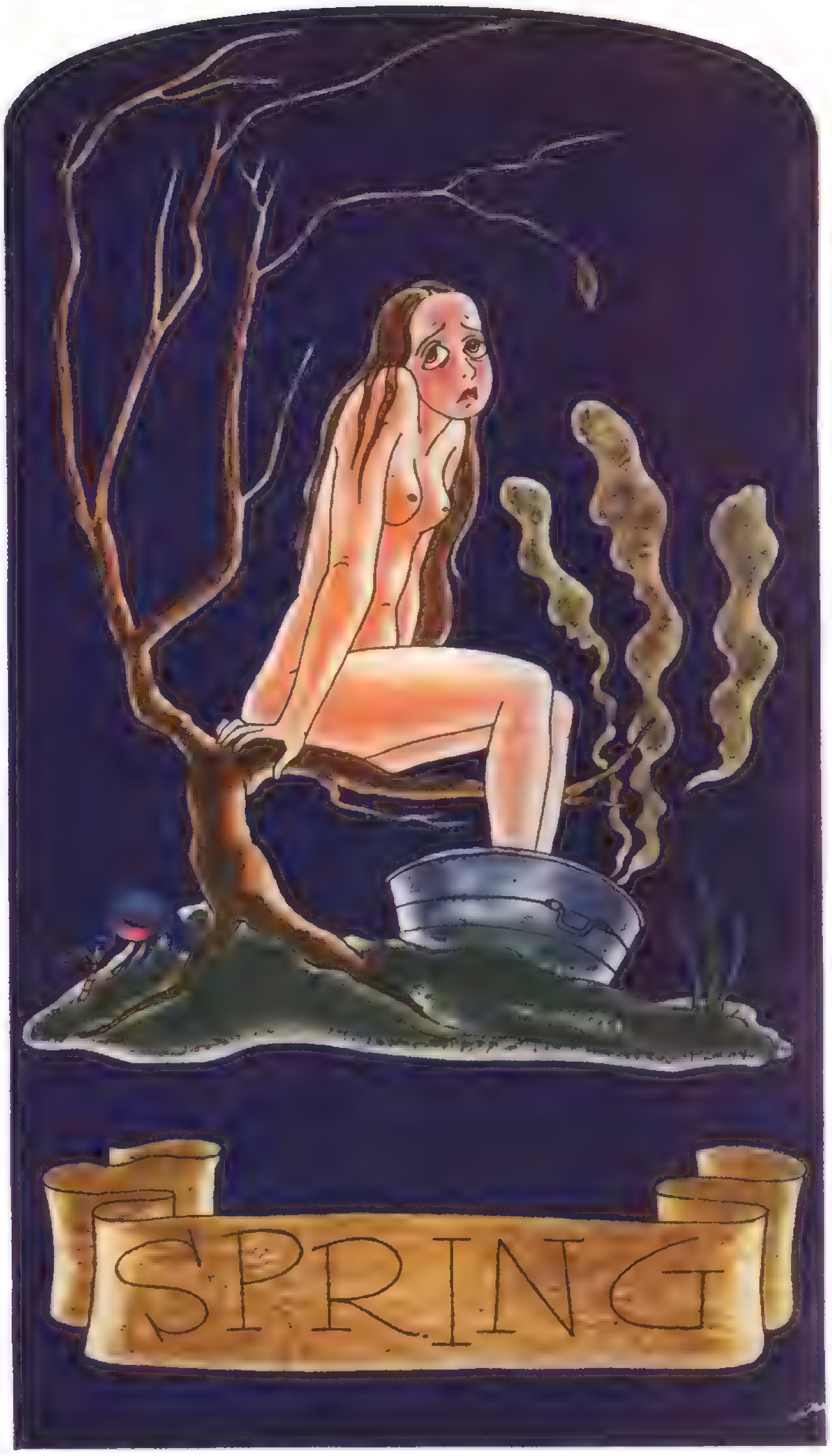
It was the young man from the sticks who woke up first. Sunlight was pressing in through the uncurtained window. The girl was asleep, her face crushed into the pillow. Her mouth was open and with the deep rings under her eyes she looked considerably older than she had the night before. Her skin was pasty and green and she had stringy hair. He grabbed his clothes and dressed as quietly as he could. His watch had stopped. Must be late as hell. On a big table deep in dust and littered with drawings of funny looking nudes, he found a sheet of yellow paper that had half a poem on the back of it. He scribbled on it: Goodby good luck Chas. Ed. Holden, and tiptoed out the door with his shoes in his hand. He was so afraid she'd wake up that he didn't put on his shoes until he'd gone down three flights to the street door. ##



"Please, Ernie, can't we just sit here and talk?"

A SALUTE TO THE FOUR SEASONS





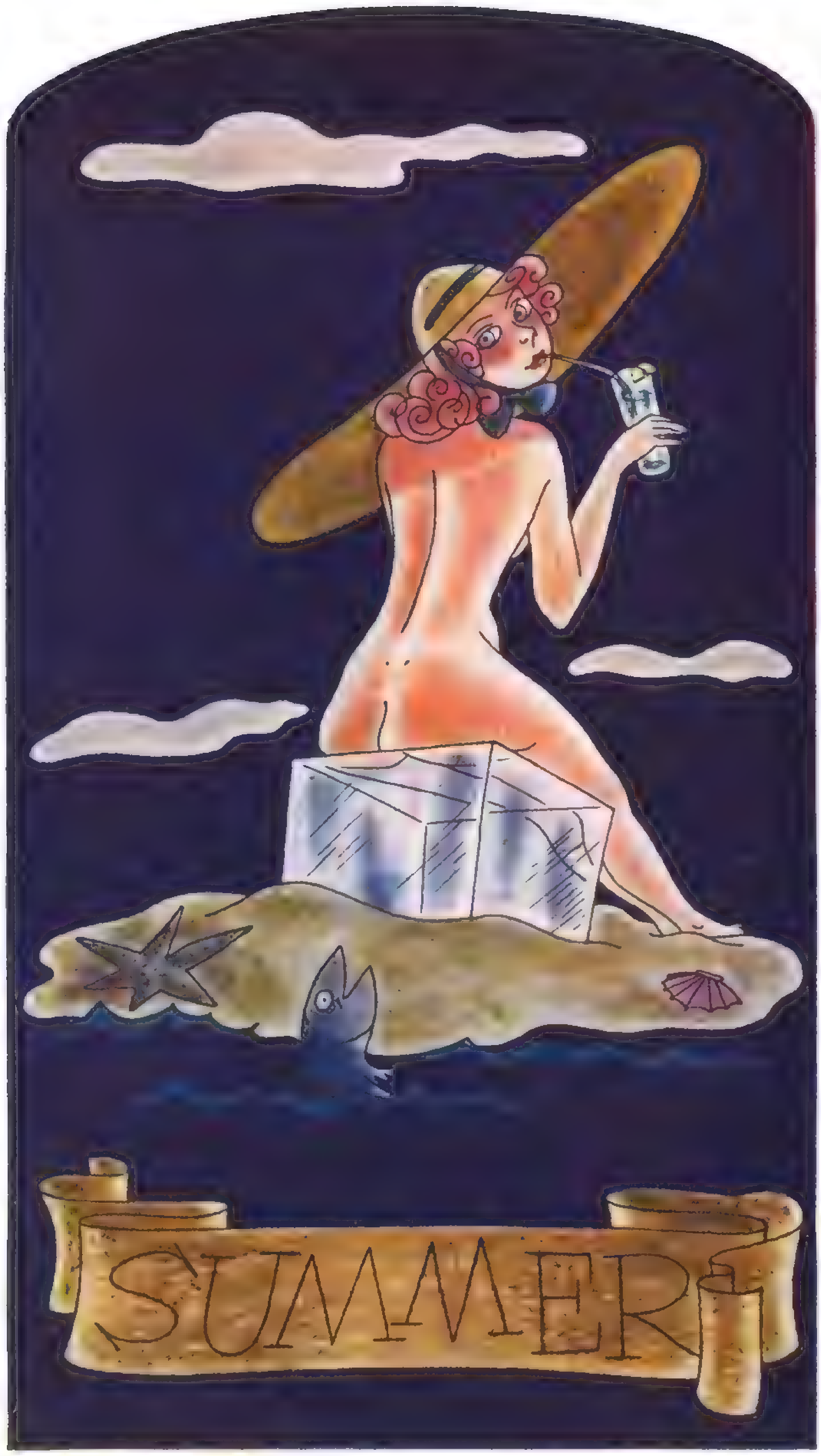
Come, let us wassail the Winter in,
That nymph of cold enamel,
Concealing her charms in frigid arms,
But nevertheless a mammal.

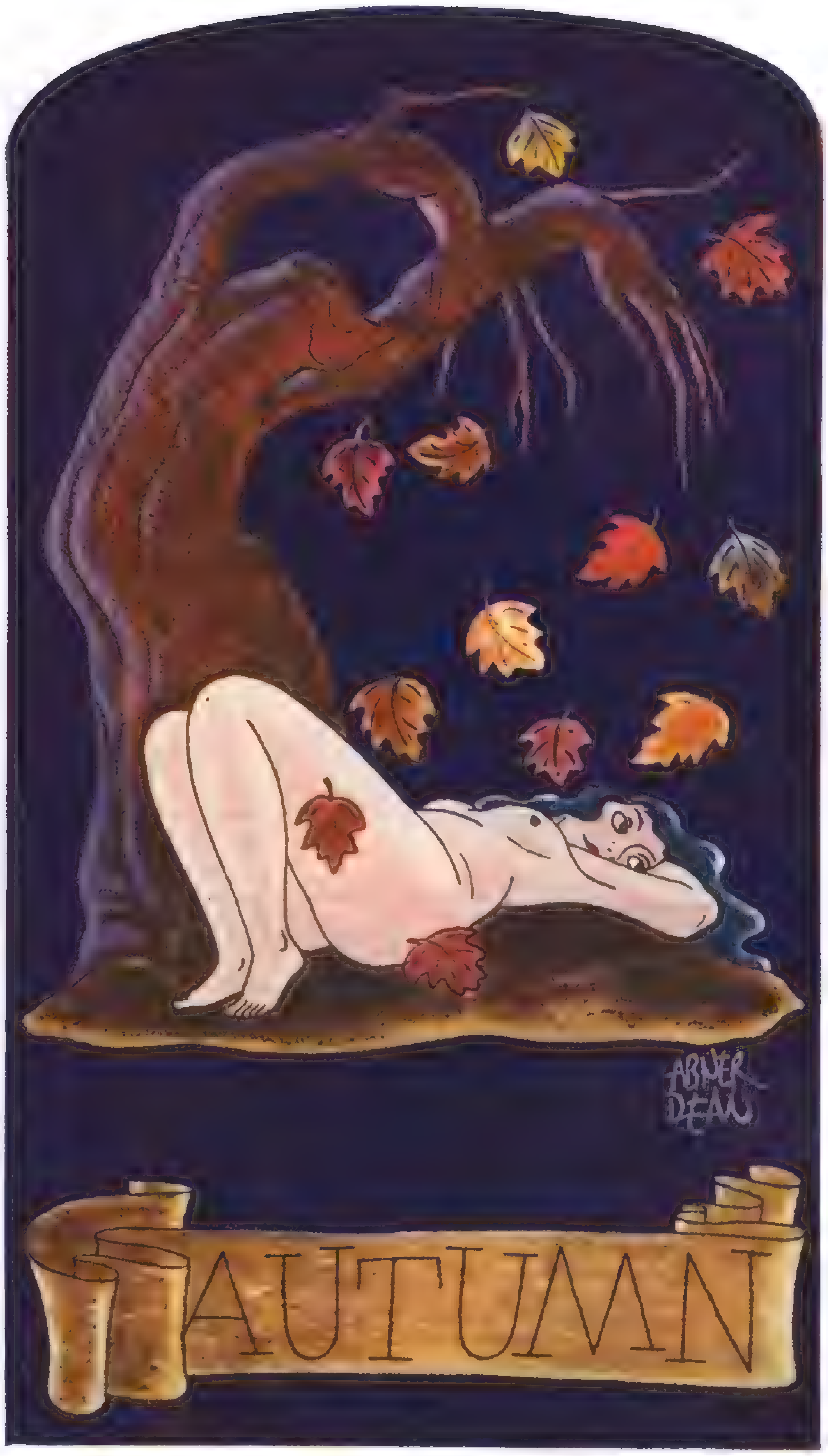
Yea, Winter, we shall wassail thee in
With holly and ale and torches,
For it's pick your rosebud while ye may,
And your buttercup ere it scorches.

Spring is the fly on the calendar,
Spring is the worm in the peach,
Spring is Summer and Winter,
Combining the worst of each.

First she whispers she'd love to,
Then she screams that she won't.
Spring is a backer-outer.
Poets like Spring. I don't.

by **ABNER DEAN,** *goaded on by* **OGDEN NASH**





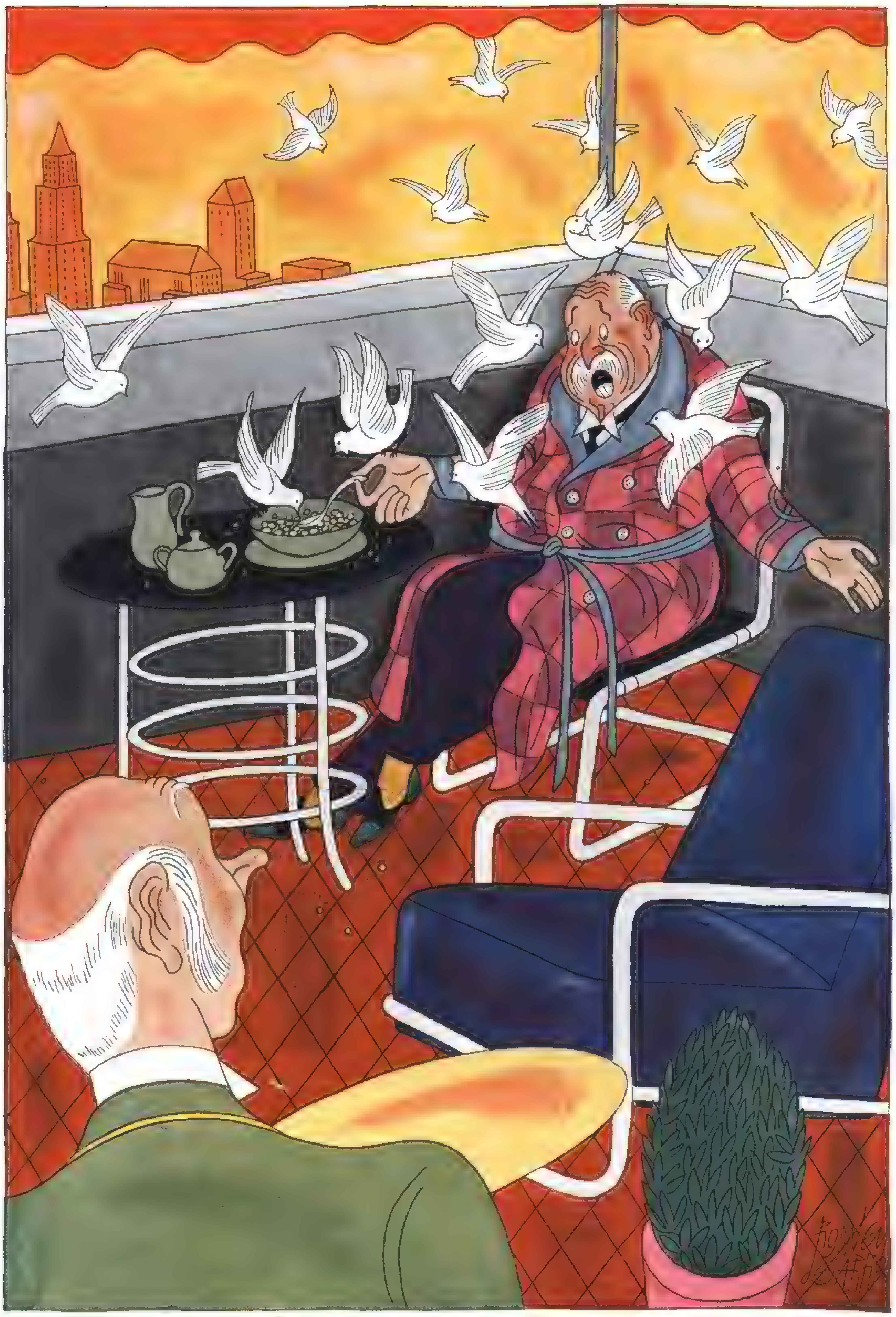
Summer is a blowsy girl,
Summer is a trollop,
A frowsy girl, a drowsy girl,
Every curve a wallop.

Summer's heels are pink and round;
Welcome every comer;
A tulip girl, a julep girl—
Ah there, Summer!

This picture needs no title at all.
It's recognizable as the Fall.
O, Autumn the amorous, Autumn the boisterous!
Autumn the clamorous, Autumn the oysterous!

Autumn the sensuous, Autumn the beautiful!
Autumn the fertile! Autumn the fruitful!
Autumn has up and burst her bodice!
The time is ripe. So is the goddess.

To get a reprint of these murals and verses, send twenty-five cents to the Art Department, Esquire, Inc., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago



"Watkins! I told you never to serve me puffed wheat on the roof!"

Ewer Sixteen My Villidchkween

Continued from page 36

Sweetheart; Long Long Trail; Love Me and the World is Mine; Lydia Pinkham; My Bonnie; Mandy Lee; My Ever Lovin' Honey Man; Mobile Bay; Moon Has His Eyes on You; Meet me Tonight in Dreamland; Moonlight Bay; Nobody Knows How Dry I yam; Oh When I Die; Pony Boy; San Antonio; Sidewalks of New York; Samuel Hall; Spinning Wheel in the Corner; Sweet Adeline; Sweet and Low; Somebody's Waiting for Me; Shine on Harvest Moon; Show Me the Way Back Home; Show Me the Way to Go Home; Sweet Rosy O'Grady; That Little Old Red Shawl; Trail of the Lonesome Pine; That Old Girl of Mine; That Old Gang of Mine; That's How I Need You; Waiting at the Church; Way Down Yonder in the Corn Field; Wait Till the Sun Shines Nellie; When the Moon Plays Peekaboo; When the Roll is Called up Yonder; Who's Sorry Now; Why I Love You (Te-ll Me Why-y); When You were Sweet Sixteen.

OF COURSE some of your favorites aren't there! But the list started you remembering, didn't it?

Up to this point we have inspected barber shoppers old enough to know that there are two Stein Songs. Now let's look over the current crop of amateur harmony hounds baying the moon.

The first phenomenon we note is the fact that the generation whose voices have changed since the War doesn't sing as much. They've been raised with mechanical musical gadgets that didn't exist when the Sweetheart of Sigma Chi was still a girl. This younger generation likes the kind of songs that their dads sang. If any proof is needed, witness their enthusiasms over the simple harmonies of such recent songs as Home in Wyoming, the revived Flying Trapeze, and When It's Lamp Lighting Time in the Valley. The songs mentioned have many brothers and sisters all from the same general stock as Let the Rest of the World Go By, Long Trail, Memories, My Buddy, Remembering. And both groups are closely related to old Uncle George's favorite group, Let Me Call You Sweetheart, Won't You Come Over to My House, and Play in Your Own Back Yard. None of these are essentially different from grandpa's suite that includes Sweet Genevieve, Silver Threads Among the Gold, White Wings, The Hazel Dell and My Old Kentucky Home. They're all off the same family tree, musically. And Junior likes 'em. But he likes them as a change in musical diet.

Unfortunately, Junior's dad is often inclined to poo-hoo the modern music that son likes best and hears most often. That's an error on dad's part. Dozens of modern popular songs have more potential harmony than anything sung in the dark ages before son wore his first long pants. The harmony possibilities are there, but, God Help Us when an amateur group of very adult Adeline addicts attempts to solve the harmonies in I'll String Along with You, The Moon Was Yellow, Stars Fell on Alabama, or I Ain't Lazy. Harmonies are inverted, and they must stick closely to the lead to give the right effects. Few adults know how to do the musical flip-flop. So they say to hell with this modern stuff. It's no good! Let's sing Wait Till the Sun Shines Nellie.

But, listening to a collegiate group do their stuff in modern harmony, right wingers must admit that barber shop harmonies have certainly improved since the invention of the safety razor. It's all a matter of knowing how to use the new models.

"But" I say to the Prep who drops in to smoke a Sweet Caporal with me, doesn't even one of your modern songs have a verse? All you do is croon choruses in that upside-down harmony. And you've got exactly the same "break" or "shift" about the middle of your choruses. It's a change of key, or breaking from a trot into a pace or something. Toward the end you come back to the original musical theme, and then you end on it. Now, for example, you sing the chorus of I'll String Along with You. At the point where that "shift-break" comes, I'll snap my fingers. You stop, and I'll go right along with the middle part of the chorus of Lazybones. Then, where I should go back to the *original* music theme of lazybones, *I'll* stop. Then, quick, you pick up the Angel song and finish your chorus. Let's try it."

JUNIOR—You may not be an angu-ul, for
  anguls are too few
But until the day when one comes along,
  I'll string along with you.
I'm lookin' for ran angu-ul to sing my
  love songs to
So until the day when one comes along,
  I'll sing my song to you—
SNAP—
ME—When taters need sprayin' I'll bet you
  keep prayin'
The bugs fall off of the vines
And when you go fishin' I bet you keep
  wishin'
The fish won't bite on your line . . .
  ("take it, quick—")
JUNIOR—You may not be yan angu-ul for
  anguls are too few
But until the day when one comes along,
  I'll string along with you . . .
("How's that?")

"Aha! Toots, do you get my point? Your modern songs are all built with interchangeable parts in the middle of the choruses."

We try another one and he agrees that there's a lot of truth in what the old buzzard says. But . . . an idea! He's all agog about something. "Listen," he says, "will you sing the verse of Take Back Your Gold? . . . That's smooth! . . . Now sing a verse from the Shade of the Old Apple Tree . . . That's keen! . . . Now sing just one more. Sing that Old Gray Bonnet. Razma-taz! . . . Now, NOW! he yells, I'll show *you* something."

"The verses of all three of those songs and darned near any other song of that period, it seems to me, had what you call a 'break or shift' in the middle of the verse instead of the chorus. You'd start one of those sad story verses with a certain musical pattern. Then at the point where the mother lost her baby, or the boy settled down to do some real yearning for his home in Tennessee, you shifted your tune of the verse into second gear. You'd run along like that for several bars. Then you'd come back to the original pattern of the verse. You changed gears in the verse. We do it in the chorus. Same difference. So what?"

So embarrassing! But it's fifty-fifty. Mutual chagrin dissolves in a new interest. "After all, there's something about you younger older fellows and your music. Let's see what we can dig up next time. So long."

But what about mother and sister? The men who claim that women can't sing barber shop stuff are all wrong. I know several who sing tenor. They have two "changes" in their voices. Few adult females have more. Many of them can lead something swell. It's only when they get ambitious that they deserve a one way ride.

But there are plenty of High School girls and even Junior Highs who can take modern or old style harmony in their stride in a way that makes dad look wistful. The juniors have been weaned on the radio by trained harmonists. And they hear their radio fifty times as compared with mother's chances of being exposed even once to harmony at the same age. Radio is our best and busiest archeologist, exhuming songs of the early century and older, reviving and repopularizing them. In fact it's done such a good job that a lot of young people chant a song that they think is last week's production, only to learn later that it's old enough to have voted for Bryan and Sewell. It is interesting to inspect publication dates on some of these pulmotored songs. Here are a dozen that have been heard while this clinical study has progressed.

Some of These Days, '10; They Didn't Believe Me, '14; Shine on Harvest Moon, '08; Take Me Out to the Ball Game, '08; Darktown Strutters' Ball, '17; Man on the Flying Trapeze, '60s; Let Me Call You Sweetheart, '10; My Gal Sal, '05; Yip I Addy I Yay, '08; St. Louis Blues, '14; Casey Jones, '09.

Blended originally for pre-war tastes, they still tickle the palates of young and old connoisseurs of musical fare.

As to modern popular music, some of the finest lyrics (words) in America's song cycle have been born since 1930, though lyrics, as always, are spotty. Too many are just badly spoiled tripe. In general, a host of modern popular songs able to stand alone without any bolstering up by sentimental props of years.

Barber shopdom today has a richer, more varied, more nourishing diet than existed until the 1930s brought us a balanced musical ration.

So let's have more, and *closer* harmony. #

Glossary of Technical Terms

Used in this Survey

Adeline—*A flower.*

Air—*The line of least resistance.*

Barber Shop Harmony (Chord)—*"That which is conceived in the mind in contrast with what actually exists."*

Baritone—*The part that's missing between lead and bass.*

Encore—*Self praise . . . egotism to the nth degree.*

Harmony—*A goal.*

Lead—*The ball carrier.*

Quartette (Barber Shop)—*Five or more baritones.*

Tenor—*A baritone who can take it.*

The Listening Post

Telling the aesthetic imbeciles of the arts what even their best friends won't tell them

by SIGMUND SPAETH

• MUSIC •

THIS is a very frank and truthful piece intended for three kinds of people: First, those who have no talent whatever, but for some reason think they are elected to be musicians or artists of some sort, and persistently inflict themselves not only on their friends but on perfect strangers; second, those who have talent but are afflicted with some obvious handicap that permanently bars them from professional success; and third, those who have everything, including the will-power and hard-boiled effrontery that the public respects. Only the third class has any business whatever in music as a means of making a living. The second should be supplying a great amateur audience of well-trained listeners, with perhaps occasional mild competition for the professionals. The first should be eliminated entirely, and so far as my metabolism permits, it shall be done.

How do these people ever get the idea that they ought to be creators or interpreters of music? Don't their ears tell them anything? Or do their friends maintain the discreet silence so eloquently described in the advertisements of body odor and halitosis?

How can they think that the noises they make are anything but terrible? How can they escape the fact that anyone who is not tortured by their efforts is laughing at them? Don't the "favorite" poets of F. P. A. know that he is making fools of them? Have they no eyes to see, or ears to hear?

Fortunately for all concerned, the tribe seems to be decreasing in numbers. Yet there are still some of these aesthetic imbeciles who actually try to get into the professional ranks. They have always been easy meat for unscrupulous music-teachers, and when they have enough money to buy some attention, they become a positive menace.

If their work is not bad enough to be funny, it is merely dull, depressing, deplorable. They find an outlet for their ambitions in the amateur hours of radio, in the multitude of local benefits and free performances, where audiences are not inclined to be critical. They are constantly giving "auditions" to defenseless managers and agents, always doing badly, but never seeming aware of this obvious fact.

Show business in general dismisses these hopeless cases with the brief but descriptive term "bugs". They are in every American community, and New York is swarming with them. They are the chief reason why it is difficult to get to any really important executive of radio, the theatre or the musical world.

It pays to hire two additional secretaries just to keep such people out of the office.

But they keep right on trying, and cluttering up the scene for those who might have something significant to offer. They drive their victims so crazy with rage that they are willing to overlook any amount of real talent in order to avoid a repetition of the experience. The Bugs are responsible for all the sales resistance encountered by the newcomer in any line of entertainment. They have made it impossible for music publishers to look at unsolicited manuscripts, just as they have ruined a similar market in motion pictures and the theatre. They make every producer or manager or agent swear forcibly that he will never again listen to anybody unless a clear and spotless reputation can be proved in advance.

The Bugs should be destroyed without mercy. They are the tent caterpillars of art, and it is just about as hard to get rid of them.

Considerably above this low form of artistic life are the Amateurs, those who really possess talent, with the enthusiasm and industry to develop it, but lacking some essential quality that would put them into the professional category. Unfortunately this lack often remains undiscovered until much time and money and effort have been spent in a futile task. Some Amateurs go to their graves without ever finding out just what it was that kept them from being a sensational success.

It is hard to tell a singer, for instance, that he or she is too homely to appeal to an audience, regardless of the beauty of the voice, yet this is often the exact truth. A kind and tactful way to suggest it is by saying that the singer ought to concentrate on radio; but then, television is just around the corner. It is still harder for some people to grasp the fact that even with a good voice and good looks they may be lacking in that elusive thing called "personality," and therefore obliged to content themselves with only a moderate recognition of their art. It is impossible to define "personality" with any accuracy, but basically it seems bound up with sexual attractiveness.

And everybody knows that this has nothing to do with looks or ability of any kind.

While the Bugs are a real nuisance, the Amateurs deserve encouragement, provided they have enough sense to realize their limitations. Amateurs are needed, not only as ideal listeners and supporters of professional talent, but as developers of the amateur spirit among their less gifted fellows. They can and should be performing frequently in private, and occasionally even in public, paving the way toward the finer performances that the professionals can give. They can become members of local choral societies and orchestras, or take part in study groups, with the honest intention of improving both their own abilities and the tastes of their neighbors.

The difficulty with the Amateur lies in the recognition of the dividing-line that separates such efforts from professionalism. Always there is the temptation to try to gather a paying audience (usually by imposing on good-natured and solvent friends) and act like a regular artist. Always there is a misguided ignoramus available to tell the trusting Amateur that he or she is "just as good as any professional." Frequently a local teacher has worked on the Amateur's imagination, holding out the dazzling mirage of a professional career in order to keep up lucrative lessons, and eventually arriving at delusions of greatness even more inflated than those of the pupil.

There are excellent amateur orchestras and choruses all over America, particularly in our schools and colleges, and these groups can be of inestimable service to music. But too often the leaders catch the germ of megalomania. They begin to think of themselves as serious competitors of professional artists, and by capitalizing personal prejudice and sentimentality they often actually become an economic menace to those who have to make their living by music. They mistake a charitable spirit of co-operation and altruism for an intense desire to spend money at the box-office. If they ever have to face the law of supply and demand, squarely and honestly, they will quickly discover their error.

The best advice to the gifted amateur is: Don't try to become a professional unless you are so good that the public (friends and strangers alike) absolutely demand the opportunity to pay for your work. Don't be deceived by artificial circumstances or economic fallacies. If you are really elected to

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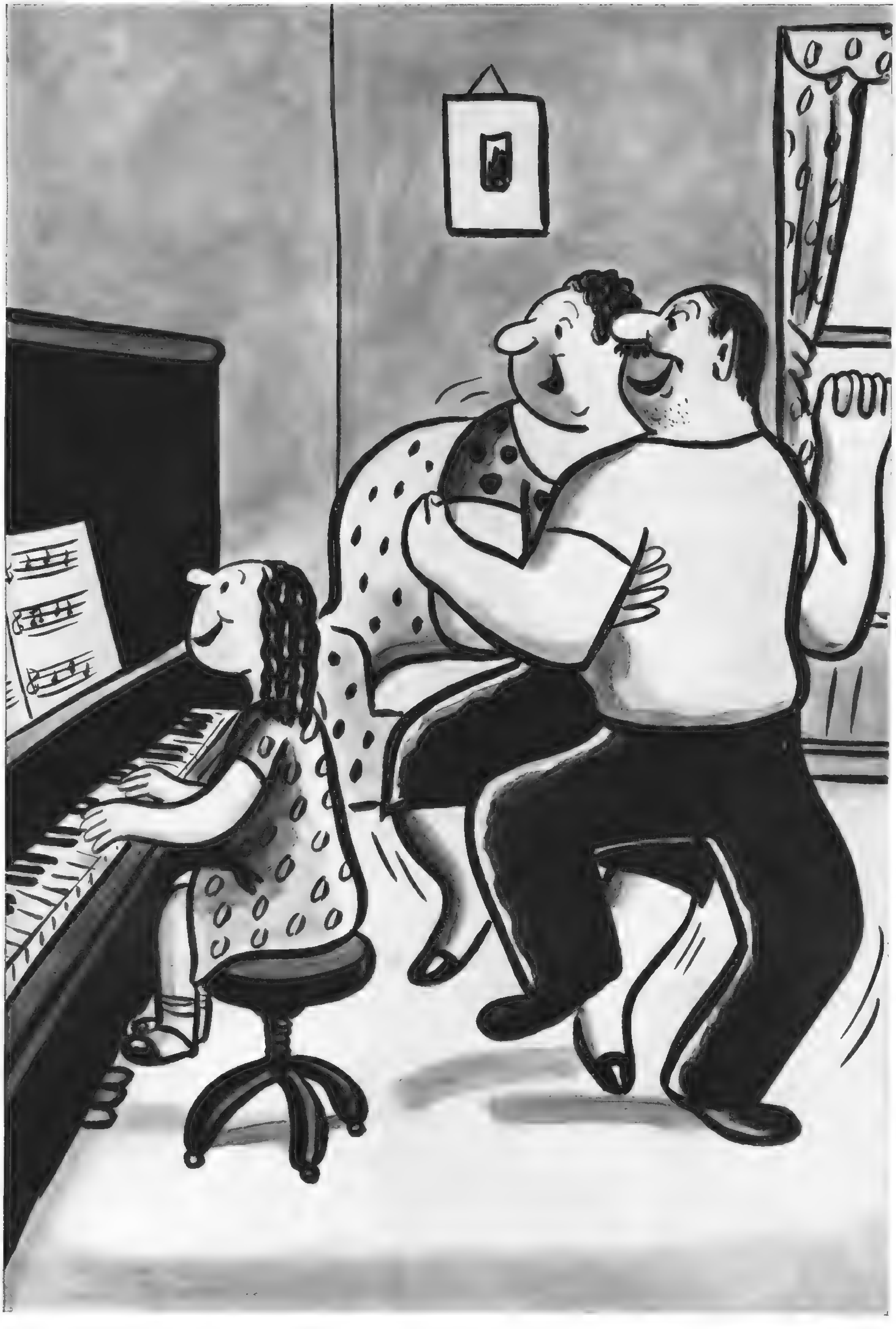

"Carioca, honey!"

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Placing John Spivak, Communist though he may be, at the top of the tops of American journalism

by BURTON RASCOE

• BOOKS •

TOPS

Voodoo Fires in Haiti. (Doubleday, Doran & Company, $2.75.) By Richard A. Loederer—Will not be published until the 26th of July. Literary Guild choice for August. Reviewed below.

Paths of Glory. (Viking Press, $2.50.) By Humphrey Cobb—Book of the Month choice for June. Reviewed below.

Ruggles, Bunker and Merton. (Doubleday, Doran & Company, $2.00.) By Harry Leon Wilson—Omnibus of the three classics by a master humorist. Reviewed below.

Deep Dark River. (Farrar & Rinehart, $2.50.) By Robert Rylee—Simply told, moving story of Negro laborers in Mississippi. Book of the Month selection for July.

RECOMMENDED

South. (Farrar & Rinehart, $3.00.) By Frederick Wright—A strange, tenuous and interesting novel so reminiscent of the manner of Meredith (to paraphrase Cabell) that it might have been written by an imitator of Henry James. Yet in spite of the lavender and old lace of the style it proves again that those who express themselves through the medium of drawn pictures (for instance: Leonardo da Vinci, Max Beerbohm, Whistler, Rothenstein, Rube Goldberg and Milt Gross) very often have an extraordinary gift for expressing themselves through the written word. It is a novel by a successful portrait painter, illustrated in four colors by himself. A bulky batch of reading matter for your three devalued dollars. It has so much in it that merely to catalogue its contents would take more space than I can allow for it: for instance, a plot involving an adoring husband and his beautiful wife who has two lovers and thereby causes some perplexities, especially in the husband's mind; *item*, scenes and people in a Southern town; *item*, contrasts between the lives of those who are in the money and those who are not; *item*, descriptions of strike riots and mill worker squalor; *item*, inanities of the social life of the very rich and the liquor-consuming capacity of the sporting young Southern generation; floods, famines and other angry acts of God visited, perhaps, upon lynch law enthusiasts of the South for their sins . . . A right smart lot for your money.

America Faces the Barricades. (Covici-Friede, $2.50.) By John L. Spivak—Should be used as a text-book model in all schools of journalism but won't because Mr. Spivak is a reporter for the *Daily Worker* and the *New Masses*. Reviewed below.

Kneel to the Rising Sun. (Viking, $2.00.) By Erskine Caldwell—A new collection of the short stories by the author of *Tobacco Road*, some of which have appeared in Esquire. The man has no pity in him; his hatred of the poor whites is violent (I don't like this because I come from people who number among them a lot of poor whites; so please don't excuse it please: just set it down as the inevitable and consistent conditional reflex action—according to Pavlov—of a patient subjected, as I have been, to the environmental data that may be built up around me and who is the product of the *genes* deriving from the sort of ancestors I possess); and there was never a Negro in all my Southern experience anything like Mr. Caldwell's Candy-Man Beechum.

Candy-Man is, to all intents and purposes, Roark Bradford's John Henry. I think it is an aesthetic crime to make an heroic figure like Candy-Man a martyr to poor white stupidity and envy, just to put over, as Mr. Caldwell does, the easily substantiated idea that between the two classes in the South who haven't got anything there is tragical-comical conflict wherein the frayed-brained white overcompensates for his deserved sense of inferiority by harrassing or lynching his black-skinned betters. Mr. Caldwell has only touched the implications of the things he writes about; his pyschology is elementary; and his incidents are often creakily melodramatic. But there is reason in him and craftsmanship, a sense of comedy and a frail, false sense of tragedy.

Time: the Present. (Simon & Schuster, $2.50.) By Tess Slesinger—Miss Slesinger's stuff is so pretty-good that you wish something would happen to her or that she had it in her to be all-the-way-good. I have never read a yarn by her that didn't peter out in the end. Sweet build-up, neat observations, acid malice, catty candor. You expect something from this. Then blooey! You get it not. She doesn't know how to trim up her yarns and point them. Let's hope she is not doomed to be the bright sophisticate at the party indefinitely, because you can read these efforts in trial-and-error comedy with some refreshment and not too much dismay.

The Wolf at the Door. (Houghton, Mifflin, $2.50.) By Robert Francis. Translation by Francoise Delisle. With an introduction by Havelock Ellis—The first of a series of five novels of French life under the Third Republic—This is so feminine a book (in the right sense) that I should not be surprised to learn that the author is a woman writing under a masculine pseudonym. It is about three sisters on a farm in northern France and their reactions to life as it was remotely affected by the War of 1870. Havelock Ellis's praise of the novel is, in my opinion, justified. Although the old boy is known mainly to the layman as a psychologist and an authority on sex, he has never made a miss so far as I have ever been able to determine when he has brought to our attention something exceptionally swell in the realm of the seven arts.

Bright Destination. (Doubleday, Doran, $2.00.) By Darwin L. Teilhet—A joyous harlequinade which runs like quicksilver over the page, urbane, satiric, and full of fun. Teilhet not only knows his France and Frenchmen; he understands all those French quirks of mind and language which make for comedy whenever an American comes into conflict with them. This is about a mad adventure of a much-in-love couple in France and about their brushes with the comical servitors of *la patrie*.

* * *

Voodoo Fires in Haiti is the spookiest, most atmospheric book about Haiti, its history, its legends, it superstitions, and its native rites and customs ever written. And I speak from the experience of one who has, I believe, read them all. It is also a book of exploration and adventure which makes you see, smell and feel the miasmic swamp and the ripeness and rot of the jungle. It is the sort of book that William Seabrook will wish he could have written because Bill is a diabolist in an amateurish way and this book has much of the satanic horror and fascinated revulsion which J. K. Huysmans was able to get into his novel *Là-Bas*, involving the practices of Parisian neurotics. Even as a book of things seen and endured on an exploration into tropical country, it makes *Green Hell* seem amateurish and *Brazilian Adventure* seem smart-alecky and too Oxonian. It is Gothic, Poesque, Baudelarian; it seeps like a dank dungeon-keep with uncomfortable dreaded drippings. The recital of religio-erotic rituals is of a character to make orgies both compelling and repellant. And yet the author has written, in the body of the book, a calm, clear history of the unhappy island. There have been many books about Haiti. After this one I think that any more would be superfluous. The author is an American artist and illustrator who wrote his book in

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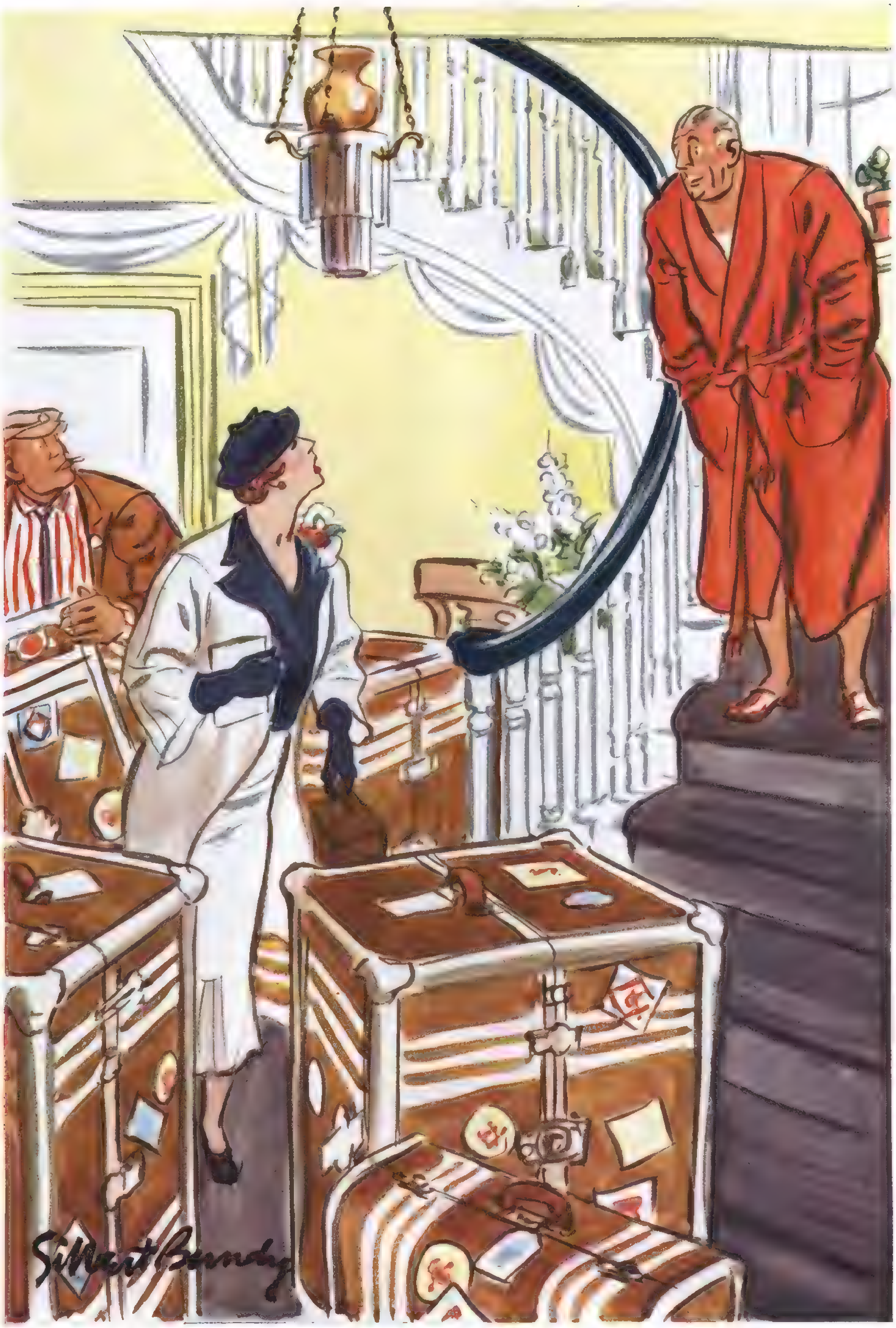
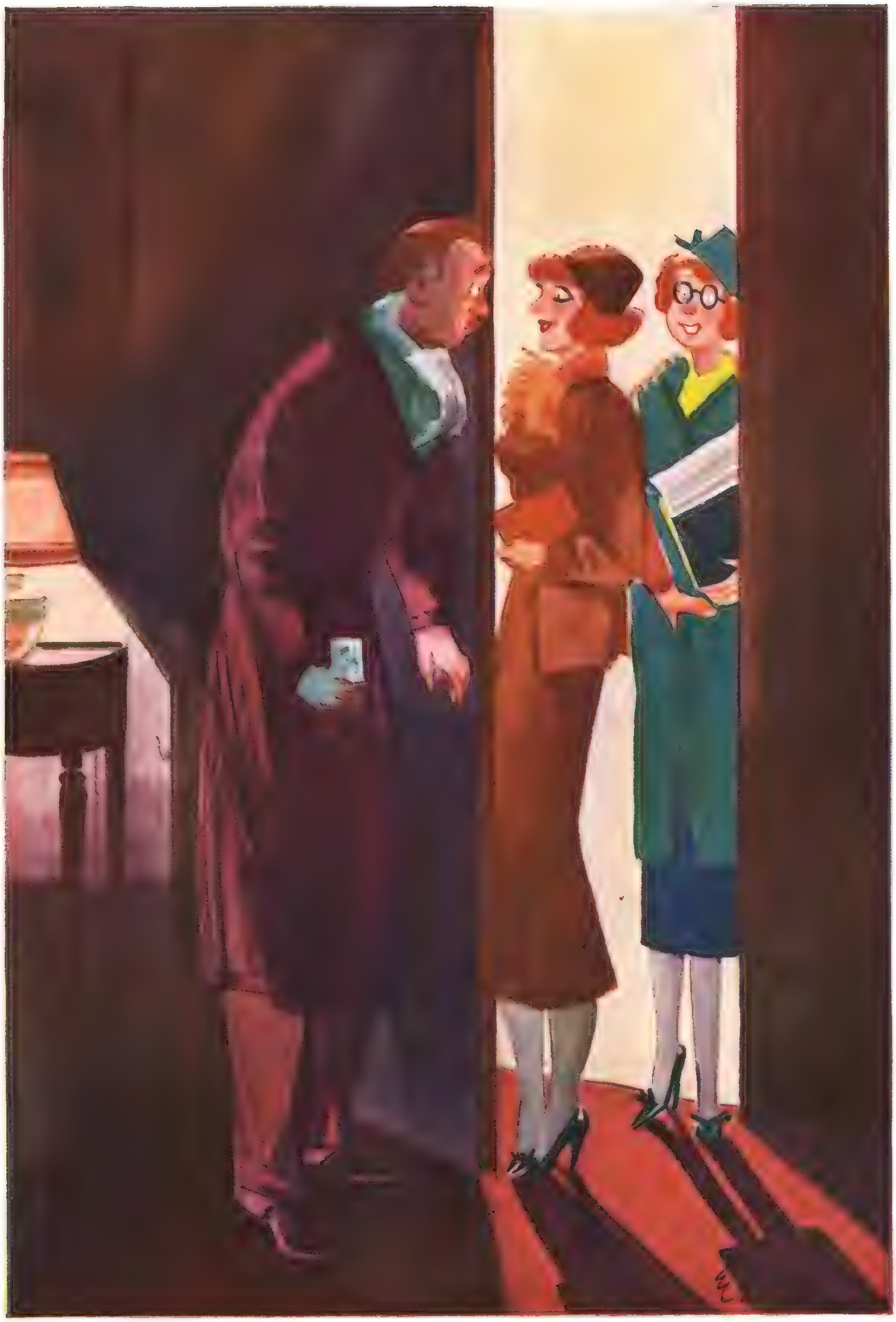

Gilbert Bundy

"Nonsense! You can take your bath when we get to Healthy Springs"



"I brought Effie too—she sings"

And It Shall Be Given

Continued from page 57

Dan's bed got wet, and, finally giving up, Jim emptied the box, fetched his blanket to line the bottom and put Dan on it.

A sudden idea came to Jim. He hastened down to the branch whose sluggish yellow waters rippled through the ravine nearby and returned bearing a large and indignant bull frog.

With his jack-knife he quickly split it down the middle. Then while it still lived and wriggled frightfully he bound it with store string on Dan's stomach. It would draw out the poison in the dog and maybe that would cure him.

Then for hours while Dan fought for breath, Jim sat holding one paw and looking out at the stars. Beyond them was God—so the preacher said—and God could save Dan if he wanted to—if he wanted to—

When the sun at last began to yellow the tufted tops of the tall pines Jim put Dan's box and a pan of water in a corner that would be shady. His father spoke, coming out the door:

"We're a-plowing today. Git your maw to give ya some pone and a jug. We ain't comin' back till sundown."

"But pap, I got to take care o' Dan."

"You're a-comin' with me."

"Pap, lemme come back at noon an' fix him up. I'll hurry."

"You heard me. Git the mules."

The sun was very hot and the furrows seemed interminable. Mocking birds laughing in the brush at the edge of the field only made Jim the more miserable and the great black buzzards floating, floating in the hazy sky filled him with evil premonitions.

At noon he and his father lay in the shade of an oak. They ate their corn pone and drank tepid water from the jug. Then the older Strickland took a long drink from his flask and, pillowing his head on his arm, lay with shut eyes.

Jim had been waiting for this moment. Perhaps his father would sleep until he returned. Stealthily he crept to the edge of the plowed ground. Then he rose and without noise began running across the furrows toward home.

"Boy!"

Jim stopped. His ruse had failed.

"Where you goin'?"

"Nowhere, pap, I—"

"Bring me that whip beside my plow."

"But pap—"

"Bring me that whip."

Shivering with fear the boy brought the whip.

"Stand agin that tree."

He obeyed, burying his face in his arms against the trunk. Suddenly he felt the whip strike across his bony shoulders. Then the intolerable burning agony as it came away. A swish through the air and again his father struck—and again. As though it were far off Jim could hear himself screaming—

When the green tufted tops of the tall pines were still ruddied by the sundown afterglow he was bending over the box again. No thumping this time—just a faint wiggle. Dan's nose was burning hot. The boy straightened up:

"I'll hev to hurry," he muttered.

He splashed his face with water from the basin on the back porch and he wet his hair and combed it. From under the pillow of his cot he drew an empty pint bottle and, carrying it in his hand, he ran to the woodpile beside the house. Swiftly displacing several short logs he uncovered a weathered keg. From its spigot a yellowish liquid filled the bottle. Jim hesitated a minute. Then he raised the bottle to his lips and emptied almost half of it. He filled it again, replaced the concealing logs and started for the church.

"Ain't you goin' t'eat?" he heard his mother call after him but he did not answer.

The meeting was well under way as he came near the church. A mile up the road he had been able to hear the deep voiced sound of the preacher. It was the third successive evening of the revival and the man of God felt that now was the time for an especial effort.

Ignoring the welcoming calls of his usual companions Jim ran up the steps and, softly opening the door, tip-toed in to sit alone on the rear-most bench. In front of him Mrs. Judkins was already beginning to weave back and forth to the rhythm of the preacher's burning words.

Already the latter had found his coat too warm and restrictive of movement and now in his stiff white shirt stepped about the platform with a quick cat-like tread shouting and gesturing at his auditors with a hypnotic intensity.

His bald head glistened with beads of sweat, his florid face dripped, but his action was increasing in violence.

"Repent" he shouted as he flailed the air, "repent! Hell's waitin' fer ya. There ain't no hope unless ya do. Ya want to sit in Glory at the right hand o' God? Or d'ya want to be a-burnin' eternally? Put your hand over that lamp chimbly. It burns. S'pose your whole body felt like that—forever? Some folks say 'We'll have a good time now. When we get old we'll repent.' Any moment it may be too late. Tomorrow morning may see you in a coffin. Tonight before this meetin's up—"

A scream, horrid and piercing, drowned his words. Mrs. Judkins was on her feet, swaying, her face like white ashes; "Jesus, have mercy" she cried in an hysterical voice. On either side of her men and women were swinging their bodies from side to side and clapping their hands in a slow rhythm. The stomp of feet grew louder.

"I see him" shrieked Mrs. Judkins, "he's a-comin' in a chariot of fire," and she collapsed on the bench. The preacher seized the moment. "Come to Jesus" he bellowed, "Come to Jesus!"

At the words of the invitation a song rose, gathering in volume with every word, mingling horribly with the shouts of those too moved to sing:

"I've a long time heard that the moon
will be bleeding
That the moon will be bleeding in
that day
O sinner, where will you stand in
that day?"

Slow and insistent—the clap of hands and the stomp of feet and the rhythm of the song. Down the aisle, one at a time, people drifted to the mourners' bench in front of the pulpit. There their shouts doubled in volume, rising above the song:

"O God, give me religion, I want to get religion!" Now the preacher moved out into the audience, his deep voice booming. Behind him came his "exhorter," Deacon Boyd, clapping his hands and shouting in his high tenor. Here and there they moved and the reluctant stumbled down toward the pulpit. Jim gasped. Then he crouched down behind the next bench and took out his bottle. A long, long drink that burnt his throat terribly and made him writhe. Then he sat up.

"Little brother, don't you want to be saved? Hell is waitin'. Don't you want to be saved?"

Jim looked about him desperately. The church had filled with eyes, eyes that stared and stared.

"Whee-ee-ee!" his boy's voice sounded through the church. "I got it, I got it, I got religion!" A sudden motion and his bottle, watched by many a regretful eye, shot through one of the few remaining panes in the nearest window. Glass crashed to the floor.

"There goes my liquor!" he yelled, "there goes my 'baccy!" But the tobacco fell short. "I got religion! I seen the chariot!"

He began to shake and sob convulsively—his arms waving about. A swell of sound engulfed him as the congregation began to celebrate with renewed vigor another conquest by the forces of the Lord.

The preacher and the deacon carried him still shouting and struggling down to the mourners' bench.

It was after midnight before the meeting was over and Jim could go home. As he hurried along in the yellow dust he was happier than he had been for many days. "It wasn't so bad" he thought "and now I can save Dan." But the time seemed long before he caught a glimpse of the clay and stone chimney.

The box was a black silhouette in the moonlight and he shuddered as he walked toward it and knelt down. Dan's head was between his forepaws and he looked asleep. Jim thought he saw the slight heave of his breathing. The boy turned on his knees and faced the square patch of star-sprinkled sky framed by the central passage. Fists clenched at his side, his head raised, he began to chant:

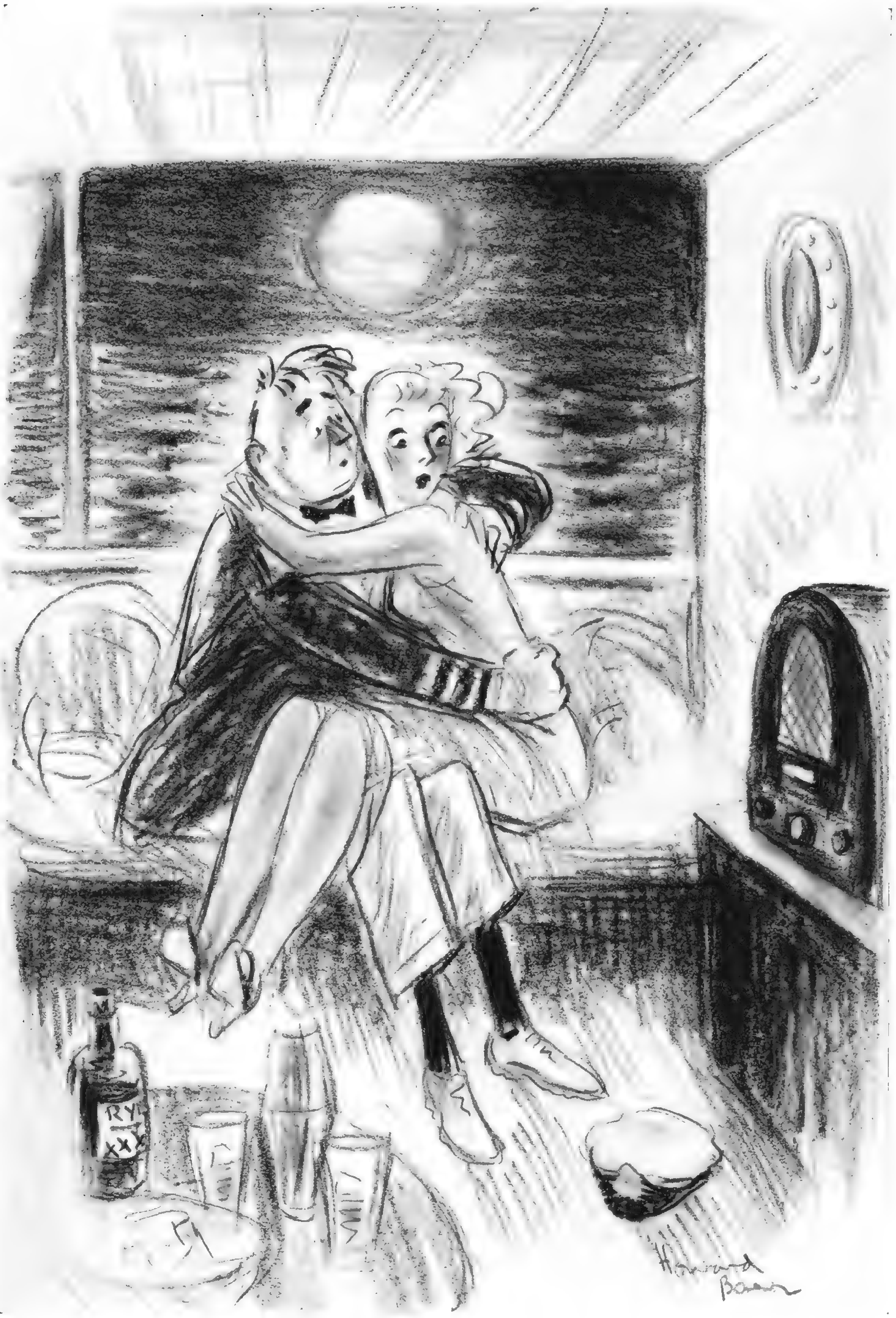
"O Lord, I'm a Christian man, now
And I'm a-followin' of Your ways;
Dan's a good dog an' I need him
Save my dog for me, Lord.
O Lord, I'm a Christian man
And I'm a-followin' of Your ways."

Three times slowly and clearly he chanted the words. Then he turned confidently and put his hand on Dan's smooth nose.

But Dan was dead.

Jim bent lower over his dog for a moment; then a sudden gasp shook him. Clearly he heard Henry Foster's voice sounding from yesterday, "I bet God'll git you some way for that." He rose to his feet, his face contorted with a terrible hate. Still facing the stars he threw out a puny trembling fist at the power beyond them. Then he spoke in a tense, hoarse voice:

"From now on hit's twixt me an' You!" #


RYE
XXX
Howard Baer

"Calling all cars—Miss Smith, small blonde, missing five days—foul play suspected"

Thar' She Blows!

The skipper finds himself 'twixt the devil for his dead mate and the deep blue sea for whales

by REX BEACH

▪ SATIRE ▪

THE ocean was like a lake of oil. Aside from an occasional creak of rigging and a rustle of canvas due to the languid rise and fall of an imperceptible ground swell there was not a sound aboard the whaler. Along the northern horizon hovered a peculiar glow where the ice pack lay: in all other directions sky and ocean alike were blue and empty. Aloft the lookout dozed in the crow's nest.

In a flat voice Captain Biswell addressed the man who sat across the cabin table from him and said:

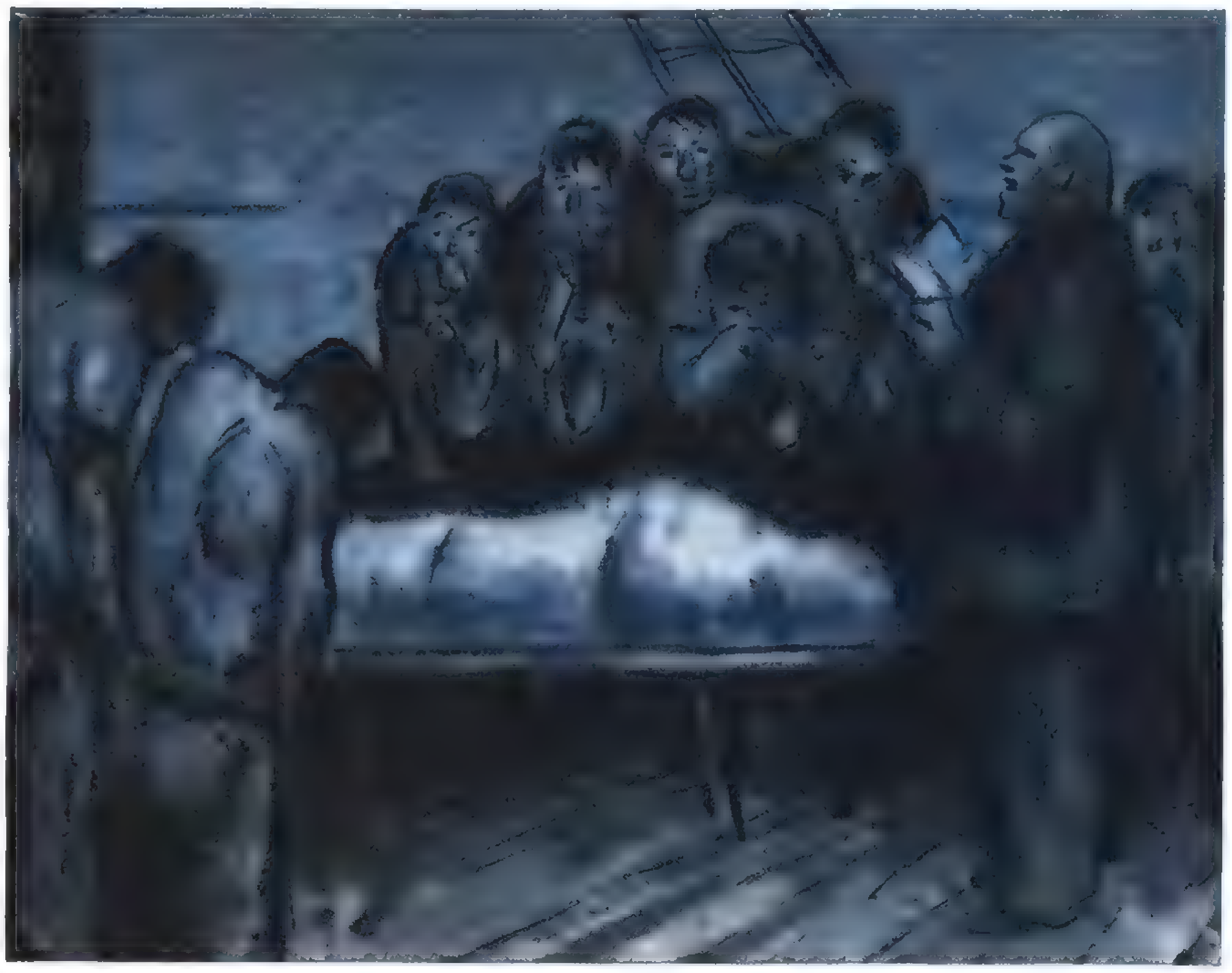
"Well, Mr. Jenks, you're now first mate."

Jenks spoke with a similar lack of animation. "Yes, sir. But Jim Grossett and I were good friends: I hate to step over a dead man."

"How d'you think I feel? Shipmates for ten years! . . . I couldn't of thought more of my own brother."

"It's been a bad trip from the start," Jenks said.

"Aye! Unlucky! The worst voyage I ever made. Three months and scarcely fifty bar'l of oil so far!" Captain Biswell dropped his eyes and stared gloomily at his fingernails. They were thick and cracked and edged with mourning as if for the occasion.



"The men are mighty blue," Jenks told him. "It's the monotony, much as anything: and Jim taking sick on top of all our bad luck."

"I don't blame 'em. I'd give my right eye to sight a whale," the Captain heaved a sigh. "I s'pose you know he left a family? Wife and two kids! They'll expect us to bring him home. Heigh-ho! I wish I wasn't so sentimental. That's my trouble, Mr. Jenks: I've got the heart of a woman."

"That you have, sir. Bigger'n a tug boat an' soft as butter."

"Well, when you've been through thick and thin with a man, through storm and shipwreck, and then he up and sickens all of a sudden and there's nothing you can do—" Biswell's voice grew husky, he waved a futile paw, he blinked vigorously. "Poor Jim! I'd rather it was me than him."

"We're all broke up, the same as you, Cap'n . . . Shall I make up some pickle?"

"Pickle?"

"You spoke of taking him home. We allus pickle dead Chinks. Them cannery hands have to go back to the mother country, you know—it's in the contract. We used to bar'l 'em up in brine."

"Jim's mighty tall to go in a bar'l."

"He'll fold. Only you got to head him up good or he'll push out. . . . Funny thing! Coming out of Bristol Bay one year we had a Chink in pickle. It came on to blow off Nunivak and the cannery hands was all on deck waiting for us to founder. Something let go aloft and a block stove in the head of that bar'l. Our dead Chinee rose up out of the bar'l an' *bowed!*" Mr. Jenks' leathery visage wrinkled into a smile and the Captain's lack-luster eyes brightened.

"That *is* funny. Kind of limber, eh?"

"Yes sir. The brine loosened him. Them other Chinees let out a yell, they dove through hatches and swarmed up the riggin' like so many monkeys. It took us two days to get the last one down. I thought I'd die laughing."

"Jim was my pal! I can't bear to see him pickled. . . . Poor feller! He never did have a chance: I aim to give him a good send-off for once. Why keep a man's immortal soul hanging around two or three months waiting to be put in a state of grace? It ain't right, Mr. Jenks. The Cherubims and the Parafins are waiting to welcome him. The sooner his spirit heaves in sight, the sooner the Heavenly whistles start blowin'."

"That's a solemn and a noble thought," the mate agreed. "It does you credit, Cap'n."

"See that the men shave and get their hair cut and wear the best they've got. We'll do Jim every honor. Burial at midnight."

"You—you aim to bury him the very day he died?" Jenks was mildly surprised.

"Hell! We've got to do *something.* This ca'm has got my goat—and the men, too." Captain Biswell covered his face with his hands.

Midnight! A copper sun hung low in the southern sky and the light it shed was strange, unreal: it cast a sickly yellow pallor upon the countenances of the whaling crew all of whom, shaved and scrubbed and freshly combed, were assembled on deck for the burial service.

They stood near the rail, where upon a plank lay a neatly corded, heavily weighted bundle wrapped in new canvas. It represented the grim climax, the final tragedy of an unlucky voyage. Three months earlier they had followed the ice north through Behring Sea and into the Arctic Ocean. The short summer season would soon be over and they would be returning home empty handed. Another year wasted! Now Death had laid its cold hand upon the ship.

Poor old Jim Grossett! The Pearly Gates stood open for him, the Heavenly Choir awaited only the skipper's words.

While the eighth stroke of the ship's bell still pulsated in the midnight silence Captain Biswell appeared with the Book of Common Prayer under his arm. He was dressed in his black suit: grief weighed heavily upon him; his shore shoes creaked loudly.

In a voice attuned to the solemnity of the occasion he began to read,

" 'I am the resurrection and the life.' "

After a while he closed the book upon his

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I Am Taken To Be Shot

Continued from page 81

live. It wasn't a dream, was it, this morning and battle and capture and the Cossacks . . .

But all this was real, real, this pale gray sky floating above me at a terrific speed, this virgin snow trampled by our running feet, these companions, my brother. I bent close to the ground as I ran, doubling up to make my body small and thus escape the angry bullets. It was so queer, my body so light—to feel alive and not wounded when bullets whined and rang in the air, in the snow, so near my head, my shoulders, my back, my limbs. Blood was oozing from my lips, so tightly did I bite them with my teeth as I ran.

One of my companions stumbled and fell, sprawling in the snow ahead of me. Killed? But I saw him get up immediately, with his face turned toward the Cossacks. His face was terror stricken into immobility. But he ran again.

The road disappeared under the snow, deep and fluffy. We were running across a plain unmarked and hostile. Suddenly the plain ended. We halted at the rim of a deep ravine.

I looked back. Way, way back I could see the blackish group of prisoners. They were still there, on the spot where we had left them, near the cemetery, awaiting their end. But our own freedom was only a fleeting treasure—we were now to be recaptured. For this deep ravine was cutting off our escape.

The Cossacks now were nearer, their shouts came clearer. I squatted helplessly, and so did a few others.

"Lead us!" cried the young soldier of the sheepskin hat. "You are a local man. Don't you know the way?"

No, I didn't. That is, I knew it in the summer, the excursion time, but not in the winter. The snow hid the road. I looked for the river. By following the river to the south we would surely escape. But the river, too, was invisible under ice and fog.

"To hell with you!" shouted the young soldier. "Roll, devils, roll!"

He pushed us one by one into the ravine. Then he, too threw himself into the snow. As all of us rolled down the slope he kept on yelling:

"Roll, roll, you devils, don't stop! Roll, roll, roll!"

We rolled. The bullets whizzed high in the air. We rolled, our hands and feet bruised by the frozen icy ground, our mouths and ears full of snow.

The bullets sang higher and higher above us. There were no more men or horses running after us.

Our new leader continued to shout at us. Now we could hear his voice though not his words. But it didn't matter. We were rolling down the long slope to our safety. The pursuers remained behind.

Soon we were at the bottom under a protruding chunk of naked clay. We looked at one another and smiled. Our smiles were ghastly, for our faces were covered with scratches and bruises.

"Anyone wounded?" asked the young soldier. "No? Well, I am. Anyone has a handkerchief? No? Then tear my undershirt, someone. I can't move my left arm. Easy now."

Nikolai, that was his name, was not really wounded. He said that a bullet had merely grazed his back, cutting his army overcoat very neatly, as with a tailor's knife, and scratching his back.

There was blood, but it was already dry. Nikolai explained that he had been wounded when taken prisoner.

"Why didn't you have your wound dressed then?" asked one of us.

"What was the use when we were to be executed just the same?" he said. "But it's different now. We are going to live now. They can't get us here, in these ravines. Come on!"

We followed him, glad that there was one to follow and obey and be saved by. We marched in single file, and sometimes in twos, Nikolai preceding us. The bottom of the ravine was narrow and it zigzagged crazily as if the ravine, too, wanted to escape the Cossacks and the death. We heard a machine-gun cough somewhere high in the hills.

"They are trying to get us!" cried a boy in a student's hat.

"No," said Nikolai, "they are finishing the others."

Stray bullets flew in the air. Far off a cannon boomed. Suddenly we heard the sound of steps. A soldier ran behind us. He was silent, but we knew that he was trying to overtake and join us.

He was unarmed. Another Red fugitive, who perhaps escaped even before the march to the cemetery had begun. We stopped and waited for him. Then Nikolai slapped him on the face.

"Get out of here," Nikolai said quietly. "There are too many of us as it is. I haven't contracted to lead an army of cowards."

The fugitive gaped, but turned back. We continued on our way. I don't think anyone of us felt anger at Nikolai or shame at our own silence.

Nikolai was our leader; he knew what was best for us. We had neither the right nor need to think. We marched on.

Ravine after ravine wound and unwound for hours. Then the path rose gradually till it brought us to a wide plain. It was noon now and we were hungry. There was a deserted battlefield before us. We saw the dead bodies of men and horses, broken automobiles and wagons, abandoned guns, bales of pressed hay, and many cartridges. From time to time great shells howled over our heads. They exploded far to the right of us. We watched the masses of snow and earth as they rose into the air. Some of us tried to look in the debris of the battlefield for food-kits and water-flasks, but Nikolai urged us on:

"Don't stop, don't stop. Eat snow, smoke cigarettes. Sing songs, kiss one another, but walk, keep on walking, you ——. We've got to get out of this damned place."

We didn't sing and we didn't kiss, but we swallowed snow for our water, and we smoked our last cigarettes for food. The student became weak.

"Nerves," sneered Nikolai.

We were afraid he would order the boy to leave us. But no, Nikolai himself grasped the boy with his right arm and supported him. My brother complained about his feet, but refused any help. Thus we walked, all young; our elders had stayed behind to die.

Once we saw a company of armed men briskly marching in the distance. Nikolai decided that for all we knew they might be Whites. We huddled beyond an old stack of hay, silvery with hoar, and waited for the men to pass. An hour later there was a battery of field guns proceeding in the opposite direction.

This time there was neither hay nor hill to hide us, and we stretched flat on our stomachs near some badly damaged army kitchens.

Then we met a solitary soldier, slowly walking down a hill and making notes in his book. His calm appearance was a strange sight amidst the chaos.

Was he a Red? Was he a White? Nikolai ordered my brother to the rear of our small group.

"If he is a Red," said Nikolai to my brother, "your shoulder-strap will make him suspicious of us. He might even shoot at us. But if he is a White we will push you in front of us and tell him we are Whites. Now, let's go."

The man regarded us with cool interest as we approached him. His neat uniform lacked shoulder-straps. Yes, he said, he was a Red.

He was a liaison officer between two Red divisions and was out on a reconnoitering promenade. That was the very word he used—"promenade."

"This is a civil war, comrade," said Nikolai angrily. "This isn't a garden party. Don't be a snob."

The man shrugged his shoulders, smiled, and gave us the latest information. Rostov, he said, had been almost taken by the Whites the night before, but the Reds repulsed them. The city was now in Red hands but would be evacuated in a few hours.

We tore the White shoulder-strap from my brother's coat, and turned to the city, now plainly in sight.

Three days later, the battle in our region was over. Our city, taken and retaken, now by the Whites, now by the Reds, was at last quiet.

The Reds were now finally in power, and the roar of the artillery was now distant. On the morning of the fourth day Nikolai and the young student—they had become great friends—called on my brother and me. We had carrot-tea with hard candy, since as yet there was neither real tea nor sugar, and talked about Walt Whitman's poetry.

"Say!" exclaimed Nikolai suddenly. "There is going to be a grand mass-funeral today in town. The best speakers from Moscow will deliver the eulogies."

"Who's dead?"

"Why, the fifty-three . . ."

"Oh!"

"It might have been sixty."

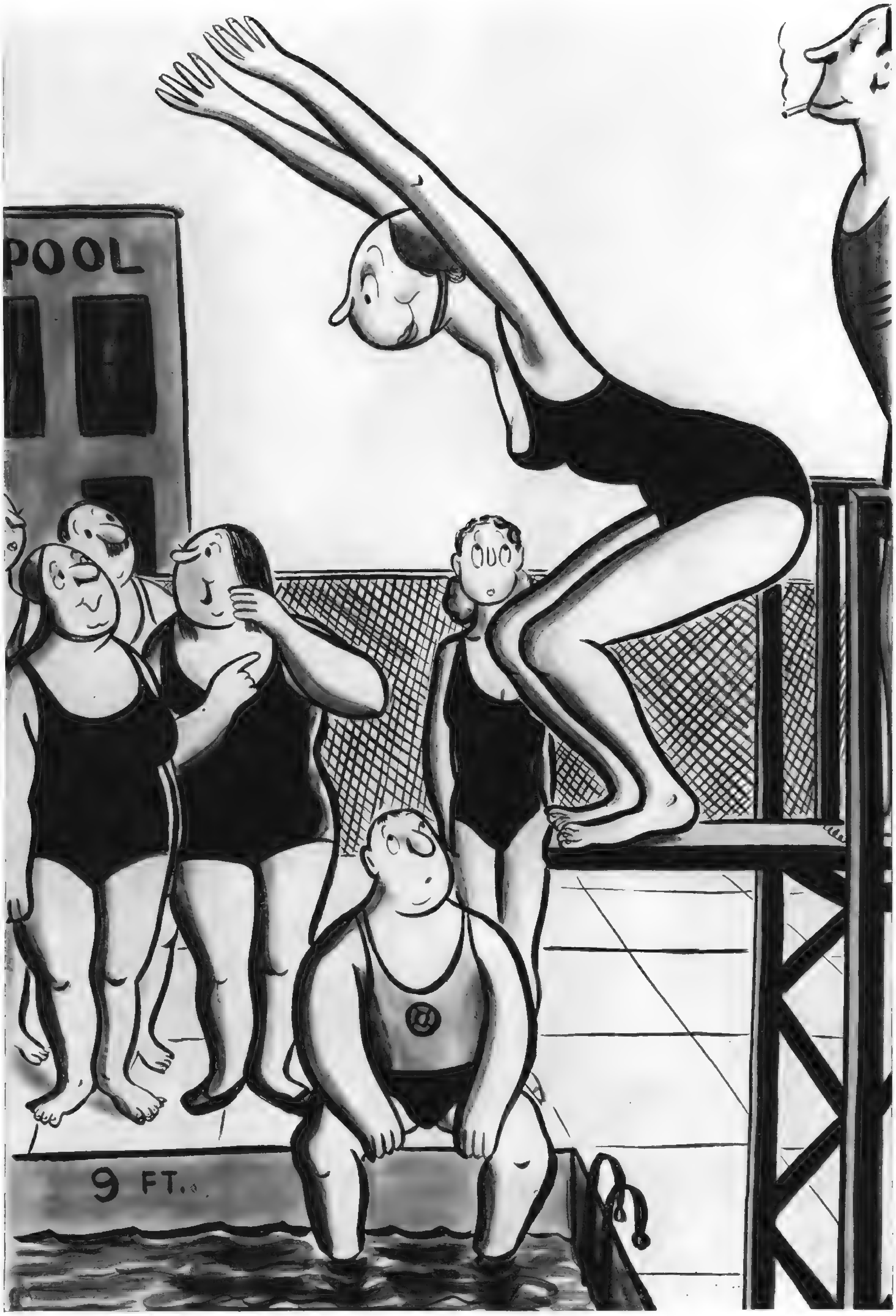
"Yes, funny, isn't it?"

"Funny is the word. Are you going?"

"Might as well. The eulogies might have included us, you know."

"That's curious, isn't it?"

It was two hours before the funeral would start, so we drank some more tea. The young student read some of his translations of Whitman. They were passably good. #



"Watch—just like a swan!"

By Jupiter!

Lightning is still the greatest show on earth, but few know how to watch the many-colored play

by PAUL W. KEARNEY

• ARTICLE •

As a small child I acquired a gibbering terror of lightning that persisted until my grandmother, who had both religion and a sense of humor, let me in on a great scientific secret. If, she confided, one were to peer right into the heart of a flash, one was pretty sure to see the Gates of Heaven and, possibly, even the Throne itself. However this gag may rate with child psychologists, it worked with me, and in ensuing years I spent many an hour with my nose pressed against the window pane during storms.

Of course, I saw the Pearly Gates many times, but I never did get a good look at the Throne. This may come in time, for that genial hoax implanted in my mind an interest in this phenomenon that hasn't waned to this day.

This lay interest in a subject that has fascinated and baffled such profound students as Steinmetz and Sir Oliver Lodge may appear presumptuous, yet the field is big enough for those of us who don't know the difference between an electrolyte and an electrolier because lightning is something with which we all have a bowing acquaintance.

It is, furthermore, the Greatest Show on Earth, and the more storms you watch as a critic, the more you appreciate the lure of this spectacle. Indeed, it is impossible to grasp its enormity until you compare Jupiter's work with man's. The best artificial lightning produced so far has been at the M. I. T. laboratory at Round Hill, Mass., where the unbelievable Van de Graff electrostatic generator kicks out a 40-foot spark of 7,000,000 volts and can probably reach 10,000,000 volts without difficulty. This is considerable voltage on anybody's bill, yet contrast it with the estimated power of a typical lightning flash as arrived at by the late F. W. Peek, of General Electric, to wit:

Voltage	100,000,000
Current	100,000 amperes
Energy	4 kilowatt hours
Duration	a few millionths of a second
Horsepower	1,000,000,000,000

Next time you see a lightning flash, you can dramatize it all for yourself with the thought: there goes 500 times the horsepower of all the automobiles in America, expended in a period so brief that it makes the blink of an eye seem like the passage of a month.

This, to be sure, concerns the ordinary flashes which come to earth: relatively trivial sparks only a mile or two in length. The big leaguers are the more frequent inter-cloud discharges which are often twenty miles long, representing an energy beyond comprehension. Just the traveling speed ranging from 800 to 20,000 miles per second is too much for even the average Esquire reader to grasp.

These mammoth sparks appear in a variety of forms, many of which have acquired descriptive classifications. Everybody knows Forked Lightning which also goes by such aliases as Chain, Branched, Streak, etc., and Ribbon or Stream Lightning, without branches, is quite common. The wellknown Sheet Lightning is merely the general illumination of the sky by a Forked flash which we can't see directly because of an intervening cloud. The so-called Heat Lightning (which occurs in winter as well as summer) is just an ordinary flash so far away that we don't hear the thunder which is rarely audible as far as twenty miles. Since artillery fire has been heard for distances of a hundred miles, this appears strange until you realize that sound rises as it travels. And because the thunder clap may occur at a height of many thousand feet, the sound is soon passing over our heads, unnoticed.

Of the rarer, fancy varieties of lightning, the Rocket flash is one no observer ever forgets. This is a slow, indolent upward discharge easily followed by the eye, which often bursts into a scattering of sparks at the end of its course. Still another type occasionally seen but eternally watched for by enthusiasts is the Necklace or Pearl discharge in which the principal flash is ornamented by a fringe of twinkling lights which suggests the sparkling of jewels. Once you've seen this spectacle you can die, content with the knowledge that there is nothing else in the world worth watching for.

Don't, however, try to kid yourself into thinking you've seen it as do so many reporters of Ball Lightning. Scientists agree that most of these accounts are phony, albeit honest enough, because the real thing is very rare and many "eye witnesses" are tricked by that optical illusion, persistence of vision. That is, the brain is prone to retain the image of a rapidly moving object even after the object has vanished, and this fact accounts for many weird lightning tales.

Nevertheless, there are plenty of authentic cases of the appearance of Ball Lightning. In one instance, for example, a meteorologist was dumbfounded to see a Lightning Ball drop through his dining room ceiling, roll along the floor and then suddenly vanish. A thorough search revealed no trace of its points of entry or egress, and the poor man began to suspect his own eyes until he discovered that every electric bulb in the house was burned out, all the fuses melted, and the electric meters in his basement and in his neighbor's as well were both knocked out of kilter.

Adding further to the inducements held out for "lightning watchers," these various types of discharges may be seen in various colors: white, yellow, orange, red, blue, etc., depending upon atmospheric conditions, distance, and other factors. Several different forms, too, may be seen during the same storm, and one physicist had the luck to observe a tropical storm lasting thirteen hours during which he witnessed Forked, Sheet, Ribbon and Pearl flashes in white, red and purple; one dazzling Rocket and three strange types he had never encountered before.

Of course, the amateur can enjoy this show without ever seeing one of these rare specimens. Plain, everyday lightning is fascinating, and perhaps the best way to enjoy it is with a camera. With modern, fast film, even the cheapest box camera will suffice with the lens set at the largest stop or No. 1, and the folding instruments will work without any trouble. The procedure is simplicity itself: with slow film set the lens stop at U. S. 8 (or f 11, if your shutter is so marked); place the camera on a tripod or solid support, focused at Infinity and aimed in the general direction of the flashes. Then open the shutter as for a time exposure; wait for a flash; close the shutter again and wind your film.

Obviously, this system works best in the evening. With faster film, incidentally, you can stop down to U.S. or f 16.

Apart from conventional lightning there are several other interesting electrical displays related to it: the famous Andes Lights of South America; the Aurora Borealis; the Will-o'-the-Wisps seen over marsh land or cemeteries; and St. Elmo's Fire, that "leak-

Continued on page 150

Florenzo the Glorificent

Continued from page 58

The morning after an out-of-town opening, he was almost always the first one up in the morning, and from his bedroom while propped up on pillows, he would force his entire staff by telephone into early action.

Usually his notes were scribbled on a pad of telegram paper. He could think of more things helter-skelter and yet logically, than seemed believable. His mind, working characteristically, could stir up a miniature revolution that reached from the stage door to the White House.

When his Lilliputians couldn't get by the customs, he pulled wires until Washington responded and the troop was permitted to leave Ellis Island for Broadway.

He could juggle up stars, places, people and things with the relentlessness of the executioner in *The Mikado.*

One day, he sent an infuriated telegram from Baltimore because Leon Errol's name was not printed large enough on the three-sheet placards.

"You have ruined me," was his telegraphic shriek.

But the very next day he ordered the pictures of a minor principal, Louise Brooks, to displace the same star in the rotogravures.

Before ten o'clock in the morning his activities would include a letter to Norma Terris telling her not to play up her exit after her first number in *Show Boat*; reducing, by a threat, a recalcitrant star; discussing with the printer the duplication of a Marcus drawing on the house boards; having a friendly conversation with Patricia; directing the scenic artist to change the design of a postern gate; engaging a new girl through a magazine publisher who had run her picture in connection with a silk advertisement and ordering orchids for an out-of-town critic.

These matters completed, he went volubly and speedily to the next; writing a complaint because the conductor took a tempo too fast in a finale; commanding the manager to cut the Washington run of *The Comic Supplement* and inviting a friend to his Canadian camp.

Then the wardrobe mistress was disciplined for not telling the show girls to duck their heads to keep from ruining the mantillas when they entered the elevator; and the press agent was given at least twenty different and often conflicting suggestions in regard to "ads," photographs, special stunts and a method for getting him free tires throughout the run of the play, in exchange for program mention.

Ziegfeld had really perfected the practice of getting things for nothing by way of publicity. Yet his relations to the game were paradoxical, almost unbelievable. He knew the fallacies of press agentry. Himself the best press agent that ever lived, his sense of news values was sure. His imagination was lively; his procedure effective. He was shrewd enough to use material that he hadn't originated whether it was a phrase like "glorifying the American girl" or a line in a favorable newspaper criticism comparing Evelyn Laye to Patti.

Nevertheless—and this has never been told before—in spite of his thorough knowledge of the mechanics of publicity and his attendant contempt therefor, he was sometimes the first to fall for it—even his own.

No sooner did he see a girl's picture in print, a name or story, then he began to regard her as important. Beauty winners, whose pictures he had himself ordered in the papers, became important when they reached the printed page and their names impressed him as if he had not himself paid to put their names in the "ads."

The morning after Grace Moore made her thrilling debut at the Metropolitan, he got on the wire early and asked his business manager to get in touch with her.

"The papers are full of Moore's success this morning," he said, "ask her if she'd like to sign up with me."

"But Mr. Ziegfeld, this is scarcely the time to ask her that. She's just made the hit of her career after years of study here and abroad. She's a grand opera star now, with unlimited opportunities ahead of her."

"Never mind," Ziegfeld replied, "hurry up and see if she won't work for me."

And it was that way with other people of lesser importance.

His appetites and his agitations were just as if he were a boy in his teens. When he wanted something, he knew no rest until he got what he wanted; and the appetite might include anything from a young lion cub to a small size model of George Washington's home.

Every hour of the day he was wanting something and every second of those hours he was harassing everyone he met to satisfy his need.

In between the conversations necessary to conducting his business, he would repeat his demands with the inexorable insistence of the drums in *Emperor Jones.*

"Alice, when you get time, go up to Saks-Fifth Avenue and take a look at that model in the cloak department. Patricia saw her today and said she looked pretty good. If she's right, try to get her over here and I'll put her in the next show. And, Alice, hurry up about it. Go during your lunch hour. I want to see her. Be sure to do this before you turn to anything else. Get that girl."

Then he would turn to his secretary, saying:

"Take a telegram to that manager of that theatre in Washington. You know which one I mean. Tell him to hurry and get me some quails, quickly. We're giving a dinner party Thursday and must have them. He knows how to get them."

Similarly, when he established his night club at Palm Beach, Florida, he was so determined to serve the kind of turtle soup he liked that he moved the proprietor bodily from Baltimore and planted him in the sunny South.

The most fascinating quality in Ziegfeld's character was his enjoyment of living.

He reached for the best food, actors, plays, clothes, jewels with vulture-like voracity. Nothing could satisfy him but the best and sometimes the manner in which he jumped from complete ignorance of a commodity's value to an appreciation of its excellencies was astonishing.

One day Patricia grew interested in collecting butterflies. Soon after Ziegfeld was infected with the same interest. By the time three days had passed he had half New York hunting for a certain rare species that would make her collection complete and superlative.

On one of his last trips to Europe he took the royal suite on an ocean liner and then, feeling that the food might not correspond to his epicurean demands, he carried along his own dairy products and fowls.

Similarly, he went in for hiring the best writers, stars, actors, scenic artists, producers and equipment.

In one case, he had just parted company with a press agent and engaged another to his satisfaction, but when a day or two afterwards the word came out that the press agent had been engaged by a rival producer, at a fabulous salary, Ziegfeld called him up secretly and tried to re-engage him.

Sometimes, too, he defeated his own personal publicity, especially when it concerned his own photograph. He was vain about pictures in the paper and if he felt that he didn't look just right, he wouldn't pose.

Often, too, and this was hard to understand, he adopted the conventional attitude of false modesty about posing.

"No, don't bother me," he would say, "take somebody else. Take one of the stars or the composer."

And he offered this suggestion in spite of the fact that an hour before he had issued definite orders that the cameramen should come up and photograph him at that very time and place.

When Ed Wynn appeared in *Simple Simon*, Ziegfeld had not much faith in the piece and he was, therefore, anxious to have a big publicity spread. He gave all sorts of orders about bringing the photographers on and received definite assurance from the newspapers with which he was personally affiliated that a barrage of cameramen would be on hand.

The first picture, of course, in this instance, was to be his own and all arrangements were made accordingly. But when the time came to pose he flatly refused to cooperate. The men stood with their cameras outside the private office. Reporters and pressmen begged and implored him to pose in the same manner that they would wheedle a temperamental screen star to step before the camera.

Ziegfeld, however, would have absolutely nothing to do with them. He definitely ordered his press department to shoo them off and photograph someone else. But following his orders sometimes meant, as his staff knew, going directly against them.

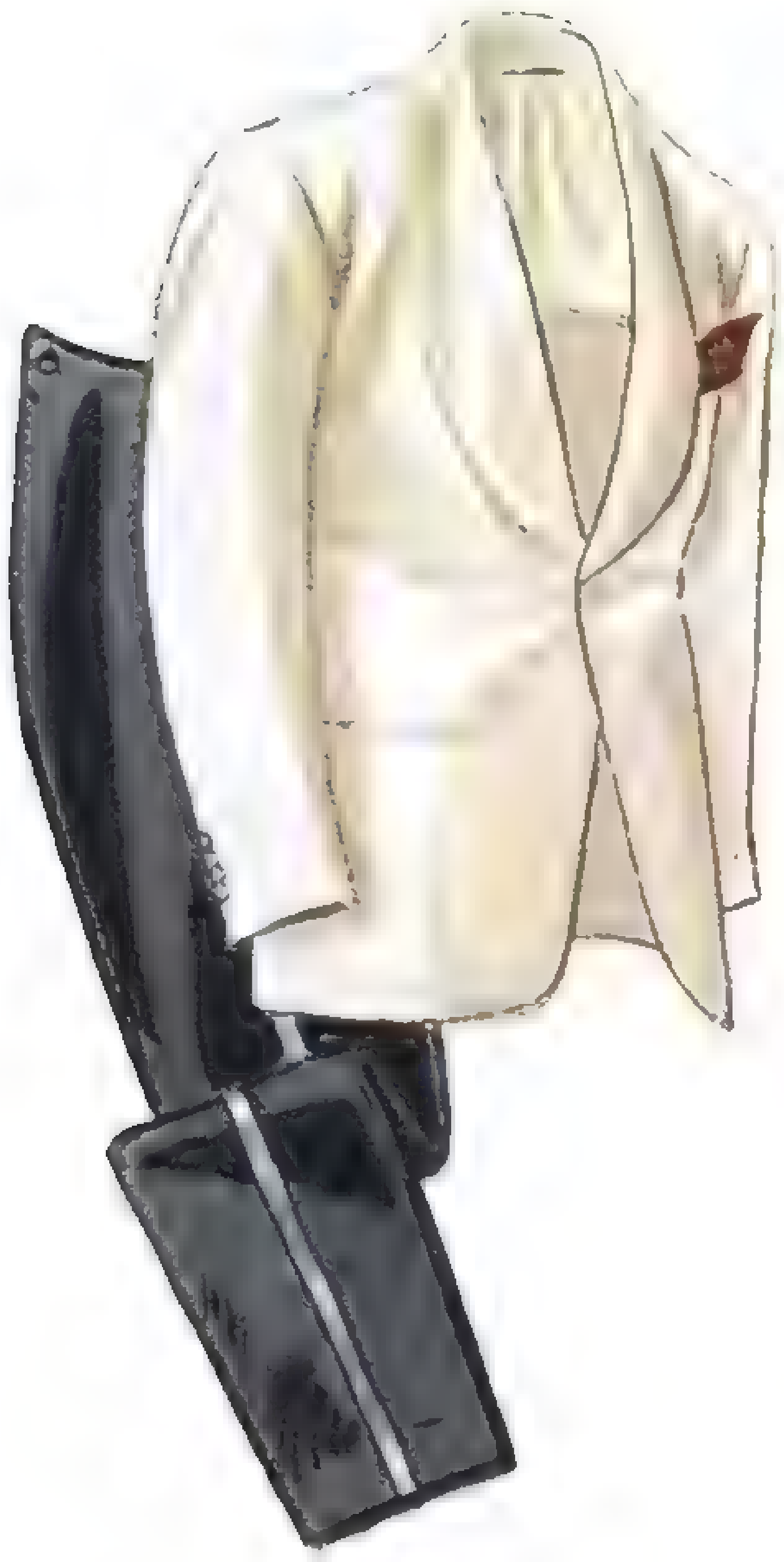
Everyone rushed through the dark theatre to the front entrance, around the alleyway, past the stage door, where the producer had gone to wish the star good luck. When, after what seemed hours, Mr. Ziegfeld stepped out of Mr. Wynn's dressing room, the photographers flashed him before he had a chance to protest.

"Well, you got me that time," he laughed a little sheepishly, and always a sportsman at heart, he seemed to relish his own defeat.

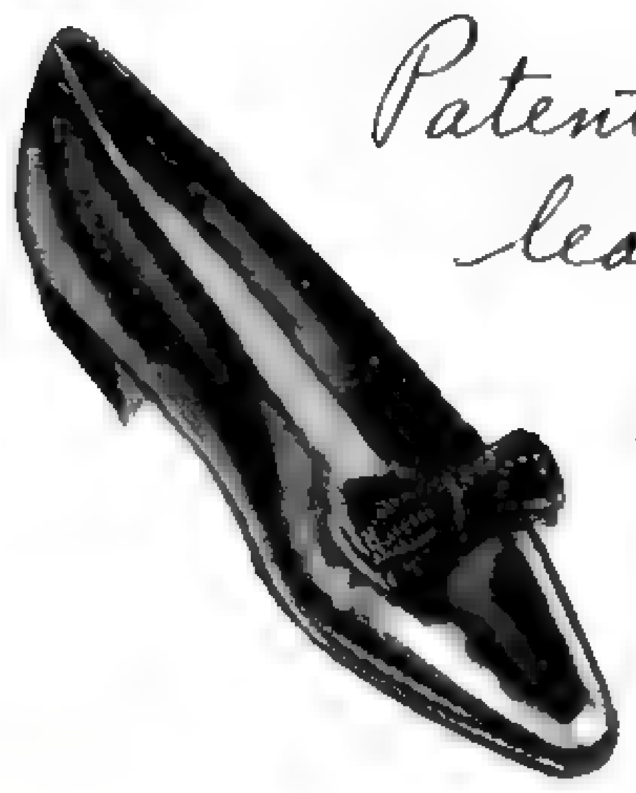
Seldom, though, did he appear at a disadvantage. His conduct had always a natural dignity that made the intruder shy off.

During crucial moments and especially at rehearsals, he always kept his poise. No matter how angry he was, he saved his repri-

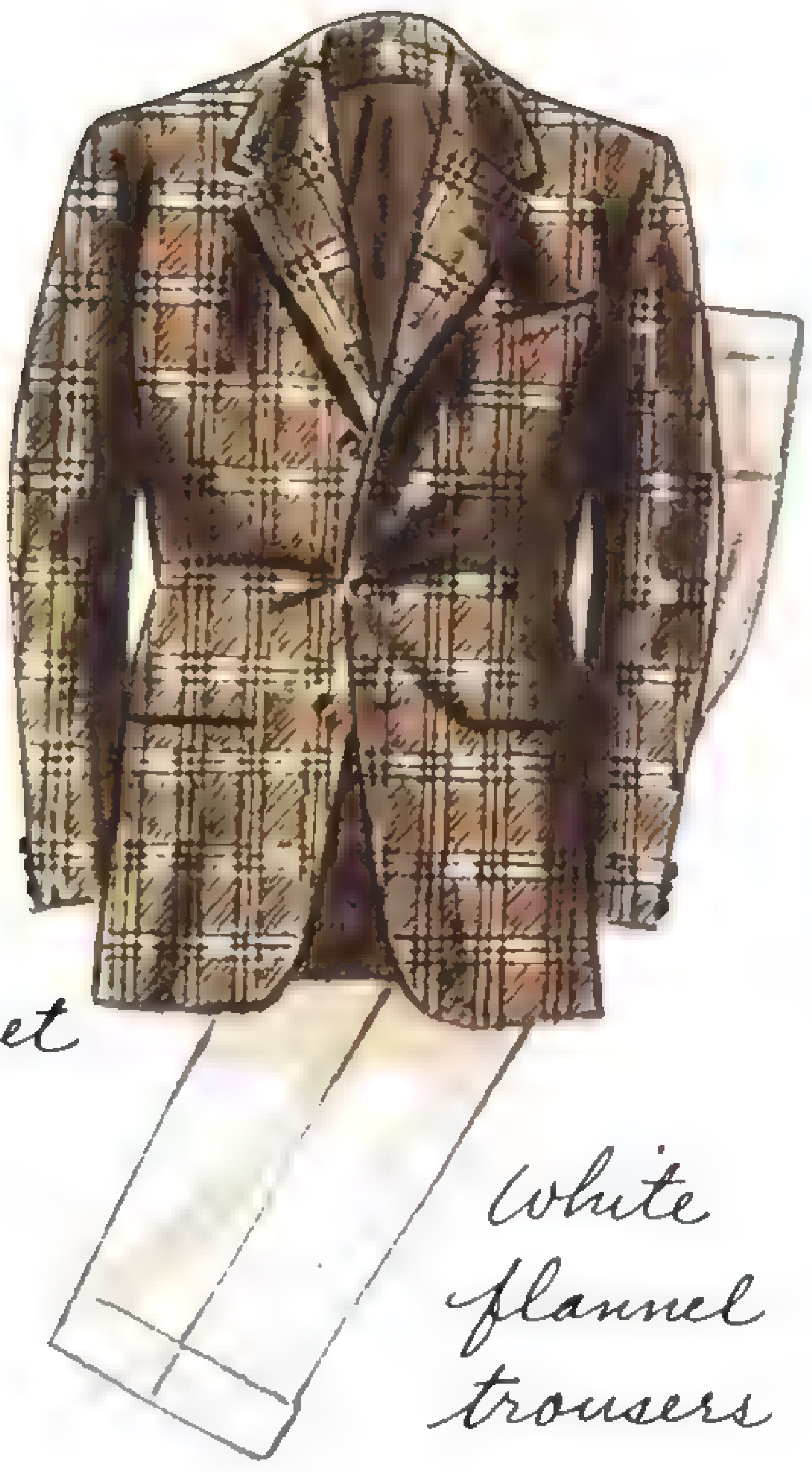
Continued on page 113



White dinner
coat and
black trousers
of Palm Beach
cloth

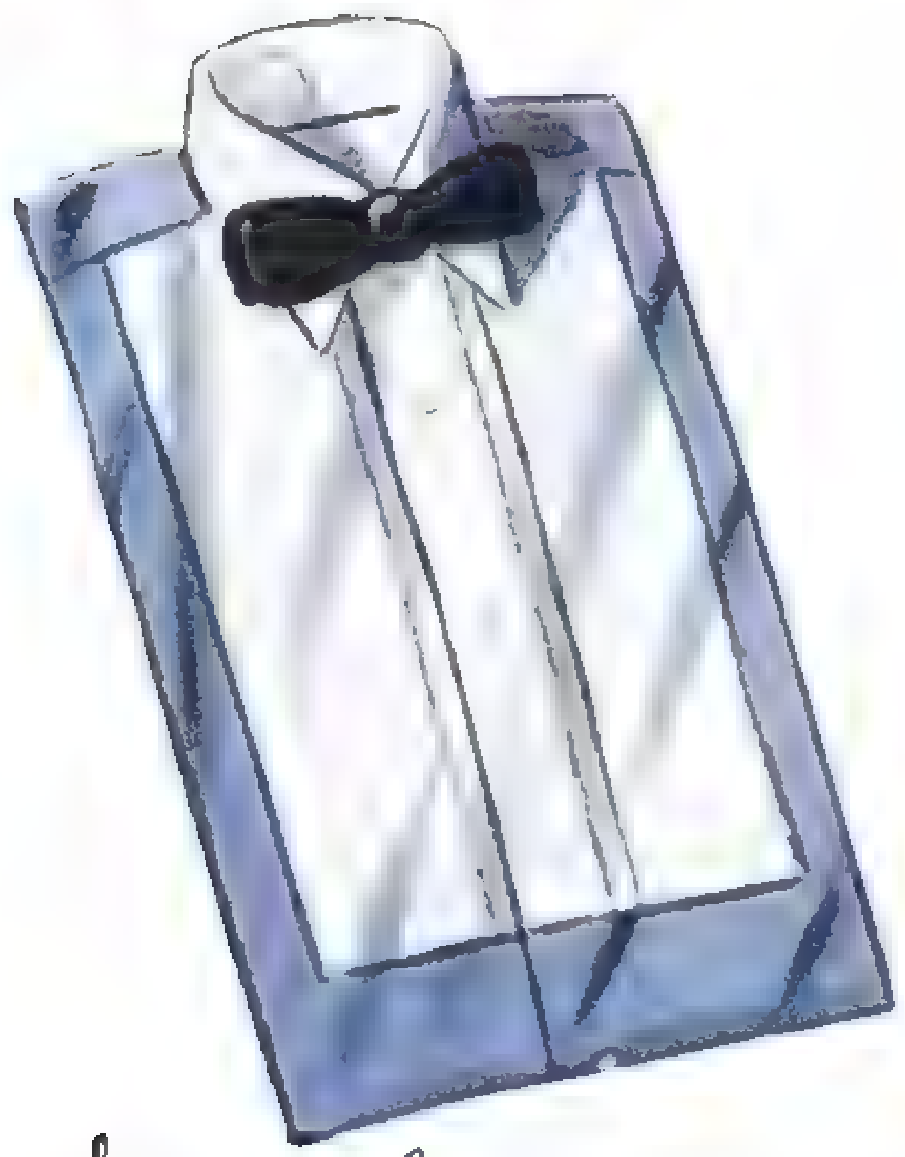


Patent
leather
pumps

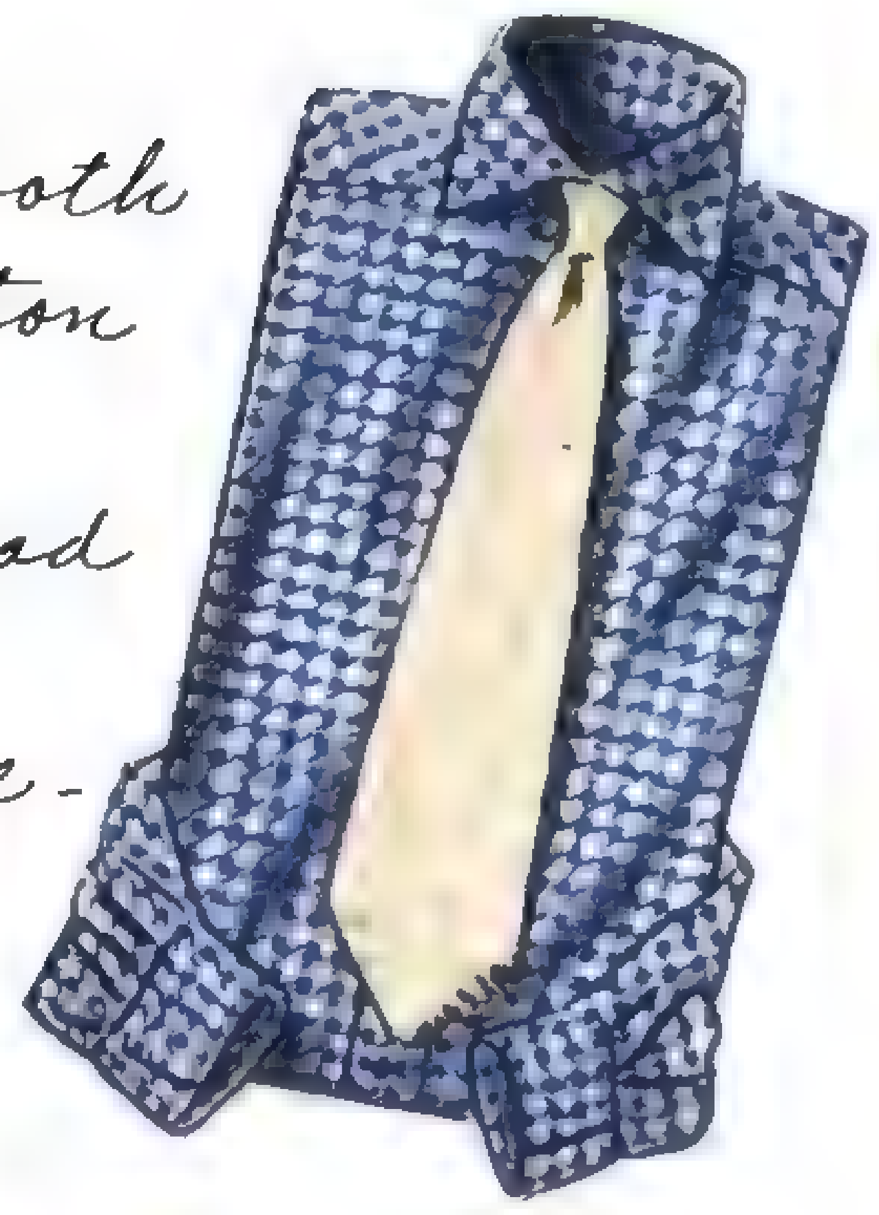


Shetland
sport jacket

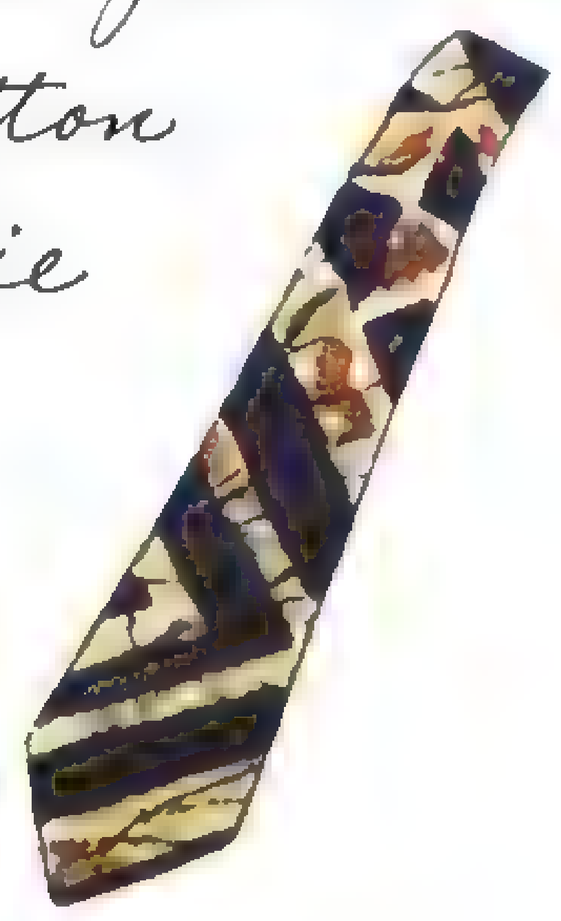
White
flannel
trousers



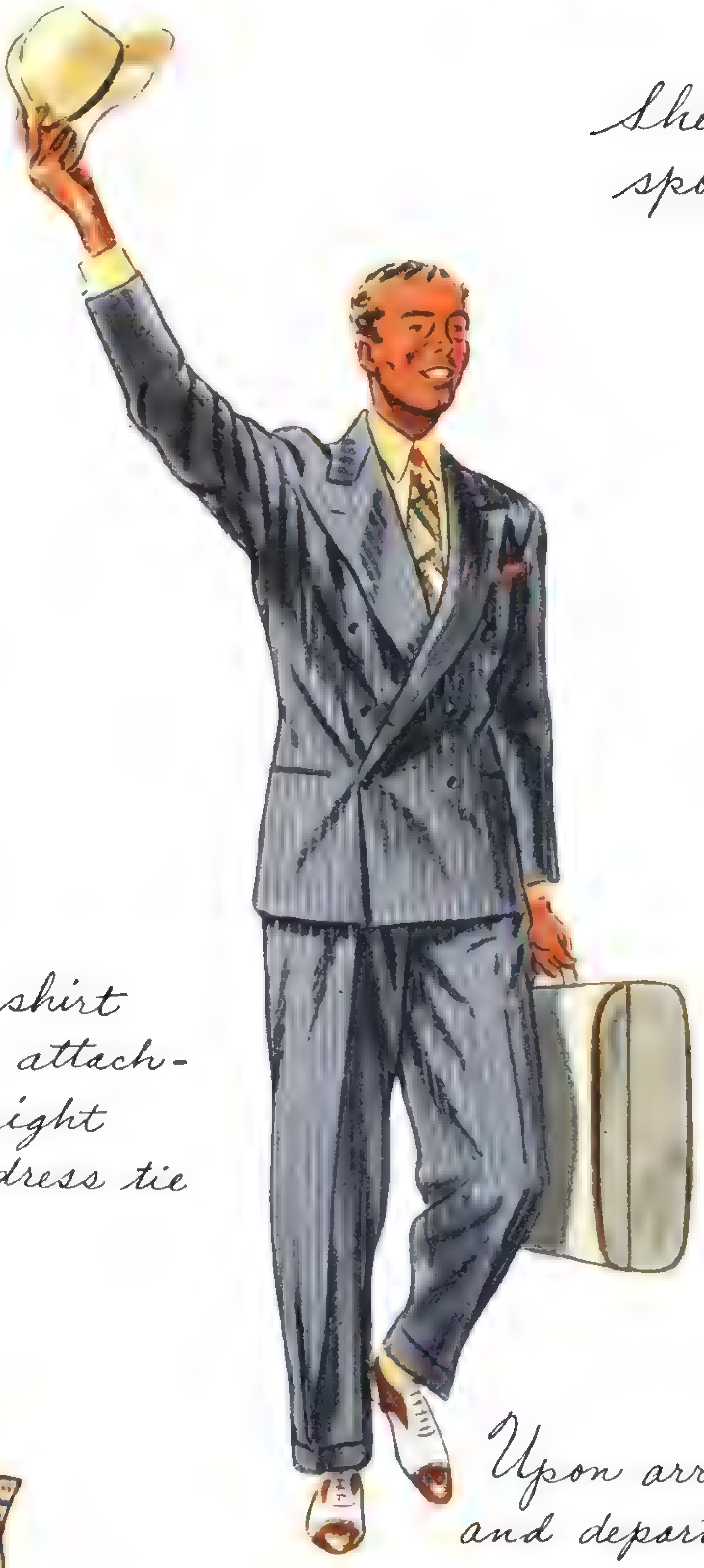
Soft bosom dress shirt
with pleats, collar attach-
ed, colored lightweight
body. Club shape dress tie



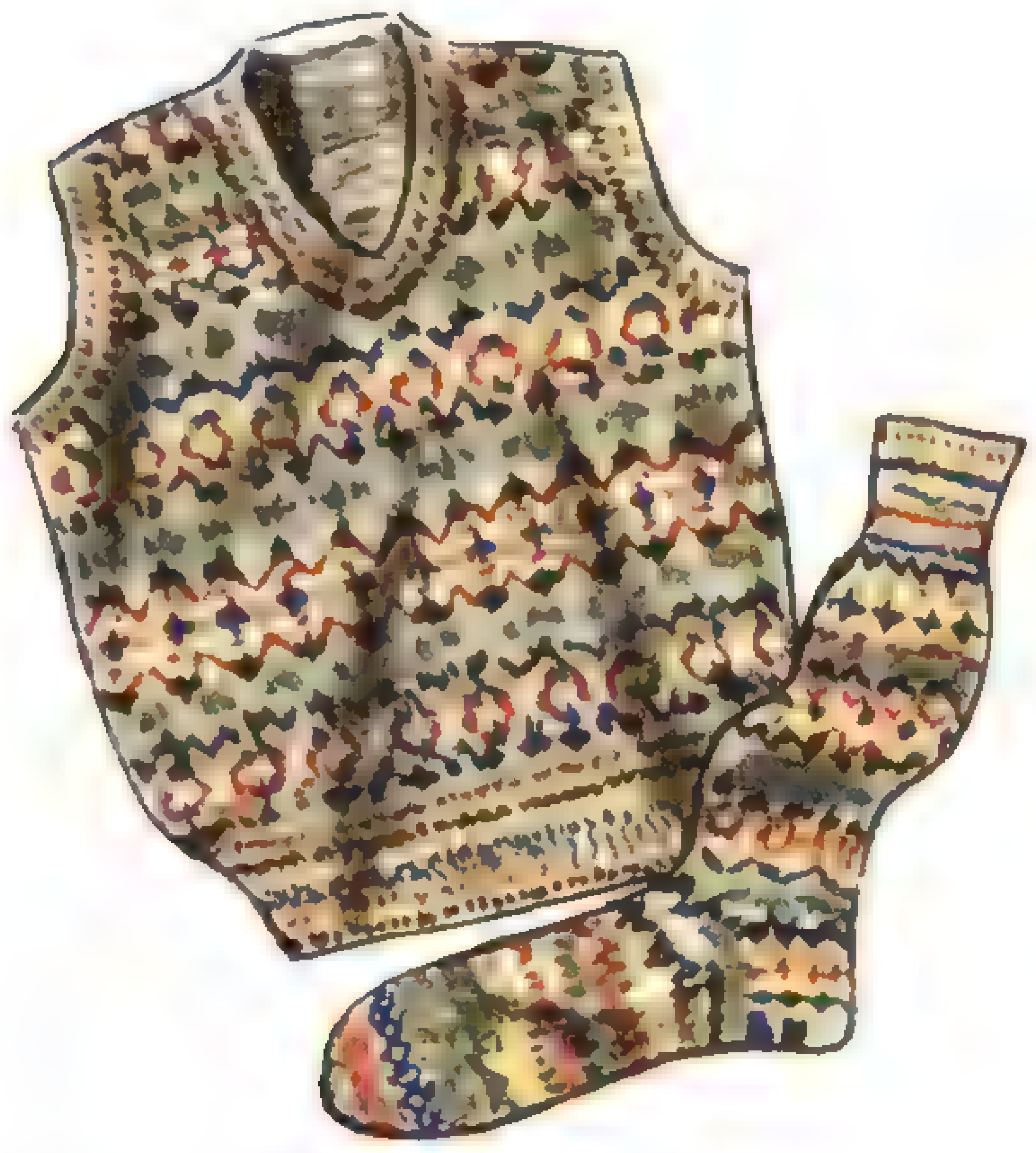
Hound's tooth
check cotton
shirt —
widespread
collar.
Tweed tie.



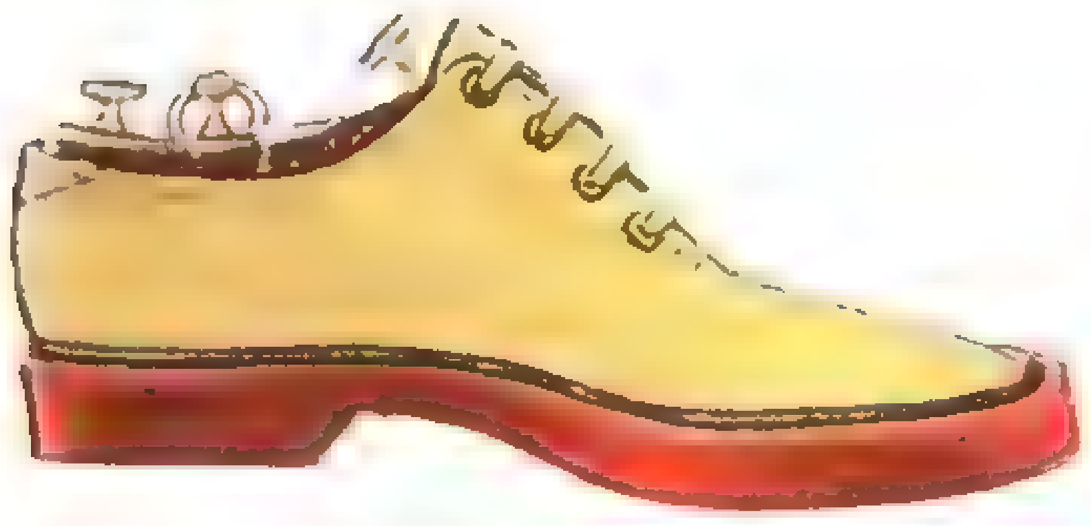
Java print
cotton
tie



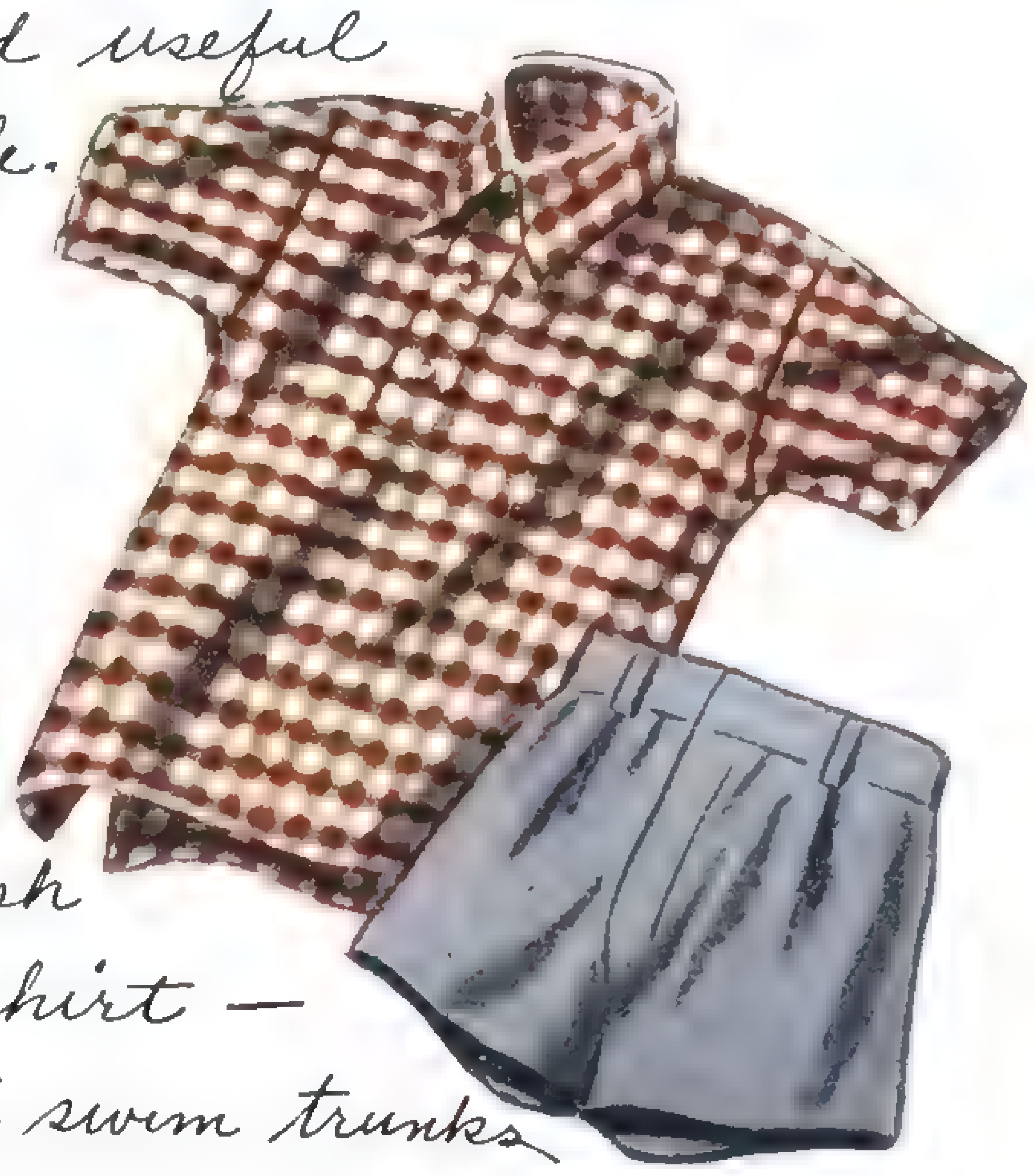
Upon arrival
and departure —
a double breasted chalk stripe grey
flannel suit will be found useful
A panama hat is preferable.



Fair Isle sweater
and hose to match

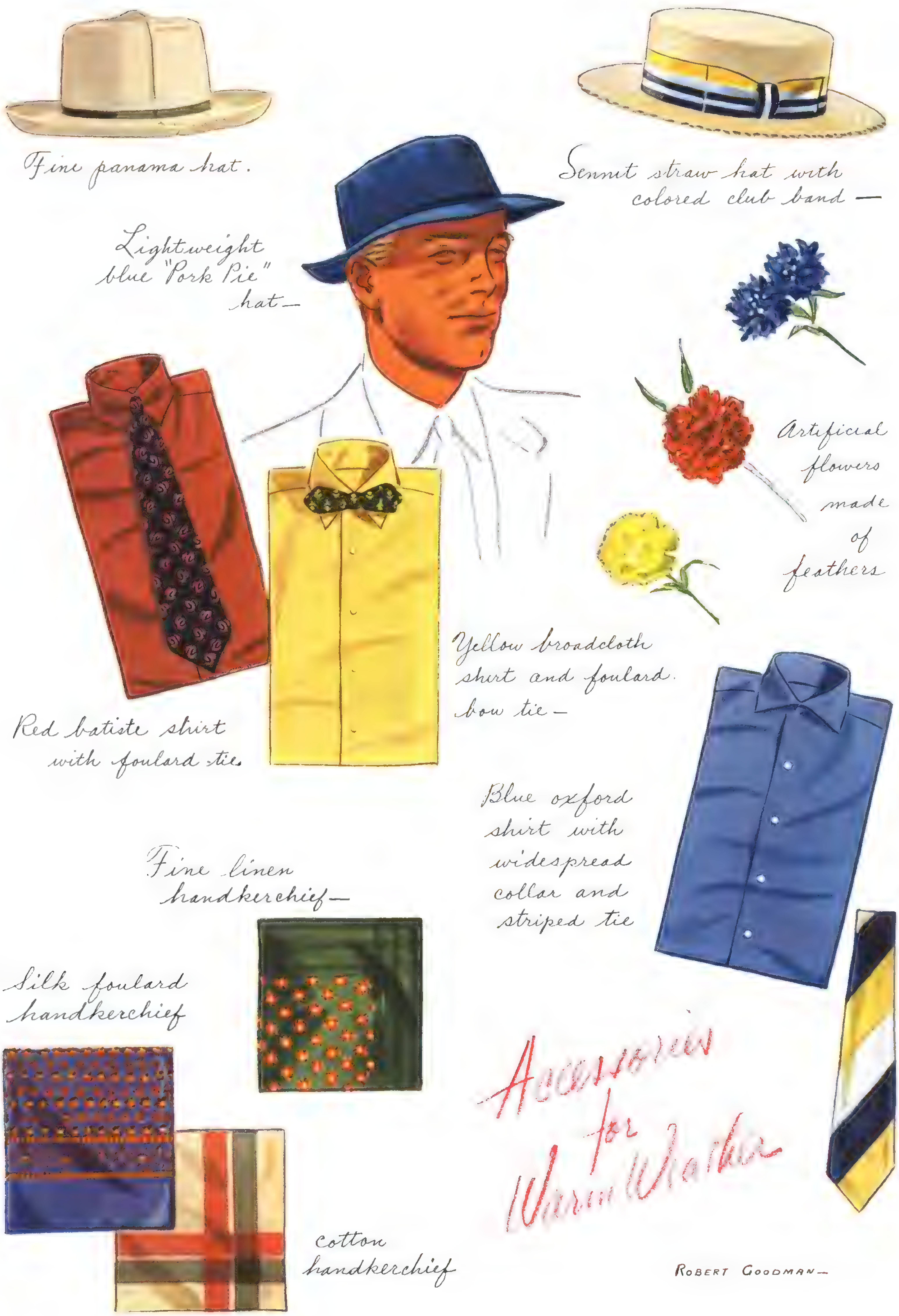


A new sport shoe with
red rubber soles and heels.



checked
cotton mesh
beach shirt —
flannel swim trunks

ROBERT GOODMAN


Accessories for Warm Weather
Fine panama hat.
Sennit straw hat with colored club band —
Lightweight blue "Pork Pie" hat —
Artificial flowers made of feathers
Red batiste shirt with foulard tie.
Yellow broadcloth shirt and foulard bow tie —
Blue oxford shirt with widespread collar and striped tie
Fine linen handkerchief —
Silk foulard handkerchief
cotton handkerchief
Robert Goodman —

Florenzo the Glorificent

Continued from pages 58-110

mands for private auditions. He'd call an actor aside quietly and offer his directions sympathetically. They might hate him while they worked for him. But as soon as they left him their memories mellowed rapidly. He was the king of the amusement world, a god. He gave them their chance. Once a Ziegfeld star—or girl, always a celebrity.

Ziegfeld was a man of many contradictions, some of them surprisingly incompatible. He could be gentle to the point of effeminacy one moment and sadistic the next.

He would lend money to newspaper men with easy graciousness; then nag at them for years, whether the loan was paid back or not, for extortionate return in space, stories and pictures.

Yet he would offset petty self-interest of this sort with handsome charities for which he asked no mention.

When asked to give a benefit for the blind, he combined the best features of three or four of his shows, with stars, choruses and effects, and gave a performance of such Ziegfeldian grandeur that it brought thousands of dollars to the cause.

His gala performance in honor of Col. Lindbergh was unique in theatrical history. Before setting off on his famous flight Col. Lindbergh expressed regret at not having been able to see *Rio Rita* first. Ziegfeld remembered; and when the hero returned gave him a complimentary performance with every seat in the house free, and refreshments for all who wished them.

One Christmas, without display or comment, he doubled the salary of every member of his staff in gold. Another Christmas he called up members of his staff, asked them over and over again what they wanted; then sent them nothing. The following day, though, he called up and asked:

"Well, how did you like the present you didn't get?"

For a man whose taste was almost perfect in the arts of the stage, he often showed extraordinarily bad taste in personal and social matters.

One night, for example, one of the young Pulitzers came to see the show just after the critic of *The World* had given it a bad notice.

"I'm enjoying the play," said Mr. Pulitzer as he met Mr. Ziegfeld, the producer, in the aisle during the intermission. "I think it's good entertainment."

"Then you'd better tell your critic," snapped Mr. Ziegfeld, and he straightway began attacking the reviewer, a thing he never hesitated to do when he didn't get what he wanted.

Ziegfeld knew newspaper owners personally, and if he didn't like what the members of their staffs did, he squawked loud, long and continuously, even if doing so might imperil the man's position.

Nor did he hesitate to reprimand the stars when he felt inclined. He could send such cruel telegrams to their dressing rooms just before a performance that they sometimes had scarcely enough spirit to go on.

I have seen Jack Donahue, Bert Lahr and Frank Morgan so heart-broken that they swore and rebelled.

Marilyn Miller was once so goaded by his complaints about *Rosalie* business that she asked tearfully:

"What does he want me to do? Go out on the street and drag the people in?"

Nothing escaped his attention. If Miss Billie Burke had on too much make-up at the dress rehearsal of *Annie Dear*, he told her so before the entire company.

When he heard that Eddie Cantor, during those mad days when everyone was buying stock, was boosting the Manufacturers Trust Company at every performance, he ordered him to stop. And when he noted that Eddie was doing too much entertaining in his dressing room, or exhibiting himself in make-up between numbers in the audience, he was not hesitant about complaining.

He was first to sense Jimmie Durante's value as an individual star and deliberately, by means of publicity and stage assignment, severed him from his two associates.

No man of the theatre could understand Ziegfeld better than that lovable, witty, urbane producer, Charles Dillingham.

They met each other first in Chicago when they both were beginning their careers and neither one of them was in the theatre.

Here is a verbatim description of their friendship as Mr. Dillingham gave it to me about three weeks before his death:

"Ziegfeld and I used to court two girls who lived in the Southern Hotel. We were both in the twenties then. He was courting a girl on the seventh floor, and I one on the eighth. We met on the adjoining fire escape, time after time, and finally grew to be good friends.

"Ziegfeld had a winning personality. When Erlanger was sore with him he'd say: 'If that so-and-so comes in here, I'll throw him out the window.'

"Then 'Ziggy' would come in and say: 'Abe, how's your health?' Five minutes later they would go out to lunch together."

Discussing Ziegfeld's social aspirations, Mr. Dillingham continued:

"He telegraphed my wife to get a cottage for him in Palm Beach, but the people there didn't want Mr. Ziegfeld and said 'No.' My wife was an Irish girl and she said: 'Charlie's a manager and Ziegfeld's a manager. Charles would be a snob if he didn't let Ziegfeld come.'

"So after he arrived, I asked the four people who were against him to dinner, to meet him. I had a chef from France and we had the most wonderful dinner. Everyone made a fuss about the food.

"During the evening Ziegfeld disappeared. I wondered where he was and finally found him in the kitchen. He had just hired my chef away from me."

One morning, many years ago, he happened to step into the auditorium of the Midnight Frolic while the cleaners and scrubwomen were at work. One of these was a fine looking young girl and he was so touched by her poverty that he directed one of the members of his staff to buy her a new dress and new shoes.

Quite different was his conduct on another occasion when he was suddenly called backstage because of an unusual occurrence. During the performance a beautiful show girl whom he had exploited extensively tried to commit suicide by drinking iodine.

The place was in an uproar and the excitement had spread from the stage doorman clear up to the top dressing rooms and the wardrobe mistress.

And even though the girl was now all right, thanks to the doctors and quick action, even the stars stood about nervous and horrified.

After learning what had happened, Ziegfeld, quite calm, looked about him and remarked:

"Well, it's a damn shame that she spilled iodine all over that brand new costume."

A month later I came across a description in a book that fitted Ziegfeld so perfectly that I rushed into the various offices to see what effect it would have on the members of his staff.

Without telling to whom the passage referred, I read it to Alice Poole, the famous telephone girl who had been with Ziegfeld for many years.

"Ah!" she cried enthusiastically, "someone has at last written a book about Ziegfeld. What's it called?"

Next I read the piece to Miss England, who had been with the organization for many years. No sooner did I begin than she interrupted me:

"Oh, you needn't go any further," she cried. "It's Ziegfeld."

Finally I tried the text on Goldie, Mrs. George Stanton, Ziegfeld's personal secretary. She confirmed her immediate recognition of the description with discreet silence.

But the passage I had been trying on them had nothing whatsoever to do with Ziegfeld. It was a description of Cesare Borgia.

One winter, during those last sad days when his fortune began to sink, he wore a coat under strange circumstances. Money had been promised for a new Follies, but was not forthcoming. What would happen next no one knew.

Outwardly, though, he carried on. The office boy doubled and ran the elevator, and Sidney, the famous valet, did double service also by acting as butler.

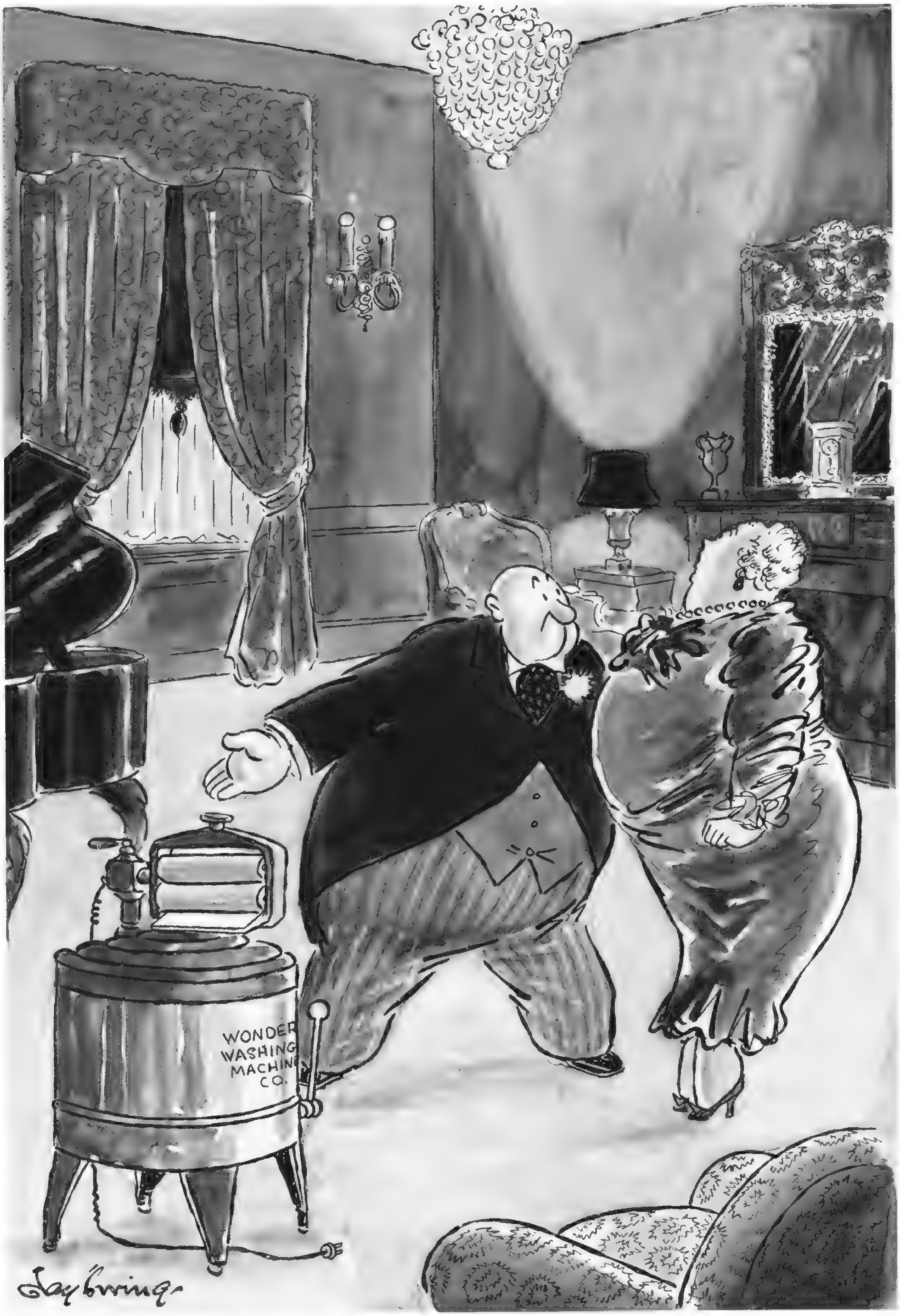
For days Ziegfeld remained in his office alone and sat in that beautiful room with its expensive furniture, great Directoire table and souvenirs of gold, silver and jade. He wore his beaver overcoat. He had to do so, in fact, for there was no money to keep the furnace running.

Only on grandiose lines, indeed, could Ziegfeld be evaluated. No matter what his faults, he was goaded on by one of the most important of human aspirations—the desire to achieve perfection.

As a man, he was himself a symbol of the superlative. He was tireless, restless, relentless. He was the producer who paid the highest salaries and gave his stars the greatest advantages from dressing rooms with shower baths to hand-decorated scrapbooks. He gave the greatest benefits, the handsomest gifts to the press and spent more than any other manager on advertisements.

He had the most unusual home a theatrical producer ever boasted, adorned with flowers, trees and shrubbery, enlivened with mountain bears, South American singing birds, and tigers.

Considering the swift changes that have taken place in the last few years in the present day stage world, there can never, never be, alas, another like The Great Ziegfeld.


WONDER
WASHING
MACHINE
CO.
Jay Irving

"But look, Martha—with an electric machine, it's very dignified . . ."

I Take My Pen in Hand

Continued from page 45

wrought their symbols in the clay. Then the document was filed by baking it hard. There were no erasers and no carbon copies. These ancients not only wrote their histories, but they transacted a vast amount of business with these annotated bricks. Legible bills of lading, duns, and even bank drafts of this sort are still preserved.

Across the Red Sea the Egyptians were becoming civilized but they lacked both clay and paper. They also developed their own symbolism from pictographs, which they chiseled in the red sandstone of their country. They made symbolic monuments and inscribed them with the deeds of the builders, who approved of themselves and were not bashful about it. But it is difficult to mail a pyramid, or even an obelisk, but they dodged this impediment through the courtesy of a remarkable tree, the papyrus. The leaves of this tree could be flattened and beaten and welded into durable sheets, smooth as paper and much stronger. Rudimentary pens cut from reeds, and later from beaten bronze, came into being because the new medium as well as the Egyptian system of writing required it.

Just as the Chinese developed their pictographs into symbols of ideas, the Egyptians turned theirs into symbols of sounds. An Egyptian unabridged dictionary will make this clear, if the reader possesses one. Otherwise an admittedly imperfect analogy must suffice. We pronounce the pronoun "I" like the name of the two peepholes most of us wear beneath our foreheads. If needful we could write "I would fly," by pictures of the eye, a log, and a fly, in their order.

Afterwards the Seirites, at the foot of Mt. Sinai in Arabia, are supposed to have translated the hieroglyphics of the Egyptians by a system in which the first sounds expressed in a hieroglyph would indicate a similar sound in Seirite. Using an English analogy, suppose the word "cat" were to be inscribed. The first sound is "c" as in cow, so we draw a picture of a cow; then an axe for the "a" and a table for the "t." Through a long course of deviations and evolutions these Arabic sound symbols finally emerged as the primitive Greek alphabet, and then the Roman, from which our own alphabet is descended.

Through the centuries that followed, writing implements have utilized the most advanced resources of civilization in order to give the most delicate expression to human thought. The early Greeks and Romans had neither paper nor papyrus, and the brickbat correspondence of Asia Minor was too cumbersome for their needs. They devised wax tablets and inscribed them with a highly perfected stylus, adorning it often with filigree and engraving, just as we adorn our fountain pens and pocket pencils today. They developed the imperishable parchment, and special inks to write thereon. They perfected the goose quill pen which is still in use.

As metal-working developed, the metal pen of today began its long course of evolution. It took centuries of experiment to improve the pen by slitting the center. Manufacturers all over Christendom are still improving steel pens, but it is the old pattern that they are developing. The stub, the ball point, the hair point, are ideas once abandoned, but now revived successfully because new metals have made them possible.

Another species of writing instrument had to await the advent of machinery to attain full development. Chalks, soft colored stones and lead have always been used for special purposes of writing. Because of its durability lead was preferred for centuries. Up to the 18th century, pencils generally were sticks of solid lead, or were pointed lumps held in tweezer-like holders. At Borrowdale, England in 1564 a curious incident started a new evolution. A tree was uprooted in a storm, exposing a lump of soft, black greasy metal. This was graphite, known for centuries but never taken seriously because of its scarcity. The modern lead pencil industry had its genesis when the English rustics began marking their sheep-skins with lumps of graphite. The new idea spread slowly over Europe, and craftsmen looked about for other supplies of the strange metal. It was found in Holland, France, America, and more plentifully in Bavaria where two centuries later, Kaspar Faber originated a method of grinding graphite, compressing it into small rods and enclosing these in wooden cases, thus becoming the prophet of the modern lead pencil industry.

Faber's methods spread and other craftsmen added their bits of knowledge. A French pencil-maker named Conté, about 1795, discovered the secret of hardening graphite by mixing it with powdered clay and baking the mixture. In the 19th century America added its contribution with the kind of cedar wood that is universally used in the making of lead pencils. Then machinery brought mass production methods, and the lead pencil industry came into its own.

Excluding the efforts of sundry Indians, Egyptians and Renaissance craftsmen whose products are more picturesque than evolutionary, the fountain pen is a product of the 19th century. Before 1880 there were many handwriting devices with ink reservoirs in their holders, all fervently self-praised and all having one feature in common. They divided much of their time between flooding the paper with ink or soaking their owners' pockets, and in refusing to let the ink flow at all. Mark Twain, who was forever embroiling his finances and his temper in labor-saving schemes, had some hectic interludes with these early devices that he records in a letter to his friend Twitchell: "I am writing with a stylographic pen. It takes a royal amount of cussing to make the thing go the first few days or a week, but after that . . . no enrichments of expression are required. . . . The average ass flings the thing out of the window in disgust the second day, believing it hath no virtue, no merit of any sort; whereas the lack lieth in himself, God of his mercy damn him." But a few weeks later he wrote: "I stood the stylograph as long as I could and then retired to the pencil. The thing I am trying now is that fountain pen . . . it goes very well indeed—thus far; but doubtless the devil will be in it by tomorrow." Stylographs with most of his objections extirpated still have a good market.

L. B. Waterman in 1882 removed the source of so much erudite profanity. He was an insurance agent, and after trying to meet his needs with a common pen and a pill box full of ink in his pocket, he constructed a fountain pen for his own use. It had the orthodox reservoir feed, except for three tiny grooves in the vulcanized rubber "heel" which spreads the ink over the pen point. These grooves answered the question of a century, for they allowed air to flow into the reservoir as the ink flowed out, thus permitting a steady flow.

Fountain pens originally were filled by unscrewing the top and filling the cavity with a medicine dropper. This system has given way now to the little rubber bulbs in the barrel of the pen that draw up the ink through the point by creating suction. There are many devices for this, each with its own claims to distinction, but they all work on the same principle.

The "nibs" of fountain pens have taken a long march from the reeds and goose quills of our forefathers. 14 to 18 karat gold is the standard metal for good fountain pens, as gold is non-corrosive, flexible and indestructible except as to the point. The point is taken care of by a tiny flake of iridium which is fused to the tip by a process so delicate that it must be done under a magnifying glass. Iridium is one of the hardest of metals and is non-corrosive as well, so that a gold pen thus tipped, with one of the new indestructible barrels, as closely approximates a fool-proof mechanism as this under-brained world is likely to behold.

The controlling factor in the quality of a good fountain pen is the size and weight of the gold nib. This, rather than the advertiser's vocabulary, should always be the center of the buyer's attention. The best makers claim that more paper is blotted through careless buying, than by careless use afterwards. Hence they supply half a dozen or more specialized points for every grade of pen, irrespective, within limits, of the price paid. The better retailers offer their customers a tray full of these various points, so that the customer can pen-tailor himself to his satisfaction inside a number of price grades —a fact well to remember, since many buyers are apt to believe that the point they desire is restricted to the grade of pen they tried. Other items that affect price, such as precious metals and ornamental gewgaws on the barrel, may be worth while in themselves, but have nothing to do intrinsically with the value of the pen.

Modern lead pencils are mass production products, so that even more than the fountain pen, one good lead pencil of a given grade and price resembles all others of that grade and price. Their chief point in common is that they are not lead pencils at all. The business content of a black-lead pencil is graphite, though by a century of misuse its tradename has become black-lead. To shatter as many popular ideas as possible while we are at it, the black-lead is not poked into the pencil casings. Instead, the casings are wrapped around the lead.

Your lead pencil is in truth a sort of mud pie with a wooden crust. Raw graphite is seldom free from impurities and in its natural state is too soft for ordinary use. So the graphite is ground into fine particles that will adhere if moistened and sufficiently compressed with fine clay as a binder and

Continued at top of page 116

I Take My Pen in Hand

Continued from pages 45-115

hardener. The resultant batter is put under powerful presses, which after a succession of operations squeeze it through tiny apertures the size of pencil lead. The leads at this point are moist and flexible, like water-soaked shoestrings. They are cut into pencil lengths, dried hard by baking, and the filling is ready for the pie. Small slabs of grooved cedar form the crust. The leads are swiftly rolled into the grooves and a second slab of cedar correspondingly grooved is cracked down on top and glued there. The solid block of pencils is introduced to a fine saw which slits it into separate units. Nothing remains but to turn them round or hexagonal, clamp an eraser on the tip if such is the plan, give them their appointed colors, and all is over except the selling.

The difference between a poor pencil and a good one lies in attention to detail—and attention to detail costs the manufacturer money which the consumer pays and pays. In high grade pencils graphite and clay are ground longer, cleaned more carefully, mixed more thoroughly and graded with greater care. The more clay in the mixture, the harder the grade of the pencil. Some manufacturers make twenty or thirty styles and grades, each with a specific purpose. They make artist's pencils, editor's pencils, school pencils, program pencils, draftsman's pencils, and probably plumber's pencils, each with a strict formula for its special use. The cheaper pencils that flood the country are under no such discipline. They are just pencils. When they scratch or break easily, it is because of impurities left in the graphite batter, or because this was insufficiently mixed.

If the history of writing utensils means anything, the modern fountain pen and black-lead pencil sets may stand as the final development of the flint scratcher with which this narrative began. Final, because ours is a machine age and already the portents of a mechanical method of personal recording surround us. The portable typewriter is one; movies, photostats and other such photographic brainstorms are another; sound wave recording, another. Imagine these three principles in a vest pocket implement that will instantly photograph our spoken words into legible symbols, and the possibility of shelving handwriting becomes apparent. The principles, and the materials, for such a contraption already are known. Some day, some one will get around to bringing them together—unless a better idea comes along first.

Then there is radio. These ether waves may yet permit you to send impalpable letters from your office without a stenographer's intervention, while you are talking to yourself a hundred miles away. Worse is behind. According to radio technicians who ought not to be permitted by law to know so much, the ether waves our voices start never completely fade, but go rolling through infinite space. Think what a device to overtake these words could do. Lincoln's Gettysburg Speech is still contorting the ether somewhere, and he could be made to say it over again on the Whazziz Cigarette Hour. We could hear King John cursing as he signed Magna Charta, and hark to the jeers of the mob before the Place Called Golgotha. We could even recall that deathless scene on Mt. Sinai, when Moses went into conference over the Ten Commandments, and thus listen in on the only conversation of record between Heaven and Earth. In other words, get God on the radio!

That would be the super-broadcast to end all super-broadcasts. #

Brief for Hollywood

Continued from page 53

After a thorough examination into the facts it becomes increasingly clear that the typical Hollywoodens do of necessity and by choice lead very dull lives. They read nothing. Drama to them is, of course, what you have been seeing all along in cinema palaces. As a group they drink far less than most because heavy drinking takes toll of pulchritude. There is nothing vital in which they may interest themselves even if they wanted to. After the first year or so with big money to spend, rushing around to expensive places of amusement becomes the counterpart of sweet tooth indulgence to candy store clerks.

Nowhere in the United States is there a group more stalked by boredom than those in the screen colony. Far from adopting the erratic behavior patterns exploited in many motion pictures the picture troopers quite logically exhibit instead their early environmental conditionings as to conduct.

The social behavior in risqué movies, the majority of Hollywoodens are ever conscious, comes not out of life but out of books, stories and plays, or, rather, "scripts," as they call all literature from Homer to Tiffany Thayer.

Their opinion of writers is even lower than that generally held by publishers, editors and book critics. They consider them the most anti-social and irreligious of folk, and are convinced that all authors believe in the puerilities of Communism and that all writers therefore impatiently fret to overthrow the Republic, banish large salaries to actors and establish women as public institutions comparable to a town pump.

Railed at because of their frequent divorces the motion picture colony grows deeply and sadly puzzled. Marriage, they have been taught in the Sunday Schools which almost all of them attended before they came to Hollywood, makes sexual love unsinful; therefore the protestants among them instead of taking lovers and mistresses when married life becomes boring—as they know other Americans with money do without criticism—divorce and remarry, giving the potential lover or mistress professional standing with the wistful hope thus of placating both Public Opinion and the Lord. Why they should be flayed for this when brokers and butchers throughout the rest of the country are not they cannot understand any more than anyone else could.

With most of the clinical material exposited at long last the inescapable conclusion is reached that the much maligned picture people of Hollywood, aside from their valid aphrodisiacal qualities are, in reality, rather prosy folk. But they are acutely aware of their suppositititious exotic and even erotic fame.

Considering this ambiguous situation it becomes fairly evident to the diligent seeker after truth why they tell horrendous tales about each other and thus themselves engender the very back-wash of excoriations from which they later wail to be delivered.

It will be seen that the impulse is no different from that which prompts mildly naughty children greatly to exaggerate the high and bold moral turpitudes of their associates; thus maintaining an awesome glamour around themselves as the colleagues of the effectively iniquitous, while at the same time refraining from personal participations that would be likely to cause belly-aches, contusions, spankings, and loss of the material usufructs which accrue to good little men and women.

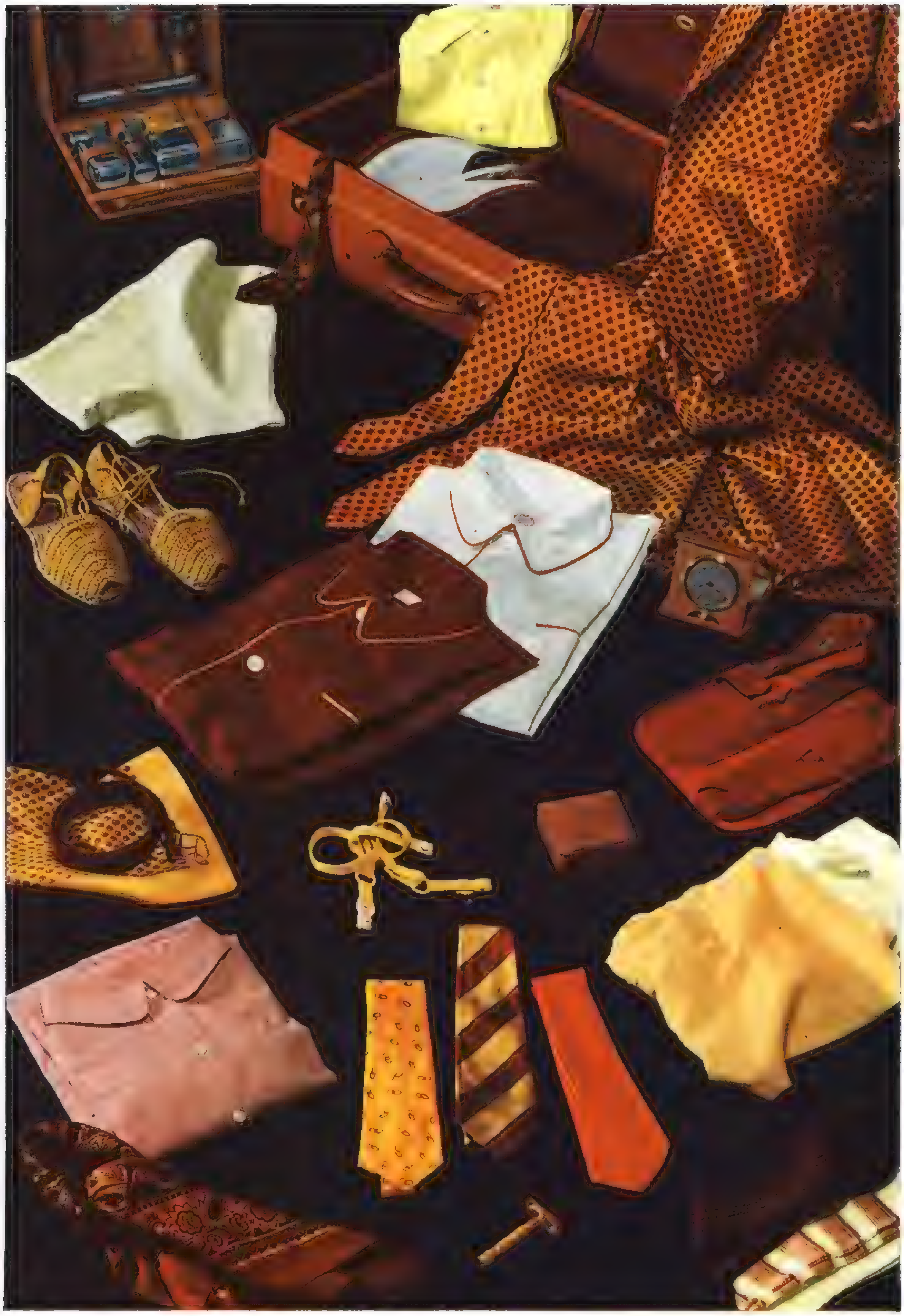
It also becomes evident that the theoretical superiority and probity of such not overt boys and girls is spiritually accentuated against a background of fictitiously depraved associates.

To the average middle class American married couple who party around a bit with the neighbors, and who have, most of them discovered—perhaps through reading risque novels—that there are sundry voluptuous interpolations as available to married lovers as to unmarried ones, the Hollywood crowd would seem sheer male and female sissies, teacher's pets and emptily bragging tattle tales.

Listening to the chatter of these fascinating grown up children about the lurid "sins" of their associates, and watching their regular church attendance and the promptitude with which they usually make a pariah of any of their number who do actually get caught "sinning"; seeing their dread fears of and agreement with our tribal taboos and realizing their utter disorientation as to any known life strata save the humble ones from which most of them were cruelly yanked, it is only possible to be indulgent as one naturally is toward beautiful, unhappy children who pretend to be dreadfully naughty in order to give themselves an inverted importance as a matter of perverse adolescent vanity.

I know my United States, and I am a sex novelist by trade; attentive to sectional sexual patterns as a matter of livelihood; naturally I should have preferred to find Hollywood as lively as it is billed, since excellent new material would thereby inhere.

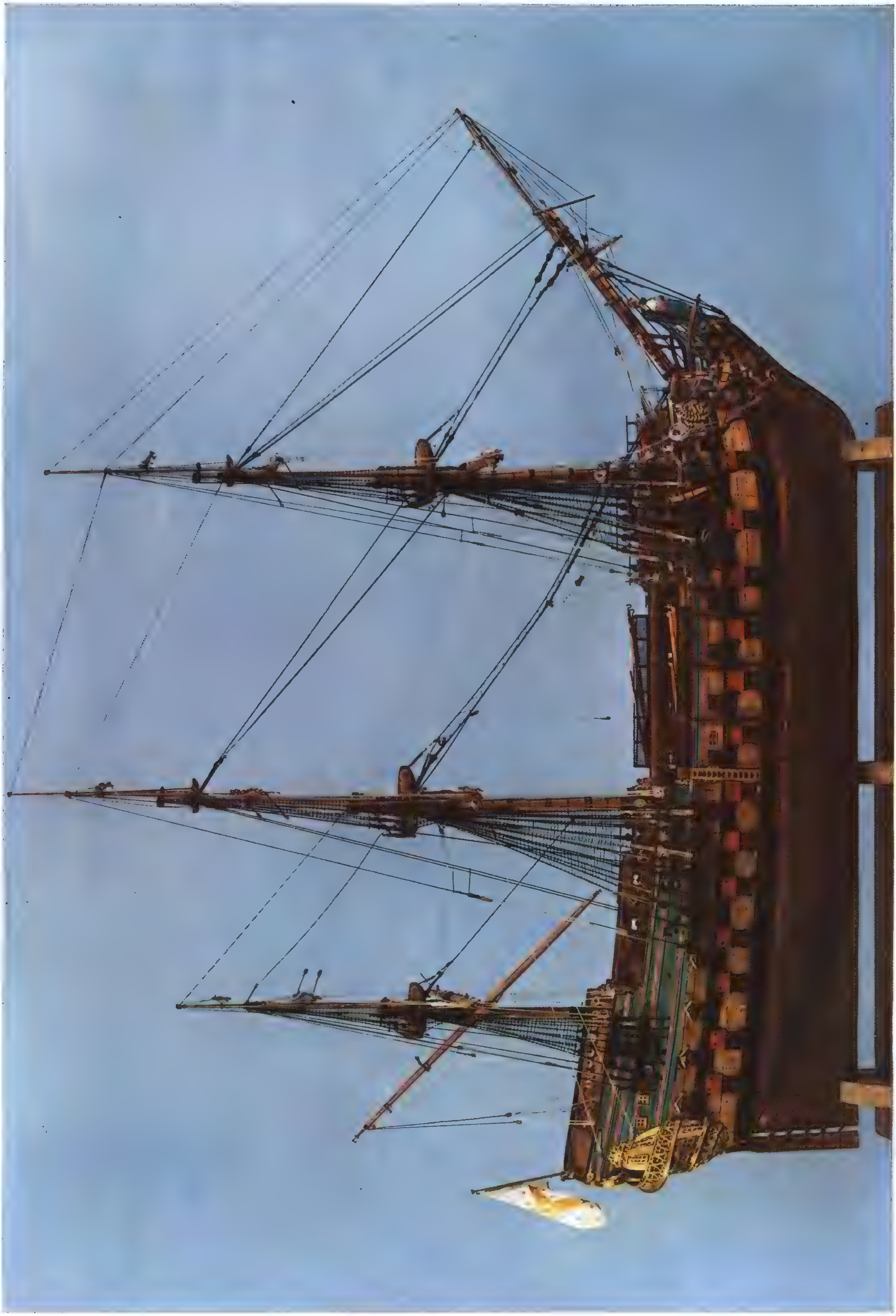
But alas, for me, and for my confrères in shady rhetoric who entertain most of my best cash customers once a week, Hollywood, from a "Sin" standpoint is as unproductive of realistic copy for circulating library novels as it would be for sensational oral adventures into piquant matters if it were as necessary to have some slight factual basis behind homiletics as it is to have a gritty kernel or two of truth based upon exacting and wearying observation of specimens and their habitats in even very poor novels. #



ACCESSORIES FOR A WEEK-END OUT OF TOWN

The traveling toilet kit is of pigskin. The suitcase is tan calf, with red leather lining. The yellow sport shirt is of lisle mesh, the shoes are white buck with red rubber soles, the bat tie is of India madras, the robe is printed wool flannel. The other items, probably identifiable without reference to position because there are no two of a kind, are as follows: white ribbed swimming trunks, rope soled espadrilles of woven straw, pajamas of wine silk and another pair of white broadcloth, cased Pullman slippers of red morocco, pigskin jewelry case, narrow garters, foulard handkerchief and silk elastic belt, red and white striped shirt, large foulard handkerchief which may be worn as belt, rep tie flanked by two foulard ties, clocked lisle and striped silk hose, yellow silk shorts and ribbed lisle undershirt. The traveling clock has a pigskin case and the standard type safety razor is simply shown as a reminder.

(Send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y., for sources of articles photographed.)



BUILT BY RAY WILCOX

MODEL OF THE FRENCH MAN O'WAR, *LE PROTECTEUR,* 1775

The Ship on the Mantel

It took five years to build forty-four inches of ship but what is time to the hobbyist

by RAY WILCOX

▪ ARTICLE

THE collecting mania may strike a man in the region of coins, stamps, first editions, snuff boxes, or man-hole covers: almost always it involves a passion for perfection and completion, an interest in historical or geographic side-pockets, and an appreciation of beauty and craftsmanship. The latter factor may not apply particularly to the collector of man-hole covers, but when a hobbyist gets down to serious collecting, and takes to the subject of ship-models, he is likely to turn builder instead of collector, and that's where craftsmanship lives. The ship-model builder adheres to the three cardinal points of the credo: perfection of detail, historical accuracy, and beauty of workmanship. The thickness of each rope must be according to scale, the carving on the galleries must be carving.

It is true that there are commercial supply houses from which one may obtain, ready-cut, various parts and fittings that may be used on models of clipper ships and steam vessels. Well and good for those who enjoy putting together a ship as they would a cross-word puzzle; but they never really get the individual feel of the ship. The complete sense of achievement comes only to the craftsman who can gaze upon his work, knowing that the ribbing and planking is his own, that every fitting is the work of his hand. From the first researches in library and museum, discovering old prints, and perhaps the actual plans of the vessel, to the final painting of the anchor: it is his creation.

There are several ship model clubs in this country, where details of rigging are the subjects of endless discussion. As may be expected, retired captains of sailing vessels are thick in their memberships, and many of these salty seamen are excellent craftsmen. Their memories are sharp; it is almost as if every rope and wheel they had handled had left its imprint in their flesh, for they can distinguish slight differences in construction detail between American ships and ships of other countries. In spite of the immense store of books and charts available to the ship-model builder, there are still gaps to be filled, and it is in the reconstruction of ships beyond the reach of present-day memory that the model-builder makes his own small contribution to the completeness of history. Who knows exactly how a certain eighteenth century ship was rigged? The model builder digs up drawings, plans, charts, scraps of data about his, and other boats of the period; when he is through, he will perhaps hold forth at his ship model club, imparting the results of his research. His vessel may go into his own collection, or into one of the many large private collections which are accessible to those interested. It may go into one of the many important collections in public museums: the Museum of the City of New York, the Bourne Museum of New Bedford, Mass., the museum at Salem, Mass., or the Smithsonian in Washington. Banks and trust companies in New York, New Haven, Boston, and other seaport towns have interesting collections, and there are many fine collections in Europe.

Research grounds for the model-builder are international. The plans for the man-o'-war illustrated here, for example, were found in Paris in an incomplete state, and required a great amount of additional preparation.

Why should one set out to copy a dead ship, for which no plan exists? One may be attracted by an historical reference, by an old color-print of the vessel. In this case, there was enough historical background to arouse anyone's curiosity. *Le Protecteur* was a French vessel, built in 1775 to carry seventy-four guns, but alterations reduced its armament to sixty-four guns of four different measurements. The ship was a part of the French squadron under d'Estaing, and arrived in Delaware Bay in July, 1778, to destroy the smaller British squadron of Admiral Howe. Reinforcements to Admiral Howe prevented this, but meanwhile the threat of the French fleet was transmitted by Admiral Howe to his brother General Howe, and caused the land forces of the British to abandon Philadelphia and fall back to New York. The French squadron then sailed to Newport and assisted in the capture of this port from the British. From there, *Le Protecteur* sailed to the West Indies, where several indecisive actions took place. De Grasse arrived with additional ships, took over command from d'Estaing, and so occupied the British squadron that it could not go to the aid of the British army bottled up in Yorktown. After this revolutionary initiation, *Le Protecteur* was doomed to disappear in 1794, during the confusion of the French revolution.

Exciting as was its history, it was the coloring of *Le Protecteur* that stimulated reproduction. Black wales, chamois colored planking, French blue above the sheer rails, gold bulwark railheads, a carved stern gallery, and brilliant color work in the figure-head and beak-head.

Le Protecteur was 170 feet in length on the water line; this model is built to a scale of 3-16 inch to the foot and measures over all about 44 inches. The decks on the model are completely furnished, including the double wheel under the grating of the poop deck, four capstans with bars, a coop for chickens, and compartments for wine, sails, and ammunition. All the gun carriages are complete in every detail. The ropes of the rigging must be to scale, and the black, or standing rigging, is to a great extent "wormed, parcelled, and served" which means, in ship model rigging, that a light rope has been wound around the heavier rope to prevent chafing. The hawser on *Le Protecteur* was a rope eight inches in diameter, cable-laid; it is made by hand to proper scale. The anchors are made of lead, soldered, filed, and painted to represent iron. The other iron work on this ship is lead or copper, painted black. The stern galleries are built up of maple, carved, and gilded. Ships have been copper bottomed since 1750, and the difficulties of coppering a wide beam hull are many. The hull is planked down to the keel over the ribs, and the copper is applied from the keel to one foot above the waterline over the planking. This model was built over a period of five years, but of course the time required to build a ship-model varies according to the spare time available to the builder.

Le Protecteur carried about six hundred men. The crew quarters were under the fo'c'stle head, with the marines in the gun deck. These ships were poor sailers, rolled a great deal and took plenty of water over the bow. They seem now to have a deal of romance and certainly plenty of adventure, but I for one would prefer to build a model of one than be compelled to sail in the original. #

Newspaperman's Purgatory

Continued from page 83

O'Flaherty and Goodwin deem worthy of the backing of the "Bible of the Bronx." Ordinarily this support is confined to candidates of the two major parties, but in 1929, unable to stomach any longer the maladministration of the affable James J. Walker, and unwilling to carry a torch for the fiery Fiorello LaGuardia, Mr. Goodwin swung *The Home News* out of its two-party channels, and sought to carry the Bronx for Norman Thomas. He didn't.

On the premise that Bronxites, as well as visiting buyers, patronize the play shops and the movie cathedrals of Broadway, the editors of *The Home News* have made the dramatic department their only concession to Manhattan. It was in this department that the inelastic style of the paper came into conflict with one of the oldest copybook maxims. The style book won.

Announcing the opening of John Barrymore's starring picture, *Don Juan*, a few years ago, a staff movie writer did a long Sunday story, which he began with the phrase: "All the world loves a lover."

"Lover" is one of several words, which, according to the rules laid down by the style book, may never appear in the chaste pages of *The Home News*. Though the rest of the world may have beamed fondly upon all the lovers from Pelleas and Abelard to Davy Hutton and "Daddy" Browning, the adage applied to the Don whose amours have been immortalized in drama, opera, and talkie, was made less sinister by a dutiful copy reader, who altered the sentence to read: "All the world loves a sweetheart."

Because of the exclusive stories it carried on Dr. John F. (Jafsie) Condon, who was the Bronx angle in the Lindbergh kidnapping case, *The Home News* has come into the public eye in the past two years, but it has provided entertaining shop talk among newspapermen for more than a decade. I first heard about it in 1924, and such are the tales told about this paper that I was given to understand Mr. O'Flaherty would allow none but Irish and Jewish reporters on his payroll. That isn't true, but it is a fact that he has had on his staff a wider variety of newspapermen and would-be newspapermen than any other publisher in the country.

Home News reporters have come from every section and every field, and many of them were destined to stay in newspaper work only a few months before returning to their original business of collecting for ice companies, selling insurance, or peddling aluminum ware. A police reporter found a job teaching mathematics in Elmira Reformatory; a former editorial writer became an executive of one of those correspondence schools which teach bricklayers how to become successful authors; and a rewrite man, made desperate by the mental strain of thinking up new things to say in "Brikbatz," went to South America to foment a revolution.

The field of trade journals is littered with editors who obtained their only newspaper experience in the Bronx, but the two New York dailies for which *The Home News* seems to have served as a training school are, paradoxically, the capitalistic *Times* and the communistic *Daily Worker*. Ardent Left-wingers could find for their diatribes no more bourgeois organ than *The Home News*, yet the district staff, the copy desk, and the rewrite battery have spawned such outstanding revolutionary writers as Charles Yale Harrison, author of *Generals Die in Bed;* Melvin Levy, who was arrested with Theodore Dreiser in Harlan County, Kentucky; Sender Garlin and A. B. Magil, of the *Daily Worker;* and Walter Snow, who wanted the staff of *The Home News* to go on a hunger strike during the Sacco-Vanzetti trial.

The red-headed Eric Knight, whose scathing reviews in the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* later made him a living nightmare to the Hollywood producers; Emmett Gowen, who left *The Home News* to take a job as super cargo on the *Leviathan;* J. Alfred Hirsch, and Louis Berg are among the novelists whose suffering in the task of finding new Bronx angles drove them to creative writing.

The theater, too, has seemed to have an irresistible appeal for erstwhile brikbatters. Two of them rose to the post of Editor, on the theatrical *Billboard*, and another joined the staff of their competitor, *Variety*. At least one district man eschewed further newspaper work to become a musical comedy actor, and no less than two of the worst plays ever produced on Broadway, as well as one of the best, were written by members of the staff of *The Home News*. The single excellent example which comes to mind was *The Firebrand*, by Edwin Justus Mayer.

On *The Home News* editorial workers may leave their desks at night, go home, and forget about their jobs, secure in the knowledge that tomorrow will be just another day. It may be a day of innocuous "Brikbatz" and stupid feature stories about some Bronxite who conceived the idea of buying up old telephone poles and turning them into clothespins, but it will be, as far as office routine is concerned, like the day before.

No such boredom enters into the life of a *Ledger* man, for every day is election day at 80 Bank street, Newark. The tension which pervades all newspaper offices on the days when the voters go to the polls is a permanent quality there. In the building where the booming voice of Lucius T. Russell may be heard in all departments at once, no one knows what to expect. As the story of *The Home News* is to be found principally in the many men who have come and gone with the years, the story of the Newark *Ledger* must be written around L. T. Russell, for he *is* the *Ledger*.

Something more than six feet tall, muscular and distinguished looking, Russell is credited with having bounced into the city room one fateful night, waved his hands to indicate the men he meant, and cried: "This side of the room is fired; that side works overtime."

Bearing the subtitle, "The Magazine Newspaper," the *Ledger* is far more deserving of the slogan, "The Experimental Newspaper." Most of the experimenting has been done with staff men and with managing editors. Alone in the morning paper field in Newark, the *Ledger* originally was published as a standard size, eight-column paper, and for a short while it had a sister, *The Evening Ledger*, which, as an afternoon paper Associated Press franchise was out of the question, consisted mainly of stories that had been rewritten from the morning editions.

Shortly after he discontinued *The Evening Ledger*, Mr. Russell decided to cut the size of the morning *Ledger* to six columns. The new paper was not, he gave his staff to understand, a tabloid. It was, he said, a "Magazine Newspaper."

The *Ledger* has had two managing editors at once, both of whom kept the staff moving in all directions while trying to carry out conflicting orders, and during another period of experimentation it muddled along with no regular city editor. It was the custom during that era, to allow the first man reporting for duty to be city editor for the day.

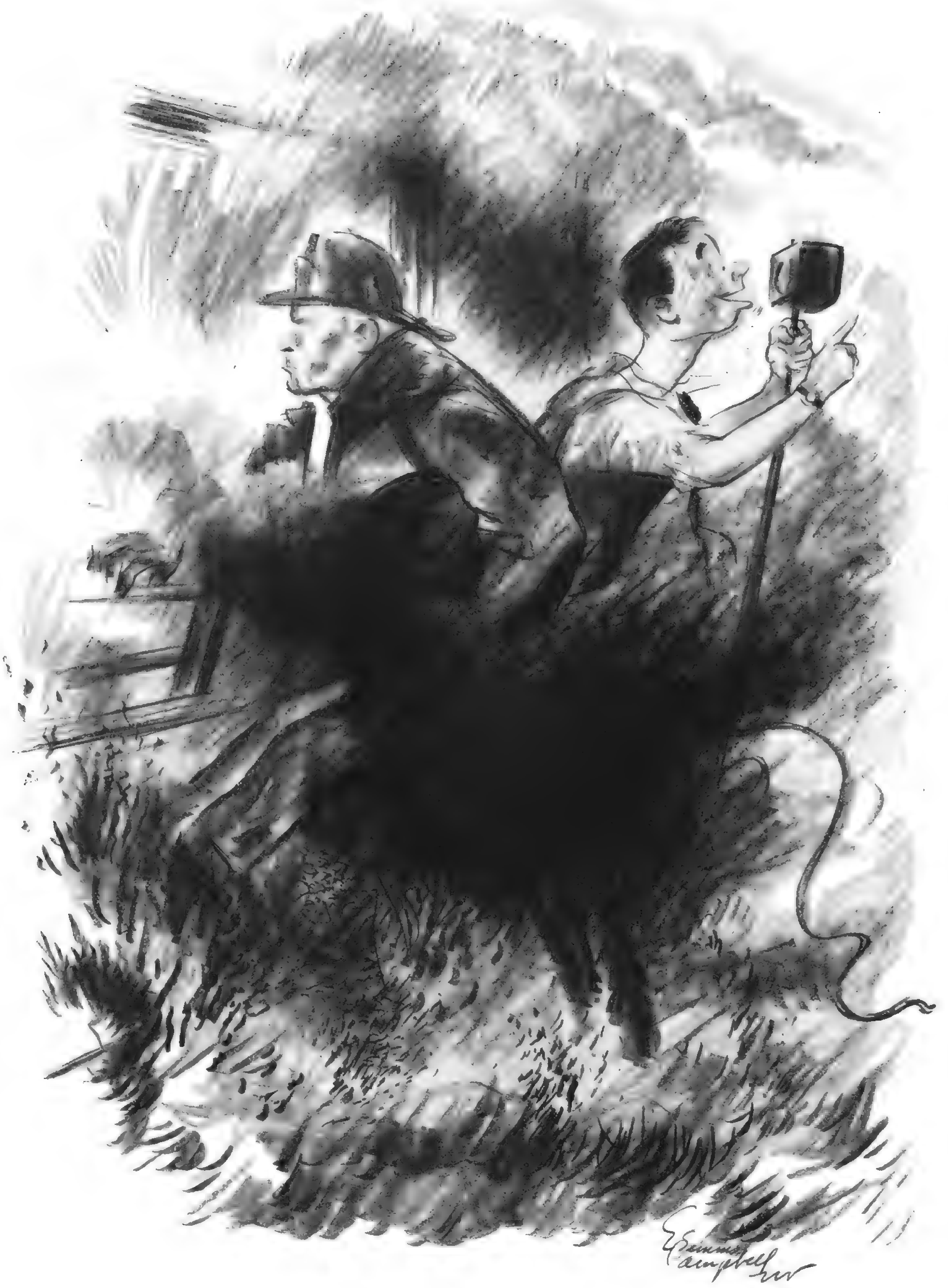
Conservative one week and sensational the next the policy of the *Ledger* changes with the moods of its publisher. For a month or more the paper may be filled with those leggy pictures of actresses, gun molls, and love nest murderesses, all photographed in that pose which news photographers, in their own vivid vernacular, call "cheesecakes." At the same time the majority of news stories played up under six-column streamers will reveal in great detail the most lurid tales to be found in the day's news. This sort of thing makes the circulation grow.

Once the circulation has been increased to a degree satisfactory to Mr. Russell, he sends for his managing-editor-of-the-week and informs him that the Newark *Ledger* is a dignified newspaper, and that hereafter and henceforth its readers are to find in its pages only such news stories as will show we are living in a world of sweetness and light. Newark has one conservative newspaper, the excellent, if somewhat bloodless, *Evening News*, so those *Ledger* readers who want three full cents' worth of spicy news when they buy a newspaper, go back to their old loves, the New York tabloids. Once more the circulation of the *Ledger* diminishes, and any appreciable drop in circulation is almost sure to mean, if not a new managing editor, at least a new experiment in wholesale firing and probably a general pay cut.

The thought that the *Ledger* should be a conservative newspaper, designed to educate and uplift its readers, is alternated rather regularly with the circulation-getting idea that there is too much vice in Newark. Mr. Russell will order a sweeping survey on the subject, photographs will be taken of various dens of iniquity, and an italicized legend is sure to appear under the editorial page masthead, informing all righteous Newarkers that their police officials are in cahoots with the dispensers of sin and soporifics.

Leaving the city room, bellowing orders and rebukes, Russell will come back a few minutes later, to be a soft-voiced father to his staff. He will fire, with cause or without reason, half the reporters on his payroll, and the next afternoon call a staff meeting at which he will make the solemn affirmation: "I never fired a man in my life. Every man who has left here has fired himself."

The Newark *Ledger* and the Bronx *Home News* have sent innumerable reporters out into the world, some to become famous as newspapermen and others to seek their niches in diverse professions, but the authentic definition of the word purgatory would indicate that at least one became a lexicographer. #



"—we're going off the air, folks, but remember—send the cardboard wrappers to the Titsa Bitsa Biscuit Company"

Nude Interlude

Continued from page 69

Well after Mrs Ogilvy Jones' party Castledonald simply went nudist *en masse.* Every party was a nudist party and clothes were hardly worn at all except in bed and even the tradespeople in town took it up and had nudist gatherings and the climax came when the local firemen's ball went nudist. And then it began to get into the papers. The *World Telegram* ran a page story about Nudeville and the *Times* had an editorial about it and the tabloids managed to get pictures of a euchre party at the sheriff's which caused quite a scandal. And the next thing Mr Widgeon knew the directors of his company censured him in a formal memorandum and he was given the choice of resigning or publicly renouncing nudism.

Well this was pretty serious. Nudism was in full bloom at Castledonald. It had been the most successful of all Mrs Ogilvy Jones' fads and to abandon it now would be to lose at one stroke the favored position he had gained in Castledonald society. He would have to go back to New York and Mrs Widgeon would be lonesome again. Well he thought and thought. And finally he went to call on Mrs Ogilvy Jones and said Dear Mrs Ogilvy Jones I am in a quandary.

My dear Robert said Mrs Ogilvy Jones You can count on me. I was sure of it said Mr Widgeon and I will tell you straight out that firmly as I believe in the principles of nudism I feel that the world is not yet ripe for it and in short we must abandon it.

What! said Mrs Ogilvy Jones My dear boy have you lost your senses?

Hear me out said Mr Widgeon impressively. You have converted all Castledonald to nudism. Neighboring towns are following your distinguished lead. I hear he said that there were three nudist parties in Cedarhurst last week. Give us a little time and we can sweep the country. The country? Nay the world, am I not right?

Yes said Mrs Ogilvy Jones proudly. And then Mr Widgeon looked very sad and he said Ah yes dear Mrs Ogilvy Jones but do you realize all the suffering we will cause, why we will be taking the livelihood away from millions of men. For he said what will happen to the tailors and the dressmakers and the clothing manufacturers? For the clothing industry is the fourth or fifth biggest in the country or maybe it's the eighth, anyway it's pretty big. And he said it ramifies something fierce for think of all the hatters and the stocking makers and pants pressers and shoe salesmen and yarn spinners and thread winders and sheep herders and button makers and fashion magazine editors and cotton pickers and— Yes yes said Mrs Ogilvy Jones your sympathetic heart does you honor but after all these people will adjust themselves in time will they not? And then said Mr Widgeon there are the stock holders in woolen mills and knitting mills and clothing factories and so on for capital will suffer as well as labor.

Ah said Mrs Ogilvy Jones That is true and she became thoughtful. And then she said suddenly Robert you are right for we cannot perpetrate this fearful injustice upon millions of innocent people. Ah said Mr Widgeon I knew that your noble heart could never wilfully harm your countrymen. It bleeds for them said Mrs Ogilvy Jones but I am a practical woman and we must have something with which to replace nudism.

Well Mr Widgeon said he had thought of that. And he took a piece of soap from his pocket and carved it with his penknife into a little figure which did not look like anything much but was unmistakably an animal. Soap sculpture he said is a new art and there are for it therefore as yet neither technique nor criteria of taste and so it is the ideal art for the person with temperament but no training. Charming said Mrs Ogilvy Jones. Now ordinary soap went on Mr Widgeon slips from the hand of the carver as well as the bather. But Widgeon Soap (The Soap You Want When You Want It) being mounted on a little mooring pedestal is ideal for the artist and gives also a finished effect to the completed work. I shall he said be only too glad to contribute as many cakes of Widgeon Soap mounted on our de luxe chromium base as you believe would be necessary for a soap sculpturing tournament should you care to promote one. And speaking of soap he said although this has nothing to do with the subject under discussion I have here a few shares of Widgeon Soap which I have been intending to beg you to accept in token of my appreciation of your noble efforts in bringing nudism before the American people.

Well Mrs Ogilvy Jones thanked him for the stock and said she was indeed delighted with his idea. And she gave not one but a series of tournaments and everybody got so interested in soap sculpture that nudism fell into disrepute although it was still practiced occasionally on the quiet in some of the more conservative homes. And from Castledonald soap sculpture spread all over Long Island and then it rolled slowly westward engulfing the middle west and a year later was taken up by Hollywood. The American Society of Soap Sculptors was formed with Mrs Ogilvy Jones as President and exhibitions were given yearly and the sales of Widgeon Soap increased so enormously that Mr Widgeon was given a vote of confidence by his directors and at last got the medal awarded yearly by the Allied Soap Manufacturers to the person who had done most to further the cause of soap among the American people.

Mr Widgeon never did much sculpture himself but he always had on his desk a little nude figure carved out of soap. All the people in the office had been given to understand that it represented Success. But people from Castledonald who saw it said it was Mrs Widgeon. And they ought to know. ⌗

Hickory Over the Head

Continued from page 51

The game, if such a realistic imitation of battle could be called that, was played with a hardened rawhide ball and crooked sticks strung with rawhide thongs. The shape of the stick was remarkably similar to the shepherd's crook or crozier carried by bishops of the Roman Church, and so the French called the stick and the game Lacrosse. As in the original English football, whole villages played against each other and the object was to drive or carry the ball between goal posts. There might be fifty to two hundred braves on a side. The games began at sunrise and continued until sunset, if there were any players left by that time.

While lacrosse seems to have been confined to the culture of the Six Nations, it is interesting to find that the remnant of the Cherokees living in North Carolina—who, I understand, are ethnologically related to the Iroquois—still play a game that is unmistakably a variety of lacrosse. Each player carries two sticks shaped like miniature snow-shoes, but instead of throwing or carrying the ball, he picks it up with the sticks, pops it into his mouth and lights out for the goal. His opponents try to tackle him so hard that the ball will pop out of his mouth. I suppose the play is offside if he swallows it.

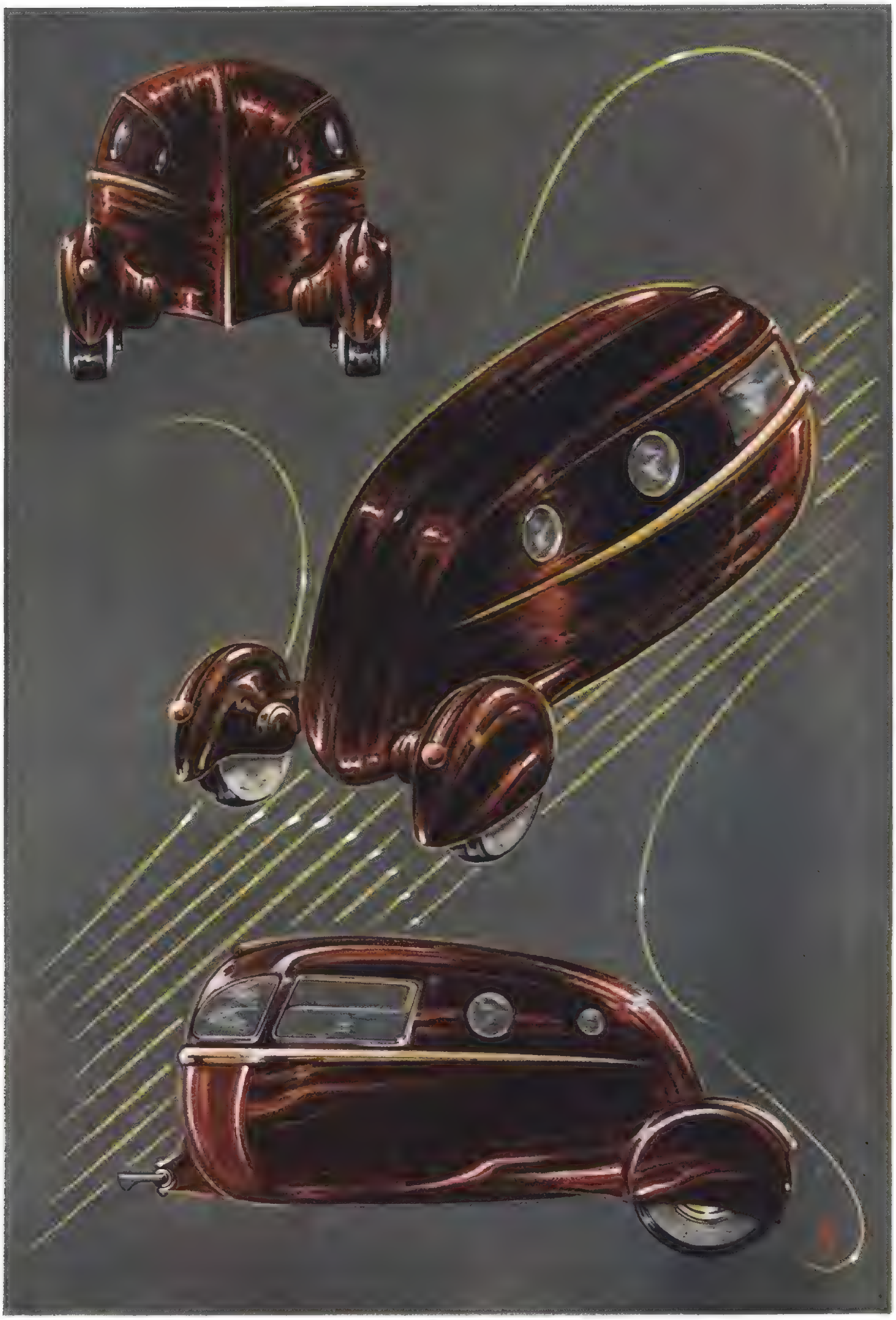
In Canada the Mohawks around Brantford, Caughnawaga, and St. Regis not only play lacrosse according to the white man's rules, but they make the best sticks, and so in most of the factories you will see squaws soaking and twisting the sheep gut—called "clock cord"—and stringing it to form the "bag," while the braves model the frames, fining down the wood with draw knives and steaming it to form the bend. However excellent these "commercial" sticks may be, those made by the Indians in their own villages—and often bootlegged across the border to the States to avoid the high duty—are far superior, in the opinion of many white players.

There is so little hickory left that commercial sticks are made of ash, more often than not, but in each Indian village a brave or two knows where there is a stand of hickory, and he draws from it to make sticks in the old way—pegging the steamed wood on the ground to shape it, drying it in the sun, and having his squaw make the bag out of rawhide instead of clock cord. Such sticks balance better and hold the ball better than the best commercial product—and last longer than the heads they "wind" against.

The early explorers, perhaps wisely, did not trust themselves to play lacrosse with the Indians, but about 1847 the French settlers took up the game and introduced an element of team work lacking among the Indians. Scotch and Irish immigrants added the hard body-checking feature, and by the sixties the game was extremely popular in eastern Canada. Some sixty years ago a McGill University team went to Cambridge to teach Harvard men rugby, and while there introduced lacrosse into the United States. From Harvard the game spread to Yale and Johns Hopkins, and those colleges were the leaders in the early days. Syracuse University was supreme in the early 1920's, and now the stronghold is in the Baltimore district, with outstanding teams at Hopkins, University of Maryland, St. Johns (Annapolis), the Naval Academy, and the Mt. Washington Club of Baltimore.

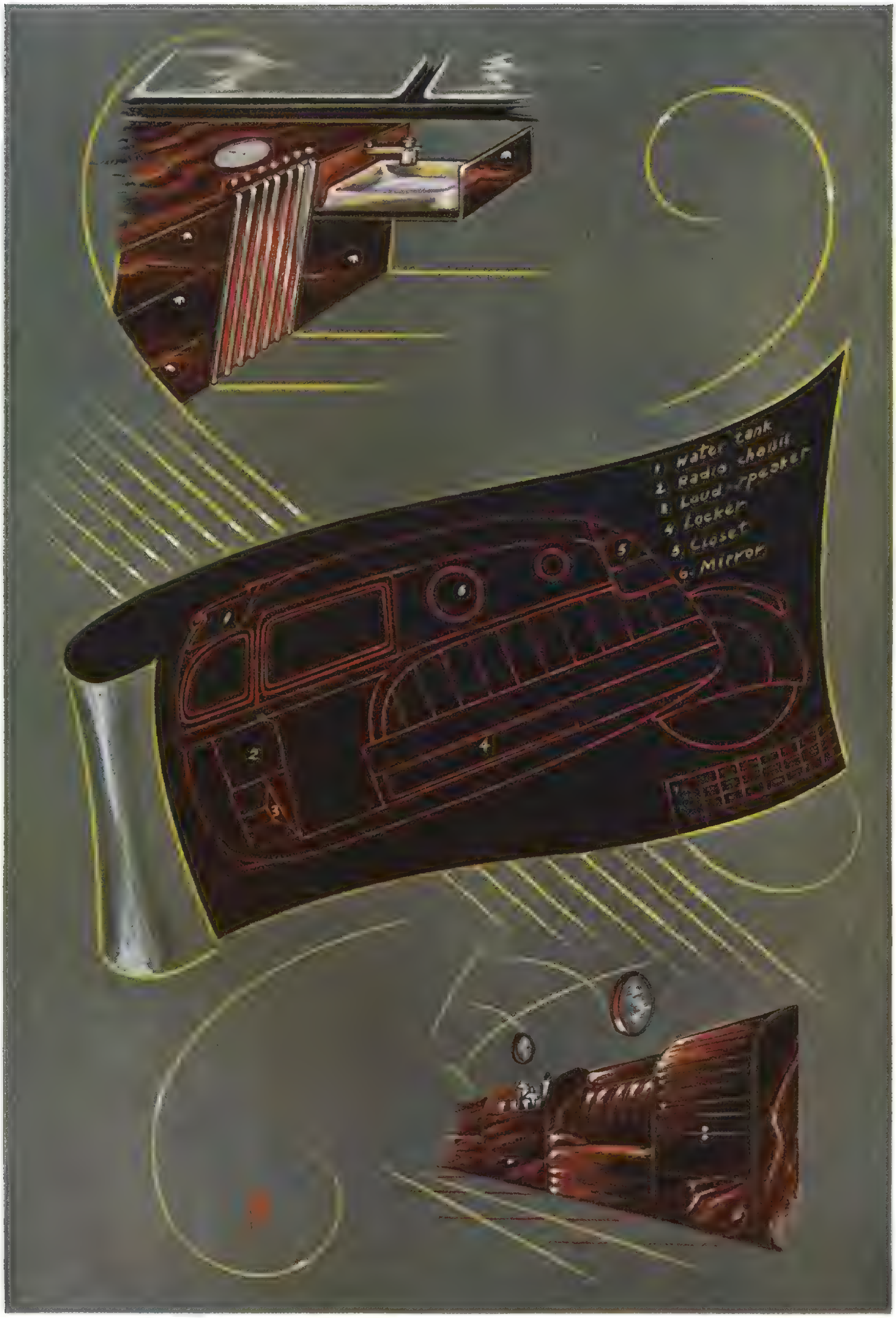
Besides these Army, Brown, City College of New York, Cornell, Dartmouth, Hobart, M. I. T., Penn State, Princeton, University

Continued at top of page 125



FOR FIRST CLASS TRAVEL IN A TRAILER

PERHAPS it would be better to call this a land cruiser than to use the word "trailer" which is unfortunately though not necessarily identified with fourth class travel along the hot dog stand routes. Among the details of the exterior which are not self explanatory, emphasis should be given to the two independently sprung wheels which are suspended at the end of extra long springs and rocking arms with bicycle type fenders attached to the brake drums—a practice much used on British and


1. Water tank
2. Radio chassis
3. Loud-speaker
4. Locker
5. Closet
6. Mirror
5
2
4
3

DESIGN AND SKETCH *by* DE SAKHNOFFSKY

Continental racing cars. This follows the trend set by the new automobiles which have achieved better riding qualities by moving the motor ahead and cradling the passengers between the two axles. Also note the streamlined tail lights and the Cardan type coupling between the car and the trailer. As for the interior details, the chart in the center of page 124 shows a cutaway view giving general dimensions. The long settee can be transformed into the equivalent of a Pullman berth.

Hickory Over the Head

Continued from pages 51-122

of Pennsylvania, Rutgers, Stevens, Swarthmore, and Union all have teams. At West Point and Annapolis the lacrosse squads number in the hundreds, as you might expect would be the case with such a warlike game.

All these colleges are in the East, you will notice, yet lacrosse is a game that I should think was built to order for the Middle and Far West. Major Griffiths of the Big Ten is interested in lacrosse, and if I do not miss my guess, he will introduce it into his organization before long.

American college teams start early, with a first game about the beginning of April (in Canada, anyone who shows a 'crosse before Victoria Day, May 24th, is shot on sight), practice having been begun in February, perhaps. At Syracuse, Laurie Cox has his squad out in the snow of the winter months. But the American teams have usually finished a short schedule by June 1st, whereas in Canada we play until Labor Day.

Nor do coaches of other games always take kindly to lacrosse. All the times I coached lacrosse at Yale I could only once get Tad Jones to watch my boys, and then he said that a weak mind was a greater asset in lacrosse than anything else—a base libel, by the way. However, he sent me six big linemen from his football squad—whether as a present to me or a punishment to them I never knew.

But despite the short schedules and the not always cordial reception by athletic directors, the game has developed wonderfully in the United States—in fact, in the last 15 years it has shown nowhere near the development in Canada that it has here. In the last five years American college teams have decisively beaten Canadians: In the Olympics of 1928 and 1932, and in the international playoffs of 1930 and 1931 eight games were played between picked American and Canadian teams, and the Americans won five of them. I think the American victories were owing to better conditions and team work and to a love of the game that offset the inborn skill of the Canadians. American collegians play a cleaner game than do Canadians, by the way, and another difference that I have noticed is that nine out of ten Americans play right-handed with a right-handed stick, while the majority of Canadians use the right-handed stick left-handed. The same difference, curiously, obtains in hockey.

Here, then, is a game that the Canadians took away from the Indians, and that the Americans have just about taken away from the Canadians, so far as supremacy is concerned.

It has everything that a game needs, to be played or watched. Thousands play it, and scarcely more than their number ever see it played. There must be a reason.

As I have said, I think the reason was the too-big field, and I believe that in time the present field, or a still smaller one, will do the trick. If I am right, one day lacrosse will vie with baseball as America's summer game. ⧣

Keep a Cool Upper Lip

Continued from page 73

he realizes, since your body is 70% water. Being the most abundant constituent of your tissues, it is taken up and released more rapidly than any other substance. You would die more quickly if all water intake be stopped than from any other form of starvation. If you were not allowed to eat or drink it would be impossible, except for a very short time, to supply enough water, by injections under the skin or through the lower bowel, to sustain life.

Why should you be obliged to lug around so much water? One physiologist explains this by showing that its obvious purpose is to provide a suitable medium in which chemical action can occur and physicochemical phenomena such as osmosis and diffusion can effect the necessary transfers of chemical compounds through tissue membranes. All of which simply means that the water helps the other liquids become equalized by passing through permeable tissues. It is presumed that the actual dilution is the most favorable dilution for such changes, and, if there is a marked lack of water, which naturally would lead to a greater concentration of the chemical compounds present in the tissues, thirst would be the first sensation produced. Subsequently a series of abnormal organic occurrences would manifest themselves and these happenings cause dizziness, headache, indigestion, spots before the eyes, or, in extreme cases, collapse.

A "thirst" is more of a blessing than a curse as this helps regulate the amount of water we should drink to keep a proper balance in the tissues. When the intake and output is well balanced we feel fit. You're probably thinking how little extra water, tea, coffee, milk or other beverages you, or some other person, actually drinks, with no ill-effects noted. This is easily explained. You, or that other person, may not know that most of the common foods you eat are 90% water and, also, the small amount of liquid you do drink happens to be taken at the proper time so that its full benefits are realized. The individual who drinks two quarts of water a day and most of it between meals, or upon retiring probably does not derive as much good as the sparse drinker who does it when he should.

You ask: "What difference can it make when you drink this water as long as you take it at regular intervals? Water is water!" Consider this. Every day, in the average adult, there is a total water turnover of about 4 gallons. Did you imagine you were such a sponge? Part of you—the stomach, intestinal walls, salivary glands, liver, etc., return the water they drain from the blood. But the kidneys, large intestine, skin, sweat glands, etc., steal from one to six quarts from the general supply, and this leaves the body. We all are just smart enough to drink when we're thirsty; but few of us drink enough at the proper times and in the right proportions.

Authorities state that when water is drunk, an equal amount is excreted, usually within two or three hours, in the urine, in addition to the water excreted at the normal rate. Meanwhile the insensible loss of water increases in rate, so that the body often ends up by having as little water as it would have had if none had been ingested, if not less. The same result is obtained from drinking a solution of almost any salt in a concentration that has the same gram molecular weight as the blood. But if the salt in the solution is ordinary table salt (sodium chloride), or sodium bicarbonate, little or no increase in the flow of urine results. The excess fluid is eliminated slowly during the next twenty-four or forty-eight hours. If food-protein, carbohydrate or fat—is taken with the water, certain amounts of fluid are retained and stored with the food until the food becomes oxidized. If the water is taken before food, it will be promptly excreted. If it is taken with or soon after food, or salt, it may be retained. If water alone is taken, particularly after excessive loss of salts, as by sweating, the dilution of the tissues may be enough to bring on intoxication or cramps.

What does all this mean? Simply this. If you wish to retain water enough in your system during hot weather to produce the proper balance in the tissues, so that you may feel reasonably cool, you must eat large quantities of food which contain a high percentage of water, or you must drink water to which salt has been added, or eat food at the same time you drink. The drinking of large quantities of water alone to compensate for the loss of fluids taking place in the lungs, skin, and kidneys is not sufficient. The old warning about not eating much food in warm weather is not a good one. Some people will tell you that they just have a bowl of milk and crackers for lunch, but, in spite of the fact that they drink plenty of water, they still feel pepless, and out of sorts, on hot days. Now you realize why this is so. Of course one should not eat heavy meals, or foods difficult to digest, but frequent snatches of light foodstuffs, eaten while drinking plenty of water, will help you carry on much better.

How much water is adequate? Individual needs vary, but an obvious test is to drink a large quantity of water and see whether any of it is retained, or at least whether the urine becomes diluted. Usually this will tell whether or not the body is "saturated." If you weigh yourself before drinking the water, again just after drinking it, and again an hour or two later you will be able to detect if the water is being retained.

If you find that you are eliminating too quickly, procure a snuff-box—it is considered smart to carry one nowadays—and keep it filled with salt. Then before you drink, flip up the lid and with an aesthetic gesture pinch up some salt and drop it into the water. Two pinches dissolved in a glassful of water will make a palatable drink which will help keep you cool.

Salt is not expensive. With the proper use of it, and a little more sane judgment in the buying, and wearing, of your summer raiment, you will experience the luxury of a cool summer; and be able to laugh, sneeringly, at memories of uncomfortable ones. ⧣

Beyond Horror

Continued from page 67

He stared at his hands with repulsion as if he felt for his own flesh the utmost horror.

"I thought I knew—the ground out there. I must have deviated between our entanglements. I knew I was lost. I moved around cautiously. I crawled flat upon the soil, trying to see. The moon broke through the clouds—and there, not two yards away was the head of a *Boche*. He wore a skull cap. He must have heard me for he was waiting there, immobile, attentive, searching for me in the shadows, puzzled because I'd made a loop trying to get my bearings. My decision was quickly taken, to leap upon him from above, grasp his throat, drag him into the shell hole. I gathered my legs under me, and when the light was faint again I threw myself forward . . ." He broke off and trembled and looked at his hands. A half hour must have passed before he could go on.

"I gathered my legs under me—and—"

"Yes, yes, what happened then?"

"I threw myself forward and my hands closed—and came together!" With a wild gesture he brought his hands together and held them there clutching at each other. "He had no throat. It was only a head that had been watching me—only a head. After that I couldn't move. And when I saw—it was near daylight—I started back—and I looked around and I saw it behind—a head on a long neck—bobbing—and I ran—I fell—I got up—I ran, I fell, I got up—"

He got up as if to run and we held him with firm, gentle hands. He was sent to the rear, chattering and moaning, his mind broken in his perfect, young body.

Subdued and awe-struck we took up our watch in the trenches. What a frail thing is the human mind, that can endure so much of tangible horror and break when the hands reach out to crush from flesh the breath of life—and find nothing there to crush!

This is a true story. Could human imagination invent a like experience? #

$2400 for Kindness

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hurt somebody's feelings by mistake, but that happens all the time, every day, every hour of every day. That happens between brother and brother and father and son and husband and wife. That's the way the great Creator made us in his loneliness and confusion. He got us all bawled up in His anxiety. He figured He was doing us a favor, giving us the earth and all the rest of it.

What'd they do, put you in jail?

Put me in jail? I'll say they put me in jail. We were an hour out of Portland. I hate jails. I been in plenty of them and Jesus how I hate the smell. The guys aren't so bad out of jail but in them their worst smell comes out. I never could hardly breathe in a jail. I always figured I was drowning in a jail. In Memphis I got so desperate in jail I tried to hang myself with a rope made of my clothes but it busted. Then I shivered two weeks and when I got out of jail I had to go to the city hospital, I had pneumonia.

For the first time in my life I was rich and it was my first chance to try to do something decent with money which is the only thing we really have to be decent with. I told the conductor the truth. I told the old lady I wanted to put a fifty dollar bill in her handbag, and everybody got sorer than ever at me. One of the salesmen took another sock at me. He socked me on the neck. It nearly stopped my breathing, but I didn't hate him. How can you hate anybody who thinks he is doing what's right and decent? I was just struck dumb. I took out over two hundred dollars in currency and tried to tell the conductor I didn't need money, I didn't need to be stealing from a poor old lady, I was trying to *give* her a little money, I could tell she needed it. The old lady kicked me in the shins.

So they stuck you in jail.

They shot me first.

Shot you? Who?

One of the salesmen. I don't know how come he was carrying a gun, but he was, and when I busted away from them and knocked down the poor old lady who tried to stop me, this salesman took three shots at me. Were you ever shot?

Only at.

At ain't so bad. It scares you a lot more than if you get hit, but in the end it ain't so bad, it don't cost anywhere near as much and it don't hurt at all. I been shot at five different times in my life, twice by my first wife. That was the only woman I ever really loved. She had a little tiny black gun that she kept in her purse because she'd read about some smart lady who had shot a man to protect her honor with a little gun like that. She thought it was smart to have a little gun like that. Nobody ever tried to take her honor, so I guess she got tired of waiting and took a couple of shots at me. Little tiny bullets. I don't guess four or five of them could kill a man unless they reached his head. She missed me more than ten feet both time. She just liked the idea of having that little gun around to be like somebody smart in a story. I didn't really mind, but I figured even the worst shot in the world might accidentally hit the mark some day, so I had to leave her even if I did love her so much.

A little bit out of Portland the train slowed down and I got ready to make a bolt because I don't like going to jails especially since I was rich and wanted to get to Frisco. I had a cousin in Frisco who was trying to get on his feet and open a barber shop again and I wanted to help him. I wanted to lend him five hundred dollars before I went broke and let him start shaving and cutting hair again so all that good money wouldn't be wasted in case my luck got bad again. His father and my father were brothers in Virginia where we were born and brought up and we never did like one another but I wanted to do something decent with all that dough and I knew Tom needed the money. I like Frisco anyway. I just wanted to get to Frisco and stop at the Palace Hotel a week or so, so I could have something to remember. Everybody wants to be rich once in his life and live at a good hotel and pay six dollars a night for a room.

They were holding me pretty tight and they were still telling one another how low it was for a well-dressed young man to be trying to steal a little money from a poor old lady when I gave one wild jump and started up the aisle hell bent for freedom and a decent life in Frisco. Jesus, I hated knocking down that poor old lady. I guess I'll never forgive myself for that, but what could I do? I hate jails. I like being on the loose, ready for anything good that might come along. She jumped right out in the middle of the aisle with her arms opened like a mother welcoming her wandering boy home, and I butted right into her. Then the shooting started. Two of the shots went wild, but didn't hit anybody else. If they had hit somebody else, I guess I would have been charged with murder. That's my luck. They would have decided it was my fault because I was the guy who was making all the trouble.

The third shot sank into my left shoulder. You got to be shot in the left shoulder to even have the faintest idea what the pain is like. It ain't like any other pain and at the same time it ain't half as bad as you'd imagine it might be because once you are shot and know it and know where you are bleeding you figure well, you're shot and it hurts but you'll get well eventually and maybe die of old age and the thing to do now is get away. I didn't stop moving the least. I didn't turn around and let them kill me, which they surely would have done. I was worse stunned than ever before in my life because all this trouble was my fault for wanting to do a decent thing before all my money was gone. I really wanted to turn around and look at them poor fellows who were thinking they were doing the right thing, but I knew they'd kill me if I did, so I moved right on up the aisle and out of the car and I know how to work train gates and I lost no time getting this one open with the good side of my body and then I took a good safe jump. I know how to jump so you won't get killed, but I didn't do so well this time and when I got off the ground and tried to run as fast as I could I found out the fastest I could go was very slow, and I was limping because my right leg was busted. Shot in the left shoulder. Right leg busted. Accused of stealing from an old lady. There's luck for you. There's a nice moment in anybody's life. I figured that crazy salesman would jump off the train and shoot me a dozen times and I started worrying about who the money would go to after I was dead. I really figured my chances of living were less than a hundred to one, but you can't ever tell.

The salesman with the gun and everybody else got off the train when it stopped a couple of hundred yards away. I was limping as fast as I could trying to reach some place where I could hide but there wasn't any place, it was all level land, no bushes, no trees, no rivers, no houses, no alleys, no place to hide, God Almighty, I felt bad. Then I decided the best thing for me would be to get killed right away and be out of

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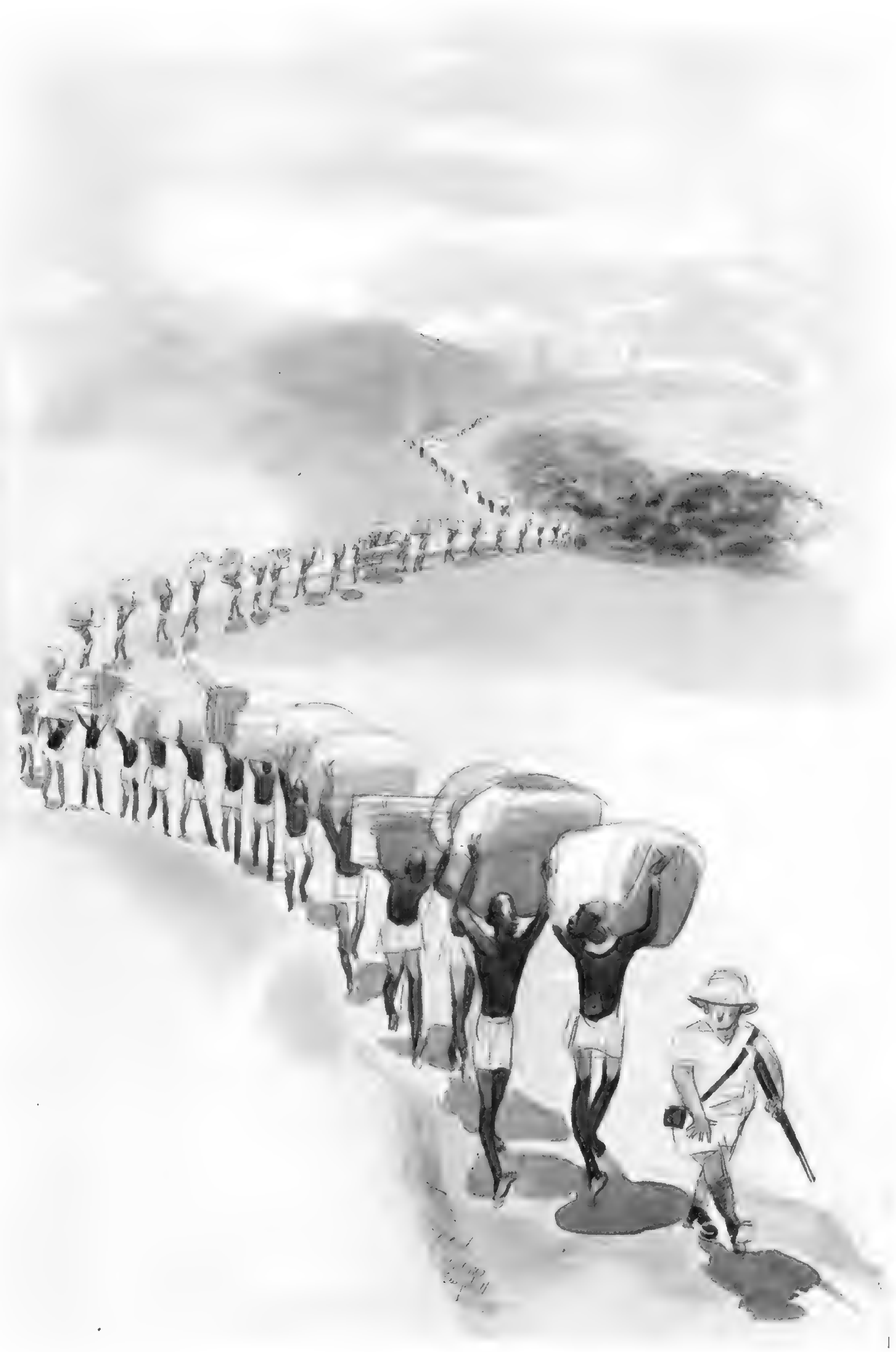

"We got to go back to the village again—he's forgotten his wrist watch"

$2400 for Kindness

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all the trouble. It seemed to me that would be the easiest way out and to hell with all my money and to hell with wanting to do a decent thing and to hell with the Palace Hotel in Frisco and to hell with my cousin Tom and everybody else. But I'm not a coward.

What do you mean?

I mean I wanted to fall down and just lie there and wait for the worst, but all my life something in me has been making me do things I myself haven't wanted to do and instead of falling down the way I wanted to I kept on limping as fast as I could and in two minutes they grabbed me. I was bleeding pretty badly and with the leg busted on top of everything else I didn't feel any too strong but my right arm was still good and I was feeling pretty sore, so this craziness in me that I ain't ever been able to understand made me knock down the fellow with the gun. I hit him under the chin so hard it made a terrible noise and he didn't jump up after he fell down. I really didn't have anything against that poor fool, it was just that I had the right arm in good condition and there wasn't much else to do but fall down and die and I never like to do the easiest thing, so I got him under the chin. Maybe he would have killed me out of nervousness if I hadn't knocked him cold. Maybe I did the right thing without knowing it.

They put me back on the train and when we got into Portland they rushed me to an emergency hospital and I got treated for both wounds and then they took me to a hospital and placed a guard at my bed night and day. They said I had a pretty good chance of pulling through and after that they would give me a trial. It took me twenty-seven days to get well enough to have a trial. They found me guilty on about eleven different charges, so I guess they invented two or three different charges for each one of the things I was supposed to have done, and then they stuck me in the Portland jail. That's what I got for wanting to do something decent with my money. I nearly died in the Portland jail. When I got to Frisco I had about six hundred dollars left. They took money for the medical treatment at the emergency hospital and they soaked me plenty. They took money for staying at the hospital, for the two guards, night and day, for court costs. Six hundred dollars and some odd cents was the balance. Well, six hundred dollars is better than no money at all, so I bought a brand new outfit from top to bottom and rented a room at the Palace Hotel. I figured on lolling around in that room for maybe a whole month just reading detective stories and then I don't know what happened, but I was walking around town when I suddenly found myself in a gambling joint, playing poker, betting all my money on a pair of tens, less than an hour in the game and my last fifty dollars in the pot on a pair of tens, just a little bluff. And the guy called me. He had four sixes. I got up and laughed and walked out of the joint. I went back to the Palace Hotel and went on with a detective story I had stopped reading somewhere along about the second page. I read the whole magazine from cover to cover, and then I got hungry.

I walked out of the hotel and never went back and I didn't get to do one decent thing with all that fine money because when I tried to put that fifty dollar bill in that poor old lady's bag they said I was a thief and the trouble started and it's been going on ever since. ‡‡

To Laugh and Sing

Continued from page 62

"Now, Web, you better get this thing straightened out."

"Hell, a thing like this won't straighten out."

"It will if you give in to her."

"Give in to that hard headed 'woman with a career'?"

"She's not so bad at times."

"Aw, let's think about it tomorrow."

There I was talking to myself like a fool. It wouldn't do. I just had to get the thing out and *think*. The river made a steady liquid undersound and the tent began to stand out in the firelight as my eyes grew accustomed to the shadows. I had that feeling I get in the woods of being a part of it.

The stars sent me messages in their flickering light. The trees leaned close and listened to what I thought. If I could only sink into the rich untroubled loam of the forest and lie there while the river whispered about all the secret things up and down the valley, I'd be happy.

"But the boy, Web."

"Oh she's going to run him just as she's run me."

He was a fine lad. I was proud of him. And at ten years she had his career all in hand. He was to be a psychiatrist. Somebody had told her that the good ones got twenty-five dollars an hour. She had even gone to Washington to talk about it and now she wanted to take him to Vienna for a year. Maybe that was the trouble. I didn't have a career. What's more I didn't want one. The war fixed things like that pretty definitely for me. My values were divided up between a few dead men, a few live men and migrating geese and the opening of the trout season.

What the hell made a woman like that anyway. Here was our boy and she was looking for motives and suppressed desires in him. All *he* wanted was a bicycle and an air rifle.

Leaning there against the stump while the fire sank down into a circle of ash I back tracked through the years and tried to figure it all out. Marriage—honeymoon—pregnancy—birth—the whole cycle of creation. And then this career thing and her desire to crowd me out. By God, that was it, she wanted me *out*. She wanted that boy for her very own.

"But what did *you* do while all this was in the process of happening, Web? How did you *help* things?"

"Oh I admit I got to drinking a bit and staying out late sometimes."

"Yes and you'd mope around the house never saying a word."

"Ha—she did enough talking for both."

No that wasn't the way to talk. I had to admit my faults. And maybe she had reasons to blame me. But sitting there with the trees listening to the beat of my heart and the stars floating in blue-black eternity, I couldn't get all this excitement about a career.

If she were only with me. If the boy were only with me. If she didn't have that barrier between us . . . "The boy is asleep in the tent, old girl—he's all right—he's our boy—he's dreaming about the trout he'll catch in the morning. Sit here close to me and let's talk about him. Forget all this damn foolery!" . . .

But it wasn't a go. It wouldn't work. I crawled in the tent and kicked off my moccasin pacs and rolled my sweater under my head for a pillow. Then I lay on my back feeling the tiredness come into my shoulders where the pack straps had been. I began to float; that delicious fluid drift of consciousness into unconsciousness. The fire glowed up momentarily and etched the ribs of the tent cloth above my head but I was going off—drifting—floating into sleep.

When I awakened it was full daylight but the sun wasn't up yet. The fire ashes were sodden with dew and a clump of birches down by the river seemed to watch me as I gathered pine splinters. The first smoke went straight up in a thin column to tree top height and then drifted away fanlike across the bog.

I was getting more and more excited. While the coffee cooked I unscrewed the cap from the aluminum case and pulled out the divided cloth cover containing the rod. I pulled the stops from the female ends of the ferrules and fitted the joints together using extreme care to line up the guides. Then I put on the reel and threaded the H.D.H. line through to the tip and pulled out ten or twelve feet of slack. The reel went zee-zee when the slack came out and it was the best sound ever heard because of early morning coolness and the sharp odor of cooking coffee.

I sat down with my back against the stump and looked over all my flies; selecting a new Coachman No. 12 for a trial and an Adams spentwing No. 14 for a dropper. The new leaders were soft between the felt pads that I had dampened at the sidewalk drinking fountain in Honor. I uncoiled a nine foot tapered 2XX and bloodknotted the Coachman on with a 3XXX tippet.

The rod was all ready now and the coffee was boiled and my heart was beating like a trip hammer. But my back was still against the stump. I set the coffee aside to steep.

"This is a great moment to you, Web, old man." It was at that. I wanted to get up and go down to the river but after two years the ceremony about the thing made me want to go slow. It's the same thing with love. It is the same when you think of love in the mature sense. A slow build

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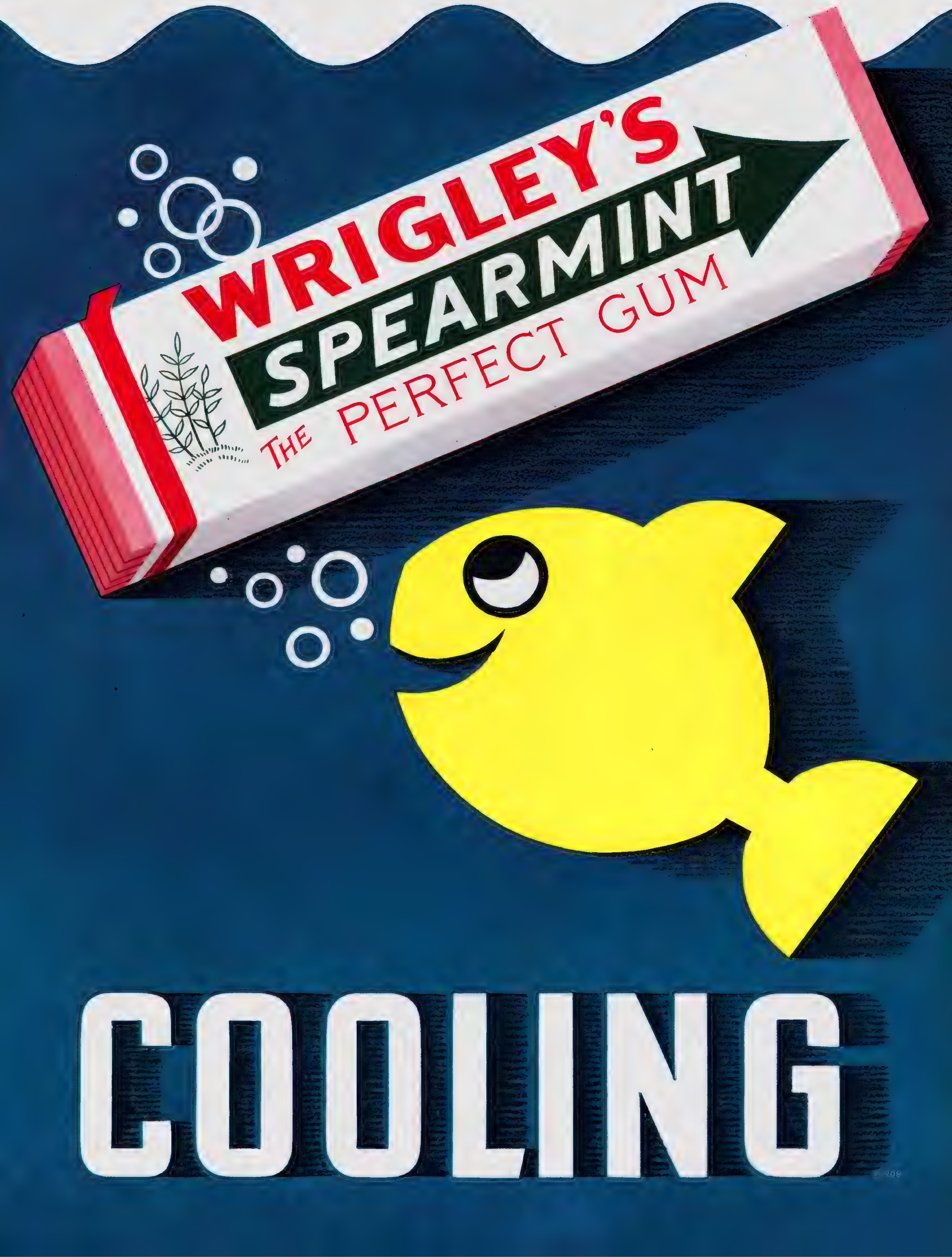
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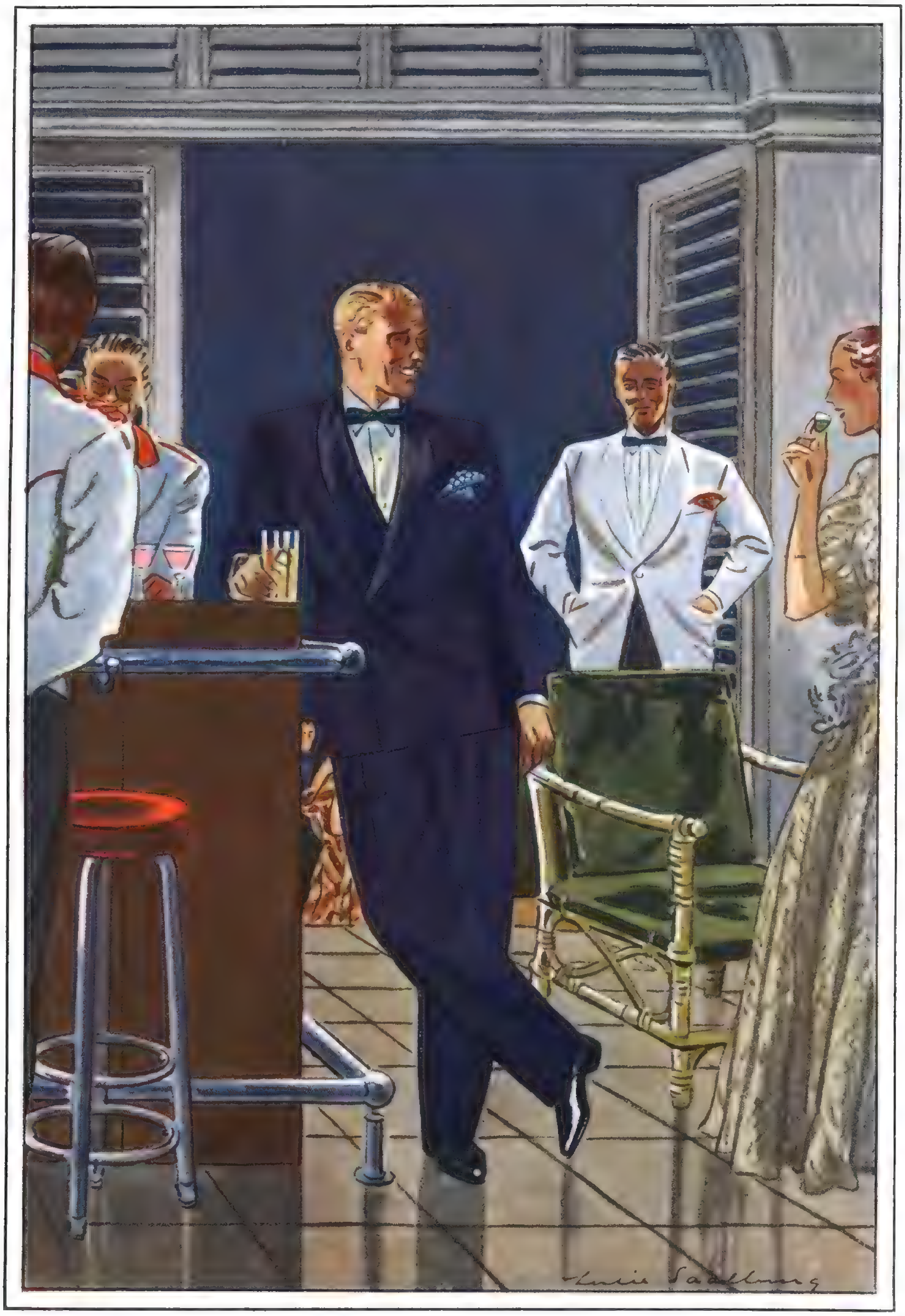


MIDSUMMER NIGHTS AT THE COUNTRY CLUB

Probably the first thing that takes your eye is the color of the breast pocket handkerchiefs. Or maybe you're intrigued by the mess jackets. Well, forget about them, unless you're in the navy and have a right to wear them, or unless you're a banjo player or a sax blower and wearing a mess jacket is part of your job. The newer of the two outfits shown here is the midnight blue dinner jacket of tropical worsted. The dress shirt is of white silk with attached soft collar. The studs are a new and important fashion note—they're plain gold. The tie is a revival, in barathea, of the old fashioned club shape. It's particularly suited to the fold collar. It has a large knot and the blades have blunt, rounded ends. The other outfit is the now familiar uniform for Saturday nights at the country club, consisting of washable white dinner jacket with black dress trousers of the same material. Wear pumps or patent leather oxfords.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

To Laugh and Sing

Continued from pages 62-128

up toward consummation of all the things you've learned and want to be capable of as a civilized and mature person. Hell, when you think of it religion is like that too. A slow build up of sights and sounds and odors and the stroking finesse of artistry. Well this was like that. First the valley as I saw it from the top of the mountain. Then the river (a personal thing) coming forward to meet me. Then the wind and the sky and running water and odor of pine. Anticipation that made me ache. I was going trout fishing. I wanted to trout fish more than anything else but I didn't want to hurry it.

The pasture was sopping wet with dew. I walked slowly across the grass and when I came to the river bank I turned around. The first shaft of sun was just brushing the tops of the pines behind the tent.

At the head of a narrow chop an eight inch trout spatted the surface with regularly timed rises. I held the shank of the Coachman and tested the leader, feeling the rubbery strength of the gut. The current gripped the calves of my legs in a tight, shockingly cold embrace. I stripped out line and false cast three or four times and dropped the flies at the head of the chop. The eight incher slapped the Adams and missed. I moved up, working on the slack, getting the feel back again—thinking about the bigger trout that wouldn't be slapping the surface but would be at the edge of one of the dark shadows against the bank.

Around the first bend was a shallow flat of fast water and several feet upstream a gut raced between two pine stumps. The coachman caught a puff of wind, grazed the left hand stump and dropped into a spasm of choppy water. I didn't even wait. I touched him and felt him roll. The rod whipped down in a bow and the old electric thrill went up my arm and into my heart like pain. He jumped clear over a projecting root and went down stream past me like hot silver running into a mold. I followed, the cold water tripping my numbing legs, the rod bending and glittering like a rapier. Finally I eased him into a quiet eddy and let him sulk. He butted under the rooty bank and jumped again. The rod began to kill him. He came toward me—head coming up—the pale pink band on his side indescribably perfect in the clear water.

I netted him, rapped him on the head with a stick, laid him on the bank and walked back upstream. A twelve inch Brook was rising between the same two stumps. He nailed the Adams hard on the second cast. When I laid the Brook beside the Rainbow in the wet grass on the bank it was a picture not to be forgotten.

"Trout for breakfast, Web."

"Yea, boy!"

I sat down in a patch of sunlight and rubbed my numbing legs and drank a pony of whiskey from the bottle in my hip pocket. Then I cleaned the trout.

The dew was drying from the meadow as I walked back to camp. I built up the fire, cooked the fish in corn meal and ate them with my fingers as if they were bread sticks.

"You drink your coffee now, Web, and we'll thrash this out."

"Wait 'till afternoon. Wait 'till after the evening rise."

No, I was going to make up my mind about it once and for all. It was the boy. I simply couldn't fit the mother into my life anymore. But the boy was different. Night before last I had returned home late —after midnight. When I walked down the hall past his room, the light shone in through the doorway onto his face. The old house was quiet except for the stealthy shifting of timbers. I tiptoed into his room and stood beside the bed looking down at my sleeping son for a long time. His hair was tousled in a way that made it more attractive than when it was brushed. It was curled back so the forehead shone white and fine. His eyes gave me the same feeling the bronze boy gave Anthony. The nostrils flared delicately with each breath and once he smiled in his sleep.

We all know our own features and I could see my boyhood on the pillow. His nose and mouth would be like my nose and mouth when he was a man. The selfishness of mothers and fathers became very apparent to me as I watched him. I thought back and tried to get something from my father. He had been born in Honor but after law school he moved to Grand Rapids and later to Indianapolis. My mother died when I was twelve. Every summer Dad took me with him for a month's fishing and in the fall we hunted. Maybe that was wrong. He wanted me to love the outdoors as he did. Like father like son. Now the things I liked were causing me trouble. My wife said I was a potential sadist. Great God, how I laughed the first time she pulled that one. The thing that hurt was her denying me the boy. She was trying to crowd me out. And I was fighting all the time to get him into the woods with me so that when he grew up he would enjoy the same things I did.

"It's a joke, Web. My God, it's funny!"

It *was* funny. It was all so selfish and ridiculous that I rolled around on the ground laughing. I laughed and laughed. Here we were—a mother and a father—presuming to be a team; presuming to shelter our young until he could look out for himself. And instead of that we were fighting each other, pulling this way and that.

After watching my boy for perhaps ten minutes I had walked into my room and packed my duffle. The Peninsula Express left the Union Station at two forty and I was going to be aboard. She met me at the foot of the stairs. Her face had that sharp resigned greyness. I walked out of the door feeling pretty good with the old moccasin pacs on my feet.

Sunlight spread over all the meadow now and the river ran brightly. Grasshoppers whirred. Wind sang like a giant harp in the deep cave of pine forest. My legs and thighs were warm which is a good feeling after the numbing ache of ice cold water.

I stopped laughing and stood up. And then because of the warmth and because no one could hear me I began to sing. It was a silly ditty we sang in the army:

"Oh we don't have to fight like the infantry
Or fight like the artillery
Or fight like the cavalry
We don't have to fly over Germany
'Cause we are the Ki wi wis."

The fact that it was silly didn't matter. It could have been any song.—Lead Kindly Light—any song! The important thing was that I could sing again after two years of sourness. And I knew that I was going back home in a week or two and walk in the door laughing. I knew right then that this boy was going to be what he wanted to be. We could pull and tug at his "suppressed desires" but he'd come out all right if I had a sense of humor. I'd laugh and sing, by God, if it killed me. ꟷ

Wanna Buy a Truck?

Continued from page 86

cating machines. Teague designed the new cars of the New Haven Railroad, its Steuben glass, and the Eastman products, and created the Ford display at the Century of Progress. He also has re-designed gas compressors which are not an object of ordinary commerce, and gas ranges and heaters. The disappearance of the monitor top from the General Electric refrigerator was accomplished by Henry Dreyfuss, who also has done the interior of a Douglas plane so that in the usual space you have a lounge and a conference room which can seat eleven people, a galley or pantry, inbuilt radio, two berths, and desks which are really the flexwood wainscoting coming into position. He designed a washing machine for which you do not have to stand up or bend down, and the Big Ben he made many years ago is still definitely modern.

Discussing their problems with half a dozen designers, I found one extraordinary thing: you cannot easily identify the designer from looking at his product, and the best designers are quite satisfied that this should be so, because they feel that when an object is properly made it has, in a sense, made itself, and the designer's job has really been to prevent the wrong things happening. Somewhere in the factory of International Silver, it was discovered that people do not use more than the front half of a knife blade, and the short table knife resulted. It could have been the work of any one of our good designers. The compact Baby Brownie which Teague made does not express his personality; it is only the best arrangement for film sides and lens for a small popular camera. The gentleman who was carried away by a popular slogan and made a streamlined eraser, and one or two people who destroy the fundamentals of design by trying to make their personality dominate, are the natural racketeers of a good profession.

That profession as a whole has notably added to the attractiveness of every-day life by making more and more of the objects we handle and use suit their purpose and please our eye. We have not rid ourselves entirely of ugliness, but by popular demand we have gone a good distance on the way. ꟷ

Fielder's Choice

Continued from page 70

There was a pretty bad fifteen minutes or so in there. Maybe it was only ten, maybe it was only five. It didn't turn out to be so serious. Only a little part of the stands had actually fallen. Twenty-two people were killed, and about a hundred injured, not counting scratches, and black eyes, and torn clothing, and nervous systems somewhat impaired, or strengthened. Some five thousand men had looked suddenly upon the face of death. It leered at them, and as quickly turned away, and it only cost them a dollar apiece, and a bruise or two.

Joe came out of it all right, except that his right arm felt sort of funny. He hunched his shoulder up and around; it still felt funny. "Wonder how I got that?" he said to himself. He wouldn't have known. He'd made three or four trips into the middle of it, yelling and cursing, and pushing and pulling, and trying to do whatever he could. He remembered getting one man out from underfoot; the *Record* said he got three.

The shoulder was dislocated, he found that out at the clubhouse. "Tough luck, Joe," they said. "Ah, a coupla weeks," he said, to them, but to himself he said, "That's curtains. That's curtains."

It wasn't curtains. He played ball again, plenty of it. What was more, the owner of the club came to the hotel, the next day, with a copy of the *Record* in his hand.

"This true?" he said.

"No. It's my press-agent," said Joe.

"My daughter was in that stand," said the owner.

Joe looked at him.

"You go in there, you have no call to go in. You cripple yourself, for the sake of other people. All right. You got a job with this club, as long as I'm in baseball. Bum wing, or no bum wing. You hear me?"

"Yeah," said Joe. "Your—your daughter O. K.?"

"Yes. She's O. K.," said the owner. His name was, and is, Ben Siegal, and he is known to all the world as a soft-hearted, hot-headed sentimental slob who'd rather lose money in baseball than make it brewing beer.

There's a line in that Record story that Joe has never noticed. Under "Dead" there is this: Horton, Charles J. 28. Bank clerk, employed by Third National Bank. ᚐ

With Her Own People

Continued from page 48

for the first time. Yet when he had climbed the stairs and was rapping on his own door, and he heard Anna coming, he started to grin, and he was afraid he would laugh out loud, but when she opened the door wide and called, "Come in, Mike," he went in timidly, ready to bow hastily to anyone who would speak to him.

Anna's mother, a plump woman with a worn face wrinkled with smiling, was sitting on the couch, and her hand went up and fumbled with the neck of her blue dress as she looked up at Mike. The father, a short powerful working man, smoking a pipe, was sitting beside his wife. His face was wide and inscrutable, except that there was that same fierceness in his eyes that came in Anna's eyes when she was angry. Before Mike had come in they had all been sitting there chattering. The father had pushed Anna away from him and looked at her as if she had become a woman since he had seen her. The mother had kept on talking excitedly.

But now when Anna said, "Come on, Mike. This is Mike. I want you to like him because I do," the father and mother both stood up and bowed uneasily. The laughter and the gay excitement went out of the mother as she looked at Michael, who stood there awkwardly, almost too scared to move; she looked at him shrewdly for a long time, and then she made a little, polite deferential bow. Her husband resented the way she had bowed, and glaring at her as if he could have beaten her, he grunted sullenly and merely nodded his head. Because they were silent and watchful, Michael knew they were feeling that he was close to Anna, they were feeling there was an intimate bond between them, and that he might in some way be taking her from them. And yet Anna, unaware of this strange hostility, and beaming at them all, included them all in her love and was sure she was only acting like any girl who brings her sweetheart to her home; and yet by the way she slid her arm possessively under Michael's, or the way she turned her head and said eagerly, "eh, Mike," as if she had to have his approval, and all her other possessive little gestures that were now a part of her life, she was making them feel surely that Mike was actually her lover and that he might even be living with her.

In the long moment of silence the father and mother seemed to be trying to feel everything that had happened to Anna since they had last seen her. Then the mother, smiling apologetically at Michael, said simply, "Excuse us, please. We haven't seen our Anna in a long while. We don't know much about her."

"Sit down, mister," her father said.

"Anna has told me a lot about both of you," Michael said. But the father and mother only looked at each other as if they were wondering what Anna might have said about them to a young man who was apart from them and would not understand them, and their silence and the way they looked at each other made Mike feel he was not of their people; he felt that they loved Anna and were afraid of him and were waiting for him to say something that would justify them in despising him.

And Anna grew uneasy, for she knew Mike was really pleading with her, so she said in her direct way, "Don't you like him, Papa?"

"I don't think we'd agree about much," her father said bluntly.

"I'm sure we would, Mr. Prychoda," Michael said eagerly.

"Now, Papa, he's a nice fellow and you know it," Mrs. Prychoda said.

Anna smiled warmly at her mother, for she was grateful, and the mother, pleased with herself, said to Michael, "Anna's father worries about her. But you shouldn't let him worry you, son. Nobody knows what he's thinking. I even never know, myself."

"It is not true. I say what I want to say. I don't try to please," the father said.

"Does something seem to be the matter with me, Mr. Prychoda?" Michael asked.

"Nothing."

"We'll be good friends then, won't we?"

"Maybe. I could not say now."

"You don't understand, Mike," Anna said. "Papa's sitting there thinking you're an enemy of the working class."

"Are you a communist?" her father asked.

"Not exactly," Michael said, "I've found it difficult to have any definite political affiliations. I'm an engineer, but I'm not working."

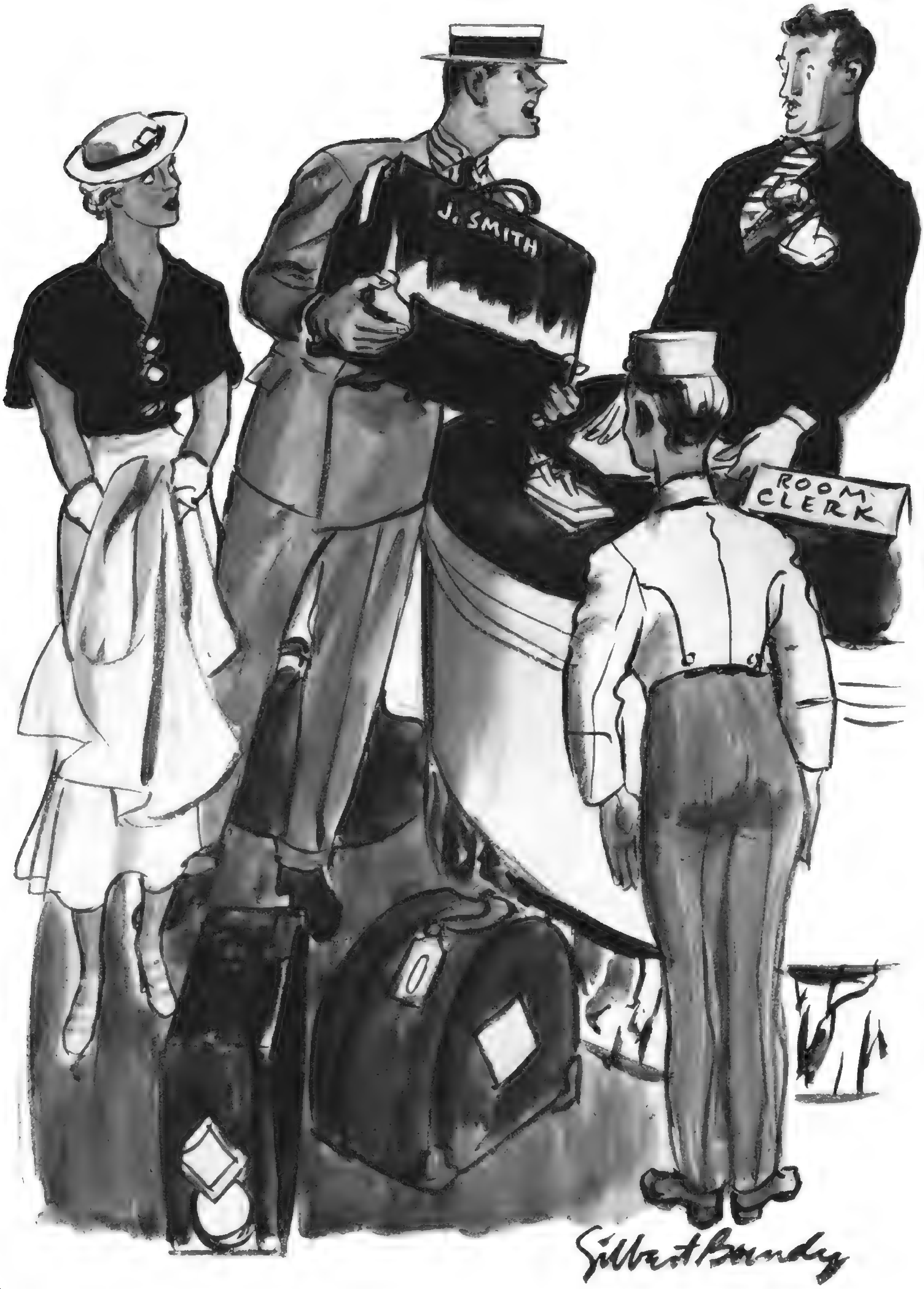
"You're all the same, you people," Anna's father said contemptuously. He took his pipe out of his mouth and held it out in front of him and declared firmly, "I'd like my Anna to have someone in love with her who had strong class ideas." Gruff and stubborn, he sat there, with his blue eyes unwavering. In Detroit he had three days work a week. The last two jobs he had had before that, the employees had gone on strike and the strike had failed, and he had lost his job and he had become very bitter. "I am different than you," he said. "I know how you feel, but you can not understand how I feel. It has not touched you, but it has touched me, and I do not like to see Anna not caring much."

"I do care. I do care. It has touched us," Anna shouted, and her father looked at her and grinned.

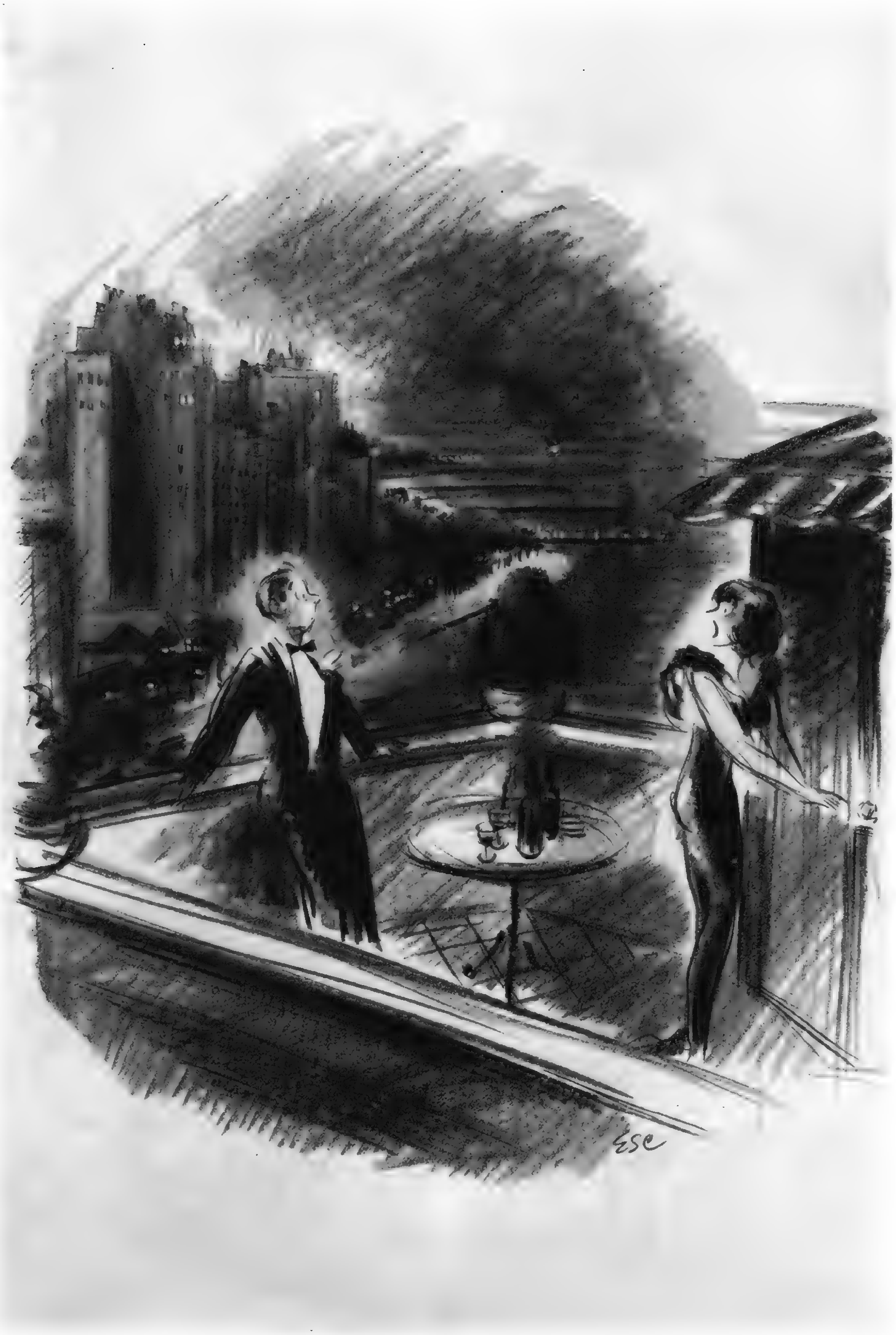
Anna's mother had been listening earnestly while her husband talked, and when Anna shouted, and the father began again to talk rapidly to Michael, who looked bewildered, the mother chuckled, for she knew her husband was willing to talk to Michael, even though he only talked bitterly. So she sighed in relief, and she said, "You come into the kitchen and make a cup of coffee for us, and let your boy and your father talk a bit, Anna."

While Michael sat there shyly with Anna's father and found it difficult to make an inoffensive, friendly remark, he could hear Anna and her mother talking in such a way in the kitchen that it seemed they would never have time nor words enough to tell all they had often thought and wanted to say to each other. Anna asked one question after another, hardly pausing for an answer, yet listening eagerly, and then she would say, "Listen, mother, wait till I tell you . . ." Words flowed out of her, words about trifling little incidents and things she had hoped for and many things she had seen. Through the open kitchen door, Michael could see her leaning against the cupboard, he could see the side of her face and part of the skirt of her black dress. And when the animation in her voice seemed to grow, he wondered why it was that she had never talked with such abandonment to him; it was hard for him to understand why she should feel so free to talk just because she was with her own people.

Continued at top of page 135


J. SMITH
ROOM CLERK
Gilbert Bundy

"That's what I said!—John Smith"



"It's my husband—do something quick!"

With Her Own People

Continued from pages 48-132

Then Michael realized suddenly that Anna's father, who was silent, was staring at him intently, as if he would discover in some slight change of expression on his face his most secret thoughts. And while he watched, the father's own high cheekboned and impassive face had a troubled hesitancy in it, but at last he said awkwardly, "You and the girl are fond of each other, eh?" and he leaned forward eagerly.

"I love her very much," Michael said simply.

"She always has her own way. She always went her own way," he said. He smiled and showed his fine, strong, white teeth. Then the worried, groping expression was on his face again as he said, "We are fond of the girl. You can see that. Listen to them out there in the kitchen." Yet Michael knew that the father had not yet dared to express what was in his mind; he was hoping eagerly that Michael might be betrayed into saying something that would reveal how close he was to Anna; and sometimes, while he watched Michael and was silent, he seemed to be begging him to tell him the things he would like to know; he seemed to have found out by Anna's intimate little gestures, and by the ease and grace and fulness of her obvious feeling for Michael, that she had given herself to him. But the delicate words that might have expressed the father's thoughts were too difficult for him, so he jerked back his head with the short gray clipped hair, trying to see through the kitchen door, and said, looking worried, "We're poor people. Anna was not used to much when she was with us. But she's used to a certain way, and it's not your way, and I don't think it ever will be your way."

That was the only time he tried to tell Michael to leave Anna alone. After that he sat there and was silent, as though he were trying to feel everything that had happened to Anna since she had met her lover.

Michael was so touched by the love of these two people for their daughter that he smiled warmly and he began to say,"We'll get along fine together, you and me. Don't worry about that."

"Maybe so. You're an engineer. That's good. You're not a lawyer, or a broker man, or something like that. We will need engineers. Maybe you will work again and build fine things."

"Remember I am not against you."

"You must be with us, son."

Then from the kitchen came the voice of Anna's mother saying, "Don't you bother using eggs. You keep the eggs. We'll have just the coffee. Your father is not hungry."

"The eggs are all we've got for sandwiches and I'm going to use them," Anna said.

"It is wrong, Anna. It is very wrong. You should not do it," her mother said.

"She did not use to talk like that in good times. We have to watch everything at home now," Anna's father said apologetically to Michael.

And Michael felt ashamed, for he began to think of his father's house, and his father's friends and their land of plenty; it did not seem to be the land of these people at all. He began to feel very close to this taciturn, unbeaten man. He felt all the man's courage and all his hope. "We're going to have a lot to talk about. I'm glad I've met you," he said.

"It'll suit me," the father said. "I hope you get work, son."

By the time they had had their coffee and sandwiches they were all used to each other. They could all talk rapidly, or they could be silent, or they could laugh, and they could all feel close together.

When Michael was leaving, they all went to the door with him, but there Anna, taking his arm, stepped out in the hall with him and half closed the door on the others. And they put their arms around each other and kissed each other, and she whispered, "Do you mind, darling?"

"It's great fun," he said.

"They like you. Isn't that swell?"

"I like them a lot."

"They expected me to go out here and say good bye to my boy friend," she whispered. "We'll have to make up that dollar and a half for your room some way."

Crossing the little park by the botanical gardens, Mike looked back at the apartment house. There was a light in the room of the friends of France. There would be a light in the room where the blind man was suffering from erysipelas. As he crossed through the park he could not keep feeling he had deceived Anna's people, because the feeling they had given him was so warm and friendly. He felt close to them, and they had filled him with hope. #

What the Soviets Use for Money

Continued from page 76

they do serve to pay rent, to buy food and clothing. For example, a Soviet student in college receives from the government an allowance, or salary, of about 100 rubles a month. This would be less than $3 in the bootleg market; but for only five of these paper rubles he can pay a month's room-rent.

It is almost as if they were using not money but coupons—and it seems possible that the Soviets may some day use coupons, or tickets, rather than money in their internal affairs.

As Mr. Levin, Assistant Commissar of Finance, told me last summer: "We still use gold for purposes of foreign exchange, but internally the real backing of our money is *goods*. We can always sell all we can produce, because if we ever have a surplus we'll simply raise everybody's wages or else lower prices. Just now, prices are much higher than we like to have them; if they were lower, the money already in circulation could buy more goods than we can supply. When goods become more plentiful speculation in rubles will cease, since it would be foolish to sacrifice money that will buy whatever you want."

"Can an individual ever go to one of your state banks and borrow money for his own purposes?" I asked Levin.

"Not from the bank," was the reply, "but an individual who needs money to tide him over an emergency can borrow small sums from his trade union."

"Nobody can ever borrow from the bank except the government itself?"

"A group of people can sometimes form a corporation to build summer cottages, or a cooperative apartment house," was the reply. "But every member of such a group is carefully investigated. They must pay in advance ten per cent of the cost of whatever they are to build and must pay seven per cent interest on the money borrowed."

"Why couldn't they re-sell the cottages or apartments, build more, and engage in building speculation just as in other countries?"

"It would not be tolerated," said Levin. "If there was anything in the record of any member of the group to indicate he was a speculator at heart, they wouldn't get the loan. Moreover, they would under no circumstances be permitted to sell for more than the building cost. If they sold at all, they would have a difficult time showing a good reason for disposing of one building and then putting up another."

"Is there anything else a group can borrow money for, besides building?" I asked.

"No," said Levin, "that is all. We are trying to encourage more building because it is still a serious problem to provide adequate living quarters."

Representatives of Intourist, the Soviet travel agency, which also controls all tourist hotels, tell me they think, in the interest of fairness, something must be done before another tourist season to remove all temptation from travelers to try to buy rubles at a bootleg price. There is an injustice, they say, in asking tourists to pay 15 cents for a stamp when with rubles they could obtain them for a small fraction of one cent. The same thing is true of such minor expenses as street car fare if a tourist wishes to travel about and do his sightseeing in his own way. It seems probable that by next summer tourists will be permitted to buy a limited number of paper rubles for such purposes at a rate well below the official rate though perhaps not so low as the bootleg price. Officials believe too that in another year or so they will have consumer goods plentifully enough to remove all incentive for this forbidden speculation in rubles. Then at last the Soviets will have only one measure for money.

Meanwhile, amusing things happen. Russians prefer foreign money to their own and they are not always well informed about the relative value of different coins. Last summer I hired a sleepy droshky driver to take me from an amusement park to my hotel. I happened to have ten rubles a friend had given me. They were worth about $9 at the official rate but doubtless had cost my friend less than 30 cents. I offered them to the driver, but he spurned them, demanding more. Then, as a bonus, I added two ten-cent pieces. Still he was dissatisfied. I put the dimes back into my pocket and showed him a shining new buffalo nickel. He noted that the nickel was larger than the dimes, as well as of a similar color, and he took it along with the rubles in full settlement with every indication of deep satisfaction. #

Mutiny on the Brig Somers

Continued from page 85

his battle axe from hand to hand, stood on one foot and then the other, and avoided the captain's glance.

After quarters, divine services were held; again the captain, while he read the Psalms and led the men—they were once *his* men—in the singing of the hymns, watched the crew closely. Mackenzie's searching eyes flickered from face to face, looking—looking—but there was nothing.

But there was no longer any peace aboard the brig *Somers*, running her westing down from Liberia to Charlotte Amalie. Tension and fear—the fear of a stab in the back, or a skull split from behind by a battle axe—hung like a pall over the wardroom and the midshipman's steerage; the officers glowered at Spencer chained on the arms chest and walked uneasily about their duties. The crew too—even the apprentice boys—was infected with the virus of unrest; gone were the idle, carefree Sundays when the boys would lie out on the bowsprit and watch the dolphin striker stabbing at the silver spray, when the captain sat at ease within his cabin and composed well-rounded, mellifluous essays on men and nations, when the officers lazed about the tiny wardroom and the midshipmen plaited white-line belts in the steerage. The *Somers* was a ship accursed.

In the afternoon, "the wind having moderated," skysails and royal stun-sails were set. An apprentice was on the main royal yard; Small and another seaman were pulling at the brace, when with a crash of splintering wood, snapped stays and flapping canvas, the topgallant mast carried away in the sheave-hole, carrying with it the main royal mast, with the skysail, studding sail, t'gallant staysail and part of the gaff topsail. "Occurring at this time, this incident immediately took on a sinister appearance both to Commander Mackenzie and his first lieutenant, whose minds at once rushed to the conclusion that it was intentional." Lt. Gansevoort hurried to the deck and took charge of clearing the wreckage; he noted that all those "most conspicuously named" in Spencer's Greek papers had mustered at the main topmast-head; "the coincidence confirmed the existence of a dangerous conspiracy."

Later when the wreckage was cleared away and the new t'gallant mast was about to be swayed up from the deck, a group of men started running aft in each gangway towards the quarterdeck. Gansevoort, excited, leaped onto the trunk, drew and cocked his pistol, rushed forward to meet them and screamed to the commander:

"God, I believe they are coming!"

"Stay for'd; stay for'd; I'll blow out the brains of the first man who puts his foot on the quarterdeck!" the lieutenant yelled, waving his pistol.

Frightened, amazed, the men halted, huddled in groups; then, from forward, Midshipman Rodgers relieved the tension when he sang out that he had sent the men aft to the mast rope.

The wreckage was cleared without trouble; new canvas was sent up; by late afternoon the *Somers* was bowling along under full sail with a whispering wind astern, but nerves were twitching; blood pounding in temples; throats dry, for night, "the season of danger," was at hand.

The harassed captain consulted his first lieutenant; together they agreed that Cromwell, the hard-case boatswain's mate, should be arrested. All the officers were armed and stationed about the spar deck; it was almost dusk. Cromwell, huge, bearded figure of a man, was climbing slowly down the rigging. As he set foot on deck he was met by Gansevoort with a cocked pistol, and surrounded by officers, he was led aft to the quarterdeck where he was questioned by Mackenzie as to the "secret conversation he had held the night before with Mr. Spencer—."

"It was not me, sir; it was Small—."

Small was brought aft; charged with having listened to Spencer's mutinous plots, answered meekly:

"Yes, sir."

Both men were clapped in double irons; Cromwell put on the starboard arms chest directly across from Spencer and Small on the starboard quarterdeck near the after gun. They were both told they would be taken home for trial; Cromwell protested his innocence:

"I don't know anything about it," he insisted.

Wales, the steward, was armed and set as guard on the prisoners; "increased vigilance was now enjoined upon all the officers; all were perpetually armed"; either Commander Mackenzie or Lt. Gansevoort was always on deck, and generally both of them were.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 28TH

The officers came red-eyed upon deck to greet the sun; it had been a sleepless night, with cutlasses and pistols as bedfellows, and aft in the captain's cabin, the shifting shadows from the swaying lamp had kept fitful pace with Mackenzie's thoughts. It was another soft and sunlit day, but the terrors of the night did not die with the dawn.

After a breakfast of salt horse and hardtack with a pannikin of "jamoke," all hands were called to witness punishment. There were two to be flogged. One of them was Charles Lambert, boy, who had stolen some sinnit for a hat from the apprentice, Gagely. The lad was stripped to the waist, his wrists and ankles spread-eagled to a grating, the crew paraded at quarters, the armed officers looking on. A petty officer wielded the "cat." The nine "tails" whistled through the air and cracked across Lambert's naked back. The boy shuddered, gasped. Red welts, criss-crossed, faintly oozing purple blood, ridged the skin of his back, curved beneath his arm pits and reached out onto his chest, where the lash caressed him. The cat cracked again; the boy strained at his bonds. Six lashes—fifty-four welts—a curving pattern of scarified skin.

Henry Waltham, the wardroom steward, he who had stolen the brandy for Spencer, was the next. He did not "wince nor cry aloud." Sullenly, when his punishment was ended and his bonds released he drew a shirt over his smarting shoulders and slunk out of sight.

Punishment finished, Commander Mackenzie mounted the trunk and addressed the crew. He told them for the first time in general terms of Spencer's plot; he emphasized that many of them had been "marked for murder" by Spencer; he "exhorted them to think of their homes and kindred and to rejoice at the prospect of being with their families again in about three weeks." Some of the boys shuddered; some "wept" at his words. The tears impressed the captain; he "now considered the crew tranquillized and the vessel safe."

But not for long.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 29TH

The creeping shadows of the night had done their work. Fear and suspicion were the messmates of the crew of the *Somers*. Man looked upon man askance. Even the slatting of canvas, the creak of the booms, the whisper of the waves were ominous—not the sweet music they once were. Dark circles curved beneath the eyes of the captain. Nagging terrors beat upon his mind. The brig *Somers*—the United States Ship *Somers*—mutiny—God!

Again the pipe shrilled:

"All hands witness punishment."

Waltham again. This time he had told a boy of three bottles of wine which could conveniently be pilfered, "his object being no doubt to furnish the means of excitement to the conspirators." Another speech, "but the whole crew was far from being tranquillized."

The captain became convinced the conspirators were planning a sudden rush to rescue the three prisoners chained upon the quarterdeck. Wales, the steward, detected Charles A. Wilson, sailmaker's mate, attempting to draw a handspike from beneath the launch. Wales levelled his pistol at Wilson's head and the man dropped the spike and ran.

Commander Mackenzie, more anxious than he yet had been, remained continuously on deck. Mad images thronged his tired brain as he paced the quarterdeck between the arms chests. Spencer to port; Cromwell to starboard; the frightened Small abaft the gun—others, how many others?—still at liberty, slinking about the spar deck, watching the wardroom, waiting for the night and its shifting shadows—those damned shadows.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 30TH

Another fair morning, and Charlotte Amalie five days to the westward. The sea, gold and blue in the sunlight, danced away in little leaping waves to the far horizon. The muzzles of the smooth-bores glared from port and starboard out upon an empty ocean. The captain paced restlessly on the quarterdeck. The rising sun found him where the moon had left him—on deck, sleepless, red-eyed, tormented, cutlass by his side, a brace of pistols in his belt. Landsman McKinley and Apprentice Green had missed their muster when the watch was called at midnight; "Where was this thing to end?"

At 9 A. M., quarters, four more arrests were made; Wilson, the sailmaker's mate; McKinley, on Spencer's list as "Certain"; Green, and Alexander McKie, friend of Cromwell. In double-irons the new prisoners were placed beside Spencer, Cromwell, and Small on the quarter deck, "in the way of everybody and interfering seriously with the working of the ship." In Wilson's sail-bag was "found an African knife of an extraordi-

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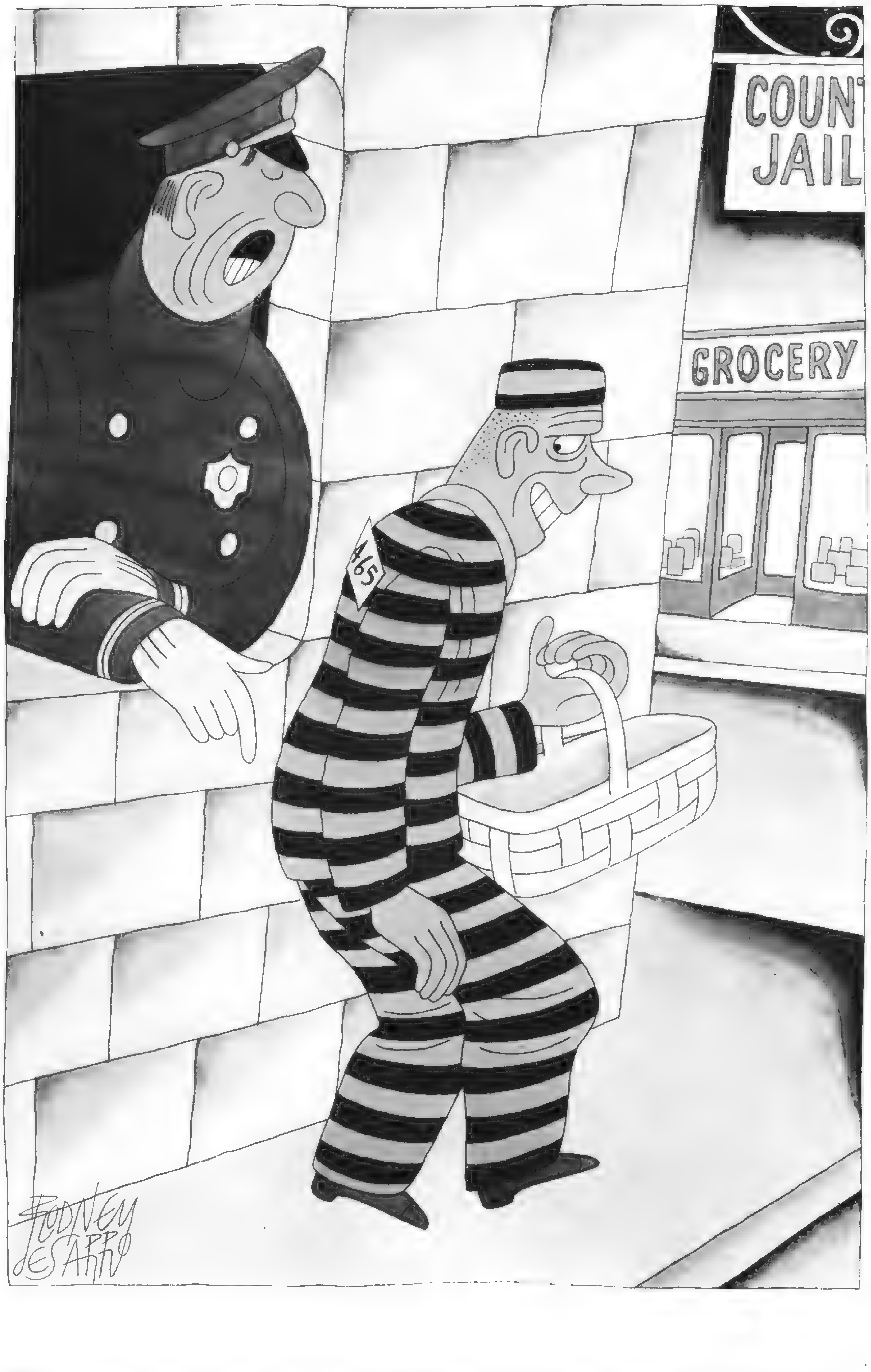

COUNT
JAIL
GROCERY
465
RODNEY
deSARRO

"Remember now—two packages of table salt and four pounds of potatoes!"

Mutiny on the Brig Somers

Continued from pages 85-136

nary shape; . . . it was of no use for any honest purpose; it was fit only to kill."

"Where was this thing to end?"

Commander Mackenzie kept the deck, pacing between the ironed prisoners; his thoughts racing with his steps:

With fine weather and bright nights, there was already a disposition to make an attack and rescue the prisoners. When bad weather should call off the attention of the officers . . .

Spencer, Cromwell and Small were the only suspects capable of navigating the ship; Article Thirteen of the Laws for the Government of the Navy (Article 13; Article 24; Article 14—the captain knew each syllable and comma now, nor would he ever forget) provided that "if any person in the Navy shall make or attempt to make any mutinous assembly, he shall, on conviction thereof by a courtmartial, suffer death—."

Immediately after quarters the captain addressed a letter to the *Somers'* four wardroom officers and the three oldest midshipmen asking their "opinion as to the best course to be pursued" in view of the "disaffection among a crew which has so long and so systematically and assiduously been tampered with by an officer."

The seven officers at once convened in the wardroom and commenced to examine "witnesses." They were in no sense a court-martial, but merely an unofficial body, functioning in an unofficial way. There followed, hour after hour, all the day long as Mackenzie kept the deck with the younger midshipmen, a long parade of frightened seamen and apprentices, most of whom "thought," "believed," "felt," or "were sure" that Spencer, Cromwell and Small were the leaders in a mutinous plot. The testimony was mostly opinion—little fact:

George Warner, ordinary seaman: "The damned son of a bitch (Cromwell) ought to be hung; if I had my way of it, I would hang him."

M. H. Garty, Sergeant of Marines: "The vessel would be safer if Cromwell, Spencer and Small were put to death—."

O. B. Browning: "To tell you God Almighty's truth, I believe that some of the cooks around the galley, I think they are the main backers—."

Thomas Dickinson: "I think if Cromwell, Small and Spencer were made way with, it would put a stop to, and I think by that means the vessel will be safe—."

Without a halt for meals, through the long hot day until the sun was reddening the western sky, the officers sat in the tiny wardroom, Purser Heiskill scribbling notes on sheets of paper. At dusk the captain adjourned the proceedings and made his dispositions for the night. Gansevoort took the larboard watch, Mackenzie the starboard; it was another night of heavy-lidded sleeplessness, of starts, alarums and fears. Shadows of the bellied sails traced ominous patterns across the brig's white deck; a line's loose end swayed—like a noose—from the main t'gallant yard.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 1ST

The counsel ended its sittings before quarters and at nine A. M. its verdict was handed to Captain Mackenzie:

> *U. S. Brig Somers*
> December 1, 1842
>
> Sir:
>
> In answer to your letter of yesterday, requesting our counsel as to the best course to be pursued with the prisoners, Acting Midshipman Philip Spencer, Boatswain's Mate Samuel Cromwell, and Seaman Elisha Small, we would state, that the evidence which has come to our knowledge is of such a nature as, after as dispassionate and deliberate a consideration of the case as the exigencies of the time would admit, we have come to a cool, decided, and unanimous opinion that they have been guilty of a full and determined intention to commit a mutiny on board of this vessel of a most atrocious nature; and that the revelation of circumstances having made it necessary to confine others with them, the uncertainty as to what extent they are leagued with others still at large, the impossibility of guarding against the contingencies which "a day or an hour may bring forth," we are convinced that it would be impossible to carry them to the United States, and that the safety of the public property, the lives of ourselves, and of those committed to our charge, require that (giving them sufficient time to prepare) they should be put to death, in a manner best calculated as an example to make a beneficial impression upon the disaffected. This opinion we give, bearing in mind our duty to our God, our country, and to the service.
>
> We are, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servants,
>
> Guert Gansevoort, *Lieutenant*
> R. W. Leecock, *Past Assistant Surgeon*
> H. M. Heiskill, *Purser*
> M. C. Perry, *Acting Master*
> Henry Rodgers, *Midshipman*
> Egbert Thompson, *Midshipman*
> Chas. W. Hayes, *Midshipman*

Mackenzie did not hesitate; he gave orders "to make immediate preparations for hanging the three principal criminals at the main yard arms."

The day was fair, with scalloped clouds tracing a fleecy pattern across a deep blue sky. The gentle rollers easily lifted the brig's 266 tons; the main yard swayed slightly.

"All hands witness punishment." Again the shrill and cheerless skirl of the bo's'n's pipe.

"The afterguard and idlers of both watches were mustered on the quarterdeck at the whip intended for Mr. Spencer; the forecastle men and foretop men at that of Cromwell, to whose corruption they had been chiefly exposed; the maintop men of both watches at that intended for Small, who for a month or more had held the situation of captain of the maintop."

The officers and trusted petty officers, cutlasses in hands and pistols tucked in their belts, were stationed about the spar deck with "orders to cut down whoever should let go the whip with even one hand, or fail to haul on it when ordered." The ensign and pennant were bent on and ready for hoisting; Captain Mackenzie left the deck for the first time in many hours, went to his cabin and donned his full dress uniform, and "proceeded to execute the most painful duty that has ever devolved upon an American commander—that of announcing to the criminals their fate."

Mackenzie first confronted Spencer, the still bland and almost debonair midshipman, the son of a Cabinet officer.

"Mr. Spencer, sir; when you were about to take my life, to dishonor me as an officer when in the execution of my rightful duty, to take my life without cause or offense to you, it was your intention, sir, to remove me suddenly from the world in the darkness of the night, in my sleep, without a moment to utter one word of affection to my wife and children or one prayer for their welfare. Your life, sir, is now forfeited to your country; the dire necessities of the case, growing out of your corruption of the crew, compel me to take it. I shall not, however, imitate your intended example, and send you to your Maker without preparation. If there yet remains to you one feeling true to nature, it shall be gratified; if you have any word to send to your parents it shall be noted and faithfully delivered. You will have ten minutes for this purpose—."

The midshipman's composure entirely vanished; "he sank, with tears, upon his knees and said that he was not fit to die." Urged to die like an officer and to set an example to the men he had seduced, Spencer shudderingly regained his self control and commenced, quietly, to pray.

Cromwell, the hard-case boatswain, was even more unnerved; he protested his innocence, falling upon his knees, his chains clanking on the deck planking and begging for mercy for his wife's sake. Only Elisha Small, the scared-looking "conspirator" who had been set down "as the poltroon of the three" received the announcement calmly; he had no preparations to make, he said:

"I have nobody to care for me but my poor old mother, and I would rather that she should not know how I have died."

Spencer, praying, suddenly looked up, his eyes swimming in tears, as Mackenzie passed:

"As these are my last words, I trust that they will be believed. Cromwell is innocent."

The captain was staggered. He consulted Lt. Gansevoort, who said, "there was not a shadow of doubt." The first lieutenant consulted the ship's petty officers, and Cromwell, the ex-slaver, was "condemned by acclamation."

The fair trade winds still held; they whispered gently to the taut canvas as the minutes passed. Spencer objected to the shortness of time for preparation, and asked for an hour; no answer was made to this request, but he was not hurried, and more than the hour for which he asked was allowed to elapse.

"He requested that his face might be covered; this was readily granted, and he was asked with what it should be covered; he did not care; a handkerchief was sought in his locker; none but a black one found and this brought for the purpose."

"Tell them—," Spencer breathed; "tell my family I die wishing them every blessing and happiness; I deserve death for this and many other crimes—there are few crimes that I have not committed; I feel sincerely penitent, and my only fear of death is that my repentance may be too late—."

The little waves slapped briskly against the weed-grown strakes.

"This will kill my poor mother," Spencer sobbed, and then:

"But haven't you formed an exaggerated estimate of the extent of this conspiracy? Aren't you going too far—too fast; does the law entirely justify you?"

"All your brother officers, your messmates included, believe you guilty," Mackenzie replied, "and your death justified."

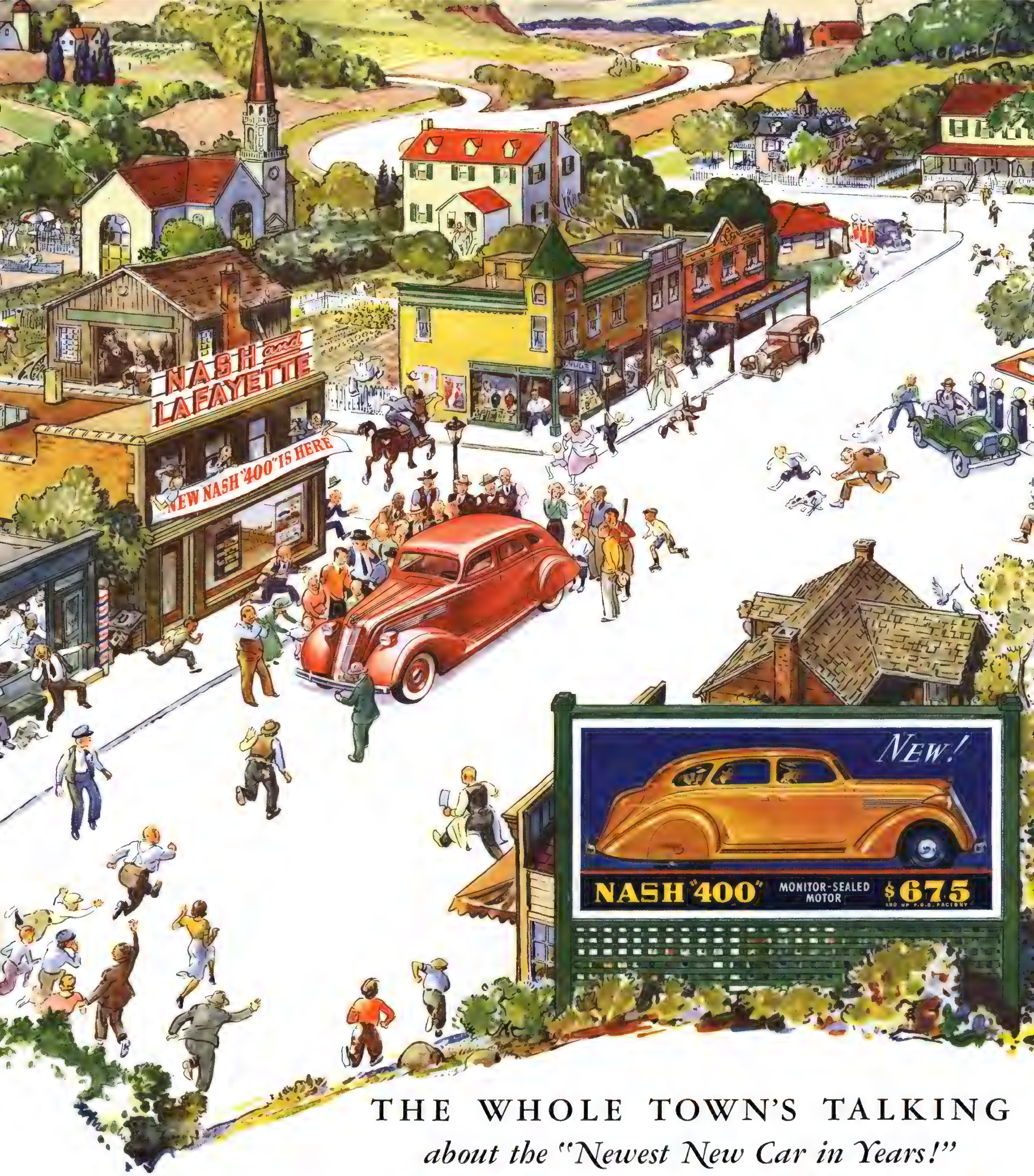
"They are right; they are right," the prisoner muttered. "Oh, God, how am I to die?"

The captain "explained to him" the manner of his death—

"Oh, let me be shot!"

The sun-tanned boys and bearded seamen, bare-footed, tattooed, brawney, stood in

Continued on page 141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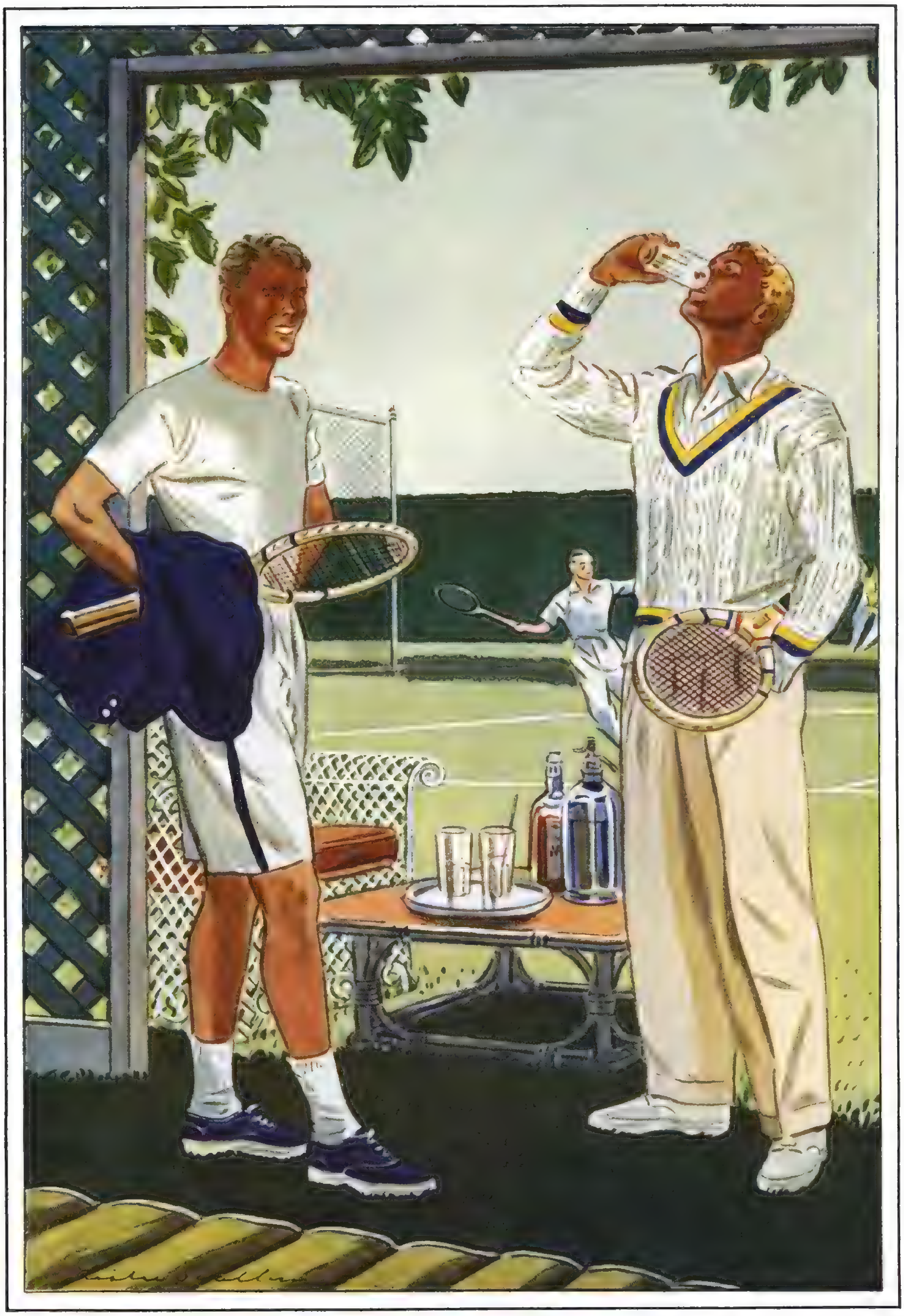

ON THE TRAIL BLAZED BY BUNNY AUSTIN

White duck shorts, introduced by Bunny Austin, have been seen in increasing numbers at important tennis tournaments over the past two seasons. Without the famous little Englishman's sponsorship, it is doubtful that the fashion would have gone very far, but you may wear the outfit shown at the left without qualm for its correctness in this usually tradition-bound sport. The shirt was originally developed for squash, but has been borrowed for tennis. The shoes are the new blue canvas sneakers that have been taken up by many well known professionals. The blue flannel blazer may be worn at the courts, and with white or grey flannels for general country usage. The other and more typical tennis costume consists of a white light weight wool polo shirt with short sleeves, worn with white flannel trousers, white sneakers and (a recent revival) the heavy white cable stitch sweater.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Mutiny on the Brig Somers

Continued from pages 85-136-138

silent ranks with fearful eyes strained aft.

A Bible and a prayer-book were brought for the midshipman; "frocks" to cover the heads of Small and Cromwell. The three walked slowly aft, their chains clanking, a sad, funereal procession.

Spencer to Mackenzie: "I beg your forgiveness for what I have meditated against you."

Spencer to Wales: "Mr. Wales, I earnestly hope you will forgive me for tampering with your fidelity."

The steward broke into tears and sobbed:

"I do forgive you from the bottom of my heart and I hope that God may forgive you also."

Spencer to Small: "Small, forgive me for leading you into this trouble."

Small to Spencer: "No, by God! Mr. Spencer, I can't forgive you."

Spencer to Small: "Small, forgive me; you must forgive me."

Small to Spencer: "Ah, Mr. Spencer, that is a hard thing for you to ask me; we shall soon be before the face of God, and there we shall know all about it."

The captain intervened, pleaded with Small; immediately the weazened little seaman held out his hand:

"I do forgive you, Mr. Spencer; may God Almighty forgive you also."

Small to the captain: ". . . you are doing your duty, and I honor you for it; God bless the flag and prosper it!"

The prisoners were placed by the gangway, on the hammock nettings fore and aft. The nooses were adjusted and Spencer asked permission to give the signal of execution. Small asked for a last word with the crew and his "face being uncovered," said:

"Shipmates and topmates, take warning by my example; I never was a pirate, I never killed a man; it's for saying that I would do it that I am about to depart this life; see what a word will do. It was going in a Guineaman that brought me to this; beware of a Guineaman—I am now ready to die, Mr. Spencer;—are you? . . ."

Cromwell's muffled voice through the frock that hid his face:

"Tell my wife I die an innocent man: tell Lieutenant Morris I die an innocent man."

Silent the prisoners stood upon the hammock nettings, hands bound behind their backs, chains looped about their feet, faces muffled in their hanging shrouds. The sweet winds whispered in their ears; the warmth—a tender warmth—of the tropic sun beat down upon their bodies; the pulse of life flowed strongly in their veins; temples throbbed to the terrible rhythm of racing hearts; a sob wracked Spencer's body.

They stood and waited—the crew of the brig *Somers*—in silent ranks, their hands upon the whips, ready to heave their shipmates into eternity. Cold-eyed, wary, hands upon cutlasses, the officers and trusted petty officers stood near them, while aft on the quarterdeck, looped in chains, the other prisoners lay, watching with frightened fascination.

Captain Mackenzie, his gold epaulettes glinting in the sun, mounted the trunk and "waited for some time but no word was given." The slow minutes passed—a last eternity—no sound but the soft chuckle of the little waves, no fragrance but the sweet smell of the salt, salt sea; no sight—for the hooded men—but the red glare of brilliant sunlight through the coarse warp of cloth—the red glare of leaping flames in hell!

Time after time Spencer wet his quivering lips beneath the cloth and tried to speak; time after time as seconds ticked the last act of a tragedy he tried to give the words that meant the end. His voice stuck in his crop, his throat constricted—he could not—he could not—Oh Christ in Heaven!

The glowing coal by the signal gun grew dull; a boy fetched a live one from the galley.

The hooded head of the son of the Secretary of War moved dumbly like a thing bereft; a hoarse unnatural voice whispered to a boatswain's mate named Browning that he could not give the word—.

Immediately the captain spoke:

"Fire!"

The glowing coal dropped upon live powder; the muzzle-loader spoke, roaring across an empty ocean.

"Whip," shouted Gansevoort.

Cutlass blades gleamed in the sunlight . . . but there was no need; nervous hands clutched at the trailing lines; the nooses tightened; beneath the hoods breath stopped suddenly and praying lips grew blue; heels were snatched from hammock nettings; the ensign sprang to the gaff—and as if to keep the colors company, the bodies of Spencer, Small and Cromwell were run up in jig-time to the main yardarms.

The thing was done . . .

The brig *Somers* sailed on beneath a mackerel sky towards Charlotte Amalie, where once in days gone by pirates had fought and died. . . .

The bodies swung like gruesome pendulums all the livelong day; Spencer, the officer, alone at the port yardarm. An hour after the crew's dinner, the watch was set and the bodies lowered to be laid out for burial. For the midshipman a crude coffin was made out of two mess chests; Spencer was dressed in complete uniform, "except the sword, which he had forfeited the right to wear." The two seamen were tended by their messmates; dressed decently and sewed up in their hammocks by the sailmaker. In accordance with the age-old tradition of the sea the last stitches pierced the noses of the deceased. Round shot—to carry them to Davy Jones—went at their heads and feet—and all was ready.

"All hands bury the dead—."

It was almost the gloaming and the sky was no longer fair, but dark and lowering, with great piled masses of heavy clouds. A squall sprang up; "tarpaulins were hastily thrown over the corpses" and the watch shortened sail. The decks streamed water; the black guns dripped damp and ugly; fierce rain beat upon the canvas covering those who had once been men.

It was dark when the squall had ended and final preparations were complete. On the damp spar deck, with the wet sails drawing to the now faint soughing wind the crew of the *Somers*, chastened, solemn and subdued, gathered by the light of battle lanterns to read the last offices for the dead. They were on the booms and in the gangways and in the quarter-boat; gnarled hands of seamen pawed the flimsy pages of prayer-books and the voices of the young apprentices singsonged "Amen." Even the prisoners in their chains whispered the responses. The lanterns, like flickering glow worms, lit up in auras of luminance a group of sun-tanned faces, a bit of deck, a triangle of wet canvas; while overhead, far, far above the towering tracery of rigging and dark sails, faint stars struggled through a rack of clouds.

The captain's voice read on:

"We, therefore commend the souls of our brothers departed unto Almighty God and we commit their bodies to the deep—"

Dull splashes, louder than the slap of waves against the strakes, louder than the creak of cordage or the flap of canvas. Dull splashes, and the brig *Somers* sailed on towards Charlotte Amalie, the fair land where the sun shines on the sea.

The *Somers* arrived at Charlotte Amalie December 4, and stood into New York on December 14, ending the fateful cruise which had taken her to Madeira, Teneriffe, Porto Praia, and Liberia. She was isolated from shore; no visitors were allowed; eight more of the crew were arrested immediately upon arrival; Midshipman Perry proceeded at once to Washington with a report to the Secretary of the Navy, and Captain Mackenzie led the whole ship's company ashore to the nearest church, "where he gave public thanks to Almighty God for the recent miraculous preservation of his ship and her company from the horrors of capture and murder by mutineers."

It was not long before the story was out, and the "mutiny" on the brig *Somers* had become a *cause célèbre*. James Fenimore Cooper wrote scathing castigations of Commander Mackenzie's conduct; Richard Henry Dana and Charles Sumner took up the cudgels in his behalf. Because of the prominence of Spencer's father, the case became something of a political issue; because of Mackenzie's excellent reputation as an officer and author, his actions found many supporters. There was a court of inquiry, followed by a court martial of Commander Mackenzie, on which some of the highest ranking officers in the navy sat in judgment. After a lengthy trial Mackenzie was acquitted, but not unanimously and the twelve of his crew he had arrested were released without the filing of charges.

Spencer's mother died of shock, believing her son innocent to the last; Cromwell's wife tried vainly to get retribution through the civil courts; Mackenzie, shaken by the blasts of criticism which followed him through life, died less than six years later, after distinguishing himself "in the land attack on Vera Cruz in the war with Mexico," and the brig *Somers*, scene of the most famous "mutiny" in the American Navy, foundered in a gale in 1846, carrying three midshipmen and thirty-seven of her crew with her.

To posterity Mackenzie left his defense.

"In the necessities of my position I found my law, and in them also I must trust to find my justification." #

AUTHOR'S NOTE: *The quotations in "Mutiny on the Brig Somers" are from Commander Mackenzie's report to the Secretary of the Navy. I have also drawn, though to a lesser degree, from an article in the November, 1925, United States Naval Institute Proceedings by Rear Admiral Livingston Hunt.*

Two Gentlemen of Chinatown

Continued from page 74

Young Fred then thanked him, while assuring him, with true business courtesy, that it was of course a mere formality; and politely took his leave. The next two days he spent in unavoidable idleness, merely hanging about the streets to observe Mr. Wo and Mr. Wum on their walks, to note their demeanour to each other, and to let them see him. If his plan were miscarrying, Mr. Wo would surely challenge him during those two days. But though Mr. Wo distinctly saw him on three occasions, he made no sign; by which Young Fred guessed that he had calculated correctly.

On the third day he made another visit to the post-office, and bought another bill-stamp, which also he covered with writing concerning the sum of fifty pounds. With this in his pocket he went gravely to the home of Mr. Wum, which was some distance from the home of Mr. Wo. To Mr. Wum he represented himself as a commercial and financial agent who had been approached, in the ordinary way of business, by Mr. Wo. Mr. Wo, it appeared, needed, until the end of the month, a small loan; a mere matter of fifty pounds. At this Mr. Wum exclaimed that, though it was somewhat inconvenient, and he was never well furnished with pounds, he would readily make every effort he could to provide his friend with that sum. To which Young Fred hastily interposed a quick No. No; that was not Mr. Wo's way. He had no desire to incommode his friends by introducing wretched commercial details between them. He preferred to keep friendship and business apart. That was why he had approached the obliging Fred. Fred, on his side, was wholly willing to make the advance, and had no doubts at all of Mr. Wo's personal integrity. Still, business was business, and . . . (see the foregoing).

When Young Fred left the shop he left it with the second bill-stamp blackly and solidly endorsed and backed by Mr. Wum.

For the next fifteen days he had nothing to do but wait for the end of the month. He spent the time in laying plans of another kind for some future business, and in observing Mr. Wo and Mr. Wum about the streets, and in letting them observe him. Neither made any sign of having seen him, save perhaps the faintest shade of embarrassment when he passed. To Mr. Wo his presence was a distressing reminder that his good friend Mr. Wum was in some difficulty, and was for the time being under an obligation to Mr. Wo for having backed his bill. To the sensitive Mr. Wo obligations on either side were pieces of grit whose existence a gentleman could not even mention. To Mr. Wum also the presence of Young Fred was a distressing reminder that his good friend Mr. Wo was in some difficulty, and was for the time being under an obligation to Mr. Wum for having backed his bill; and to the sensitive Mr. Wum obligations were what they were to Mr. Wo.

When, therefore, three days after the turn of the month, Young Fred called upon Mr. Wo and stated, with more than usual business gravity, that he regretted the necessity of his visit, he felt, not that it was a shame to take the money, but that he hadn't really earned it. It was too soft. Mr. Wo heard, with marked distress, that his unfortunate friend Mr. Wum had, through delay in expected remittances, been unable to meet the bill, and that it was forced upon Young Fred, by ordinary commercial procedure, to ask Mr. Wo to honor his guarantee. Without delay Mr. Wo did so, and in passing over the money he set Fred's brain galloping by adding a rider that he would willingly do as much again for his unfortunate friend.

At the home of Mr. Wum the report of Mr. Wo's default in the matter of the bill, owing to delay in expected remittances, caused similar and even stronger distress. To the distress caused by the thought of his friend's misfortune was added the distress of finding the fifty pounds. But a visit to a compatriot, who was actually in business of the kind which Young Fred had claimed, produced it; and Young Fred took a bus to the west and spent the evening and a bit of the hundred pounds in the heavy English equivalent of Provençal song and sunburnt mirth.

That was the end of the affair, and the sadly-beautiful thing about it—apart from Young Fred's handling of it—was that Mr. Wo and Mr. Wum never spoke to each other again. Not because they were annoyed with each other. They never spoke again because each, thinking the other was under a serious obligation to him, shrank from embarrassing his friend by making an approach which might put upon him the necessity of acknowledgment and thanks. Each, conscious of the service he thought he had done, waited graciously for the other to suggest a meeting. Thus they never again came nearer than pleasant bows in the street; and their sweet friendship was broken.

Which only shows that too much delicacy between friends provides the indelicate man's opportunity, and perhaps the end of the friendship.

The moral is that friends should be as open and blunt about their service to each other as, say, armament firms. ⁜

A Guy Named Perry

Continued from page 41

Borotra," they'd sneer. "Silly ass . . ." Once in disgust—this was before he reached the top—he said to me a little bitterly; "If I sneeze in a game it's written up and criticized the next day." True. I've seen the whole press box at Wimbledon rooting for Jack Crawford in a contest which Perry won to give England its first man's singles title in twenty-three years. That was the snobbery complex he faced.

My own conviction was he'd never overcome it. I didn't believe it possible for him to surmount that terrible psychological handicap because the support of a gallery in a tight match can be an enormous stimulant. Conversely, it can be a terrible obstacle when one faces it. I was sure he'd win our own title, yes, but his, never. He fooled me as he fooled others who know more about the game and Wimbledon than I do. Last summer after defaulting in the French championships in Paris with a bad ankle, he was a 2-5 bet at Wimbledon. But he came onto the centre court strong and serene, the perfect athlete in perfect physical condition and perfect mental balance. Going from strength to strength, he eliminated Quist, Menzel, Lott, Wood, and ended by wiping Crawford from the court to prove himself the player of 1934. He had overcome the Wimbledon complex at last. And when he went back to bury that final lob with a smash that burned the sidelines in the far corner, even the ranks of Tuscany could scarce forbear to cheer. He had beaten the Australian, his opponent, and the Wimbledon crowd. And made them like it, too.

I fear I have conveyed the impression that there is something hard-boiled about this man who is England's mainstay in the defense of the Wimbledon title and the Davis Cup this summer. Nothing could be further from fact. He is an urbane, cosmopolitan gentleman, speaks with little English accent, is witty, entertaining and far more amusing off the court than on. Some of his adversaries regard him as a clown on the court, wisecracking and taking the game as a huge joke. On the contrary, he is extremely alert, always feeling out his opponent's weakness, and much more acute in diagnosing their failings than they realize.

In my opinion physical condition has been the one great factor in his rise to the top. He's fit, always, eternally. Six feet tall, broad-shouldered, thin hipped, lean, he is the fastest big man I've ever seen on a tennis court. He can run steadily for five sets or two hours and still be fresher than any other player. Last summer before the championships at Forest Hills the masseur was asked which contestant was in the best physical condition. "Perry, by long odds," was the answer. Like Tilden he doesn't smoke or drink. Like Tilden also, he is the freshest man at the finish. "I beat 'em all in the fifth set," he said the other day. So he does, and so did Bill. It was on condition that he outlasted and outfought Wood in the Challenge Round at Wimbledon and Allison in the finals at Forest Hills last summer.

If England's champion can give the Americans lessons in physical fitness, he can also give them lessons in stroke production, particularly in volleying. His positional play is perfect. Many of our players seem to think the place to volley is a few feet inside the service line, whereas when Perry comes in he comes in. And puts the volley away. Lob him? Not a chance! He gets back to the ball like a ten-second man, and kills it from any part of the court; being tall he can come in closer than a short man, and does. It was tragic last summer to watch Wood in the Challenge Round trying to volley off his shoe strings from a point several feet inside the service line. He usually made a wonderful shot, but he could never finish the point from that position, with the result that Perry invariably had two or three chances

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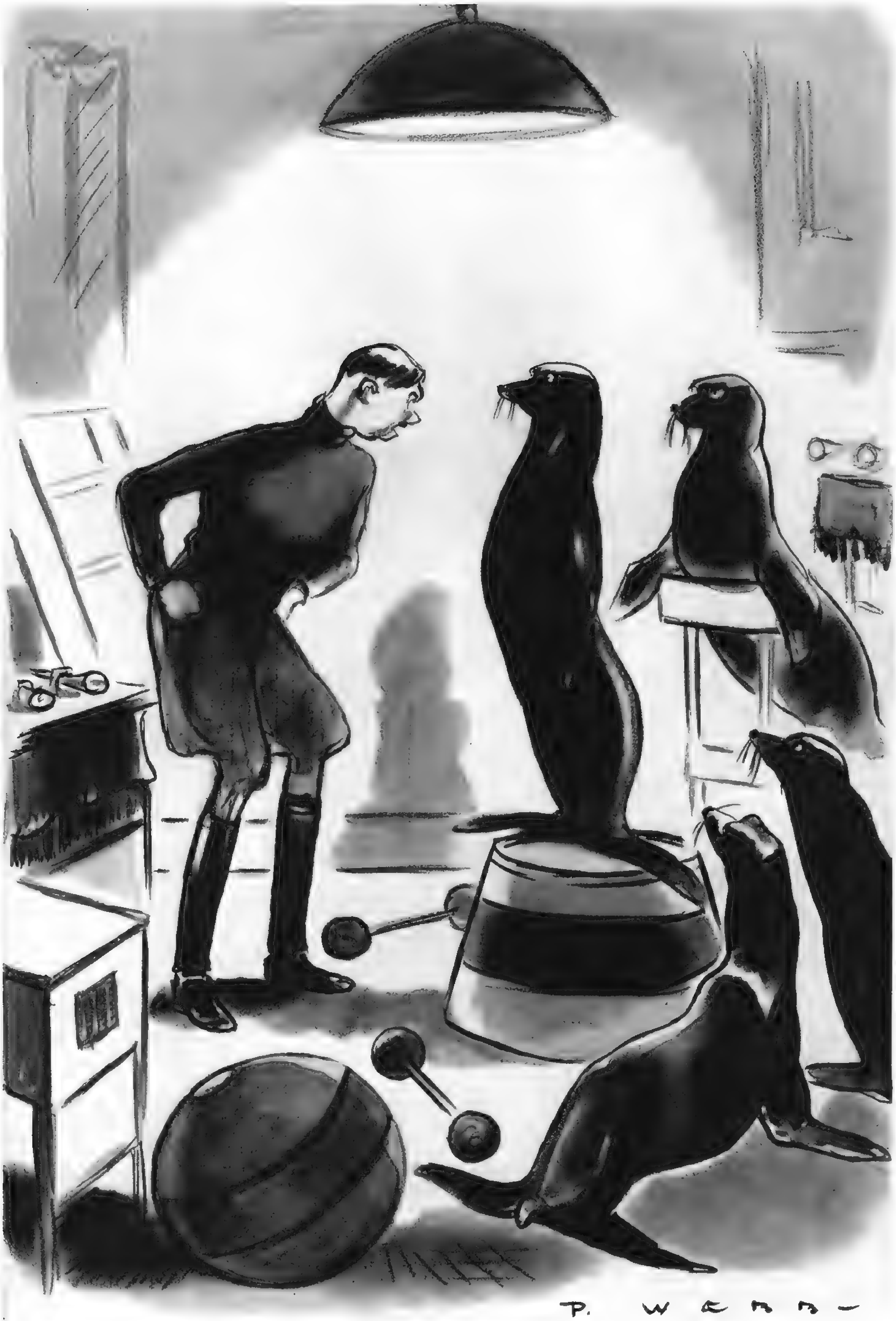

"You'd like to see your name on Broadway, but you don't want to work for it—is that it?"

A Guy Named Perry

Continued from pages 41-142

to pass him. Seldom did the Englishman need the third opportunity.

Of course Perry's forehand is his best shot, his weapon of offence, the basis of his game as it was the basis of the game of every champion, Larned, Johnston, Tilden, Cochet and the rest. He knows the value of taking an early ball, and as he comes in on a forcing shot you will notice him actually hitting it at the top of the bound when almost parallel with his body. His smash and his service have improved greatly in the past year, his first delivery is much harder than it looks, and he usually gets it into play. His game is based on attack, when he attacks he is far more dangerous than from the baseline. Against Allison at Forest Hills last fall he stayed back consistently, and although he was never in danger of losing, he was pressed until the fourteenth game of the fifth set. Had he taken the net from the start and kept it he could have won in straight sets.

Why is it that American players get so easily overtrained, and he so seldom does? For several reasons. For one, he keeps physically fit. For another he takes care of his diet. And while you may have seen him with a pipe in his mouth, that is just part of the scenery, part of the strong, silent Englishman tradition they all play up to. Although unlighted, that pipe is however, sometimes eloquent. When Wood was winning his marvelous match against Crawford in the Davis Cup last summer, Fred sat up in the press box with that pipe in his mouth. As the American won the first two sets, the pipe was squeezed tightly between his lips; when Crawford evened the score the pipe jiggled jauntily up and down between his teeth, then when Sid won the fifth set, his jaw clamped down again. At the end he shook his head, knocking his pipe against the edge of the seat, and went out, thinking.

He loves tennis, enjoys it, but occasionally even he gets too much. Last winter he went out to Australia and took several lickings from his old rival Crawford. He was badly overtrained by the fall, and must have known as well as the next man that what happened to Ellie Vines in the same situation would also happen to him. That's typical of Perry. Kind of a champion who is never afraid to risk his title. Always willing to play anyone, anywhere, anytime. In April he hopped the Berengaria in New York and reached England with only a day on land in which to prepare for the defense of his title as British Hard Court champion at Bournemouth. He met his teammate Bunny Austin in the finals, and after dropping the first set to love, came through to win in the fifth, taking the last set at love himself. A pretty good performance.

As you probably know, he was a crack table tennis player before he learned to play outdoors, winning the World's Table Tennis title in Budapest in 1929, almost the only foreigner who was able to break the reign of the Hungarians. He was 26 last May, unmarried—at the moment of writing—uses a white, Slazenger racket, and fears only two amateurs in the world, Crawford and Von Cramm. Check up on this later. He thinks he can beat Wood on condition alone, and I am afraid he is right in this opinion. He feels he must play to defend his Wimbledon title this summer, and face either Australia or the United States in the Challenge Round the last week in July.

There is no doubt in my mind about his turning professional next fall provided the estimable Mr. O'Brien offers him sufficient inducement, an event which seems highly probable.

Several days after the finals of the singles at Wimbledon last summer, I was standing on the concrete roadway behind the stadium when he came loping along, pipe in his mouth. He'd played well. Yes, he had. "I never played as well as that before, and don't ever expect to again," he said.

Was that prophetic? His matches in this country last summer, and his defeats during the winter in Australia would indicate so. But I don't know. Somehow I fear that when the Challenge Round rolls along, you'll find Perry the same tough Lancashire lad who beat not only the best players in the world, but also the Wimbledon gallery. #

The Gentle Art of Easy Cruising

Continued from page 79

and ferry boats past the New York waterfront—waters such as Puget Sound, the upper Mississippi, Chesapeake Bay, the upper Hudson to the lakes and certain portions of Long Island Sound, the Great Lakes, the St. Lawrence, and the Maine Coast. If your home port is in a region that suffers from lack of natural harbors, such as parts of the Great Lakes and Pacific Coast, head for the nearest waters with islands or bays, reach them with the best speed consistent with comfort and safety, and do your easy cruising when you get there. Inland and coastal, there is plenty of cruising ground in all possible variety, and the limitations of your choice are solely those of inclination and the amount of time you have to spend.

Even if you cannot spare many days at a stretch you can often get in a good deal of cruising in fairly remote waters by adopting the week-end commuting method. A Philadelphian of my acquaintance managed to cover almost all of Chesapeake Bay by this scheme, leaving his boat wherever Sunday evening overtook him, going home by rail or motor, and returning to the boat on the following Friday. He spent a summer at this and then, being a real easy-cruiser, spent his three weeks' holiday in the fall loafing around two or three places that had struck his fancy as he passed them.

Your typical easy-cruiser is not such a hit-or-miss fellow as his goings and comings might indicate. His movements may seem a bit eccentric, but the chances are he has planned most of them well in advance. When he decides on an expedition to new waters he is likely to learn all about the region from books and any other sources he can find, and especially from brother cruisers who have been there, and then he notes on the chart, tentatively, his ports of call—places of interest ashore, pleasant anchorages, and a base depot or two for getting supplies and overhauling. Then he traces his general route, arranging, where it is possible, to come back by a course different from that on which he went out—going out along one shore of Long Island Sound, for example, and coming back along the other. Where no circular route is possible he may step off distances on his chart and plan his cruise—still tentatively—by the skip-stop method, stopping at the odd-numbered points on the way out and the even-numbered on the way back.

He makes no rigid schedule, though—that would be a most frightful violation of the spirit of the easy cruise—and he will probably be disappointed if even his sketchy programme isn't thrown out of kilter by pleasant surprises and new whims. He will stick to it as long as it serves, but will ask his way, too, as he goes, and before the voyage is over he may have discarded it altogether. And most important of all, while he may bone up in this way on an extensive tour, he is prepared to feel content if he accomplishes only a small part of it—to spend as much time as he likes on the early stages, if they prove enjoyable, and let the rest of the cruise go hang.

He plans short days' runs, of course. He intends, in general, to cast anchor long before dusk, but otherwise to end his run at such times as local conditions indicate. He makes a note to reach Block Island, for example, when the tide that day is right for fishing, to make Chestertown with time enough to see the Colonial brick houses and still have a swim before dinner. He hopes his cruising ground will prove so interesting that he will spend a lot of time ashore just nosing around. He learns what he can, in advance, of local weather conditions—such as that, on most parts of Chesapeake Bay there is a brief squall every afternoon in the summer—and he caters to them: he isn't playing Hardy Norseman, you know. He intends to do most of his running by day, but he gives himself leave, in advance, to heave up the hook whenever the moon shows full and free.

The most nearly ideal waters in the world might as well be Niagara Falls, so far as the easy cruise is concerned, in the wrong kind of boat, and it is one of the larger mysteries of all time, to the experienced easy-cruiser, how many wrong kinds of boat there can be —for him. One will have too much open cockpit for his climate, another too little for fishing, the engine will be hard to get at in a third, still another handles badly, and so on *ad infinitum*—and besides all this, there are a hundred delicate questions of construction and power. A landlubber shopping for his first boat is all too easily pleased, but the longer he sails the more choosey he becomes.

Then what is the right kind of boat for your easy-cruiser? The best he can get, of course—the best for his particular needs and for the waters where he is to cruise. But he cannot tell what that best is until he has crept up on it, so to speak. He could

Continued at top of page 147

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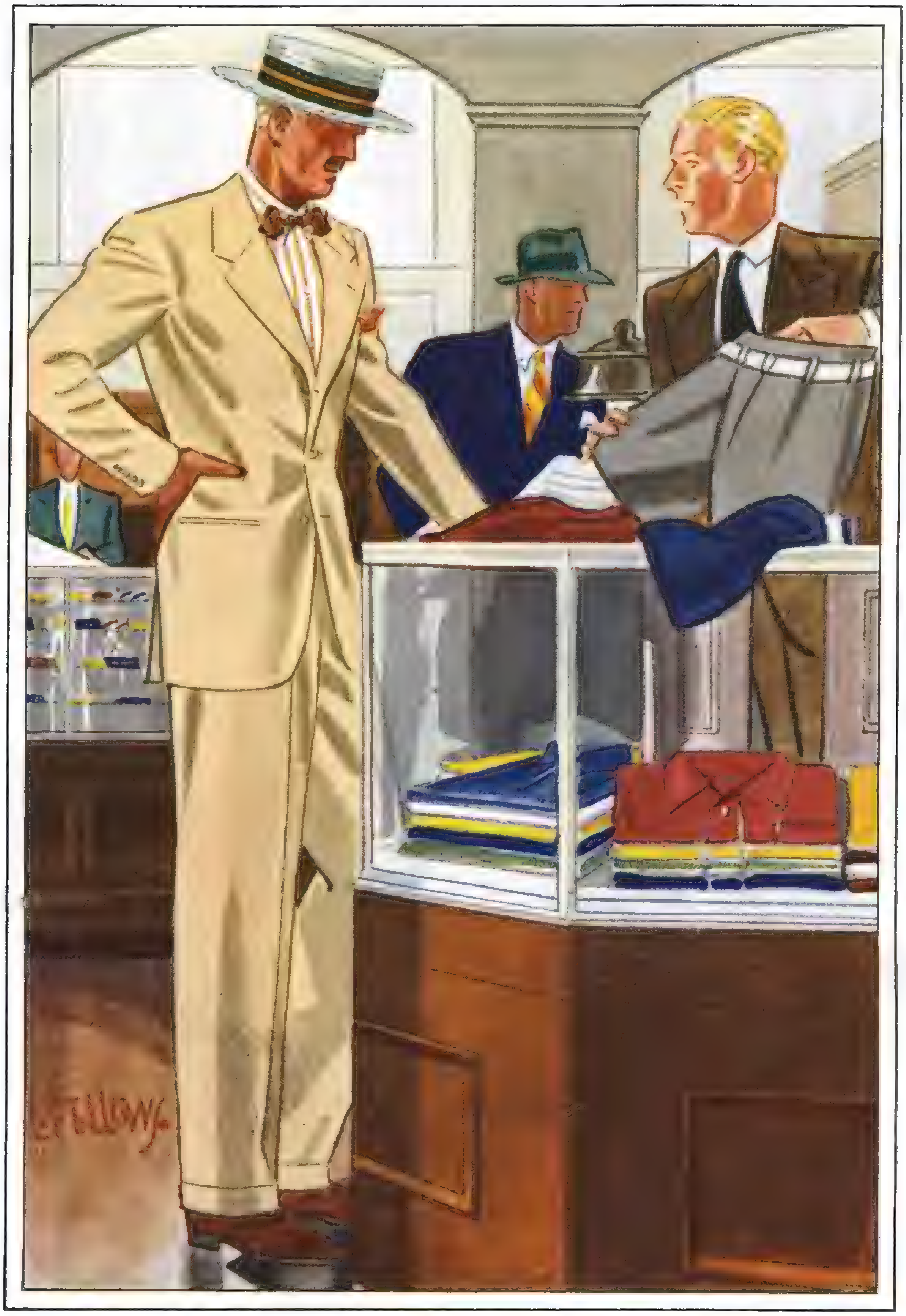


NOW EVERYBODY'S GOING IN FOR GABARDINE

We've been talking about gabardine for so long that the only expression we have left on the subject is a tendency to yawn now that the season has arrived in which the whole country seems suddenly to have gone goofy over it with a wide-eyed air of discovery. Well, you'd better excuse or ignore our boredom, because it's very good although, like sex, it had been around for quite awhile before everybody began taking it up. The light cream color shown here is this season's most desirable shade, in or out of town. The jacket looks very fine with white or grey slacks, and so do the trousers with a brown Shetland checked tweed jacket. This is the single breasted model with a long lapel roll. Note the unflapped pockets and the side vents. The accessories consist of a brown and white candy striped shirt, plaid bow tie, brown reversed calf town shoes, and a sennit straw hat with a club colored band.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

The Gentle Art of Easy Cruising

Continued from pages 79-144

get demonstration rides on the various stock models and learn a good deal, of course, or if he can draw on some fund of skill with hulls and motors he may find some used custom job that is exactly the thing. But if, though he is an out and out beginner, he has it in him to become an expert, he is quite likely to join a yacht club before he selects a boat. (It would be interesting to know, incidentally, how many members of yacht clubs never do own a boat!) There is nothing easier to get than rides on fellow-members' boats and by the time your beginner has sailed in a dozen varieties of craft he should come pretty close to knowing what he wants for himself.

He will probably have revised downward his notions as to size, for example. Unless he's going in for the deluxe sort of thing—seventy-five footers, stewards, all that—he will have found out that one paid hand in a smaller boat spoils the fun, and that a forty-footer is about as big a boat as he can take care of comfortably, single-handed. He will have come to appreciate the importance of the most worrisome thing in motor-boating, the fire hazard, and he will have made up his mind whether a Diesel engine, with its almost complete lack of that hazard, is worth to him the comparatively high initial cost.

He will have got over the "roughing it" idea, too. It sounded grand, at first, but as he went along he found that he wanted all the comfort he could get, and he began to be critical of such details as bunks, galleys, and interior architecture. He learned what kind of stove and what kind of cooking fuel served him best, whether he liked his bridge deck forward or amidships, and he gained decided ideas as to whether he wanted several small cabins or fewer larger ones. The chances are that here, too, he revised his first notions downward. His first mental pictures of cruising probably took in a large, jolly company of family and friends; that part of the picture grew dim with time. Crowding, he saw, was the curse of cruising—the great mistake as to space-comfort and temper-comfort. It is amazing how much six people can get in each other's way, after a couple of days, on even a thirty-eight footer, and how the oldest acquaintances reveal hitherto unnoticed mannerisms of the most intolerable sort. So your easy-cruiser rarely thinks of taking more than three other people—and them hand-picked—in a boat that sleeps six, if he is to be out for more than a week-end.

He has learned all this, he has got his boat, and he's off. When, after a night or two, he has slept himself out, he's up with the dawn, surprising himself, perhaps, but finding the nights better for sleeping than for bridge, making a good breakfast, if he is to be running at mid-day, so that a cold lunch will do then, stopping ashore for frequent meals but keeping a full larder aboard so that he can be independent of the land. He's off on a 300 mile course and if it comes up to expectations he'll not cover a third of it. #

Gigue for Hunting Horns

Continued from page 42

"I know their style, I do." He pointed to the hens. "T'wasn't no fox as done *that!*"

Captain Huxtable turned wildly back to the ferret. "But this," he faltered. "This ferret—what's happened to *it?*" And, as the men kept still, he added, "A hound?"

The huntsman shook his head. "You may well ask, sir," he said sternly. "And if you was to ask me I'd say it wasn't a hound but a fox—a vixen!" The men behind him muttered their agreement.

Captain Huxtable let his arms fall weakly against his sides. "My God!" he whispered. "My God." Then he turned and tottered back into the house.

It was all up with Ransom Huxtable; he was through. He knew it. Still for a little while he tried to go through the old motions. He redoubled his efforts in the field; he resorted to every stratagem he knew to catch that vixen. Only unfortunately she redoubled her efforts, too. She ran rings around the Bowlby; she had them in a daze before the week was out. Her poultry-tax was raised on Squire Thorpe, and now she took two of his hens each night instead of one. Her attentions to Captain Huxtable were increased a hundredfold.

Now when he went for an afternoon canter she loped beside him, so that all the countryside might see his shame. When he went for a drive in the trap she trotted beneath its wheels, in passable imitation of a well-trained coach-dog. As for dogs themselves, no single one—no pair even—had the appetite to confront her; when the pack was let loose she was off and away like a wraith. Finally the Captain took to the house and stayed there when hounds were not running.

Then at last she dealt them such a blow as no hunt could rally from. One night of her own accord—the kennelman saw her but realised too late what she was about—she opened the kennel-gate and took the bawling hounds for a midnight gallop which extended clear into the next county. At least the hounds were found there, footsore and weary, late the next afternoon. And in the evening, when word of this came back to the Squire, he called his M.F.H. for a conference.

There was no burst of volcanic anger from the Squire; no fire of any kind. Indeed he looked definitely old as he fumbled in his pocket and drew out a telegram. It trembled perceptibly in his hand as he held it out to the Master; it trembled in the Master's hand as he read it. The message was signed with the name of a rival hunt, and it contained one short, jeering sentence: "Congratulations on your new mascot."

"You see, Huxtable," said the Squire.

"I see."

"*They know.*"

"Yes."

Squire Thorpe blew his nose gustily. "I have decided to get rid of my hounds, Huxtable. Getting old, you know."

"Oh, no," the Master protested. "I wouldn't say that."

"Ye-es, getting old." He held out his hand to the Captain. "So this is the end of the Bowlby. No hard feelings, Huxtable. I blamed you for a while—now I don't know what to make of it."

"No more do I," said the Captain. He clasped the Squire's hand; then he turned away and left the house. Near it a small shadowy figure stepped out from behind a clump of evergreens and followed him home through the raw spring night. He was not unaware of her presence.

When he reached the back door of his house he turned for a moment and shook his fist in the direction of the garden.

"You wait," he growled.

Upstairs in his dressing-room he began hastily to change his clothes. It was late; it was almost midnight; yet he donned the full regalia of the hunting field: the velvet riding-cap, the pink coat and corded trousers, the buttons of the Bowlby; all complete except for the whip. In place of this he carried a shot-gun, and now that he was ready he paused before his mirror and surveyed himself with gloomy wonder.

He was going to shoot that fox. By that one act he would exclude himself forever from the friendship and society of his kind; but he was going to do it. Turning sharply from the mirror he hastened down the stairs and out into the garden.

She was still there waiting. Once his eyes grew accustomed to the darkness he saw her quite plainly, her own slant-eyes gleaming in the faint light from the upstairs window. They did not move or waver as he raised the gun. He held them full in range for a moment. Then he fired.

And before the echo of the shot had died away in the garden the sob in his throat burst forth. With a cry of despair he flung the gun aside and turned stumbling toward the house. As he did so a small brisk figure crept out of the shadows and trotted after him to the door. When he turned to close it he saw her there on the step, the mask spread in a friendly grin, the bushy tail wagging faintly. She was quite undamaged, and she looked into his eyes with steady confidence.

Then it was that Ransom Huxtable knew what course the Fates were pursuing; knew that his destiny was somehow bound up ineluctably with hers. She would be with him always, and whither he went there (like Ruth) would she go also. He knew this with a definite feeling of relief, and for the first time in many days he raised his head defiantly and smiled. Softly, so as not to frighten her, he stepped back from the door and beckoned her into his house.

"Come in," he said. "Come in then."

It is not to be supposed that she understood the precise meaning of his words, but the gesture was unmistakable. She trotted confidently into the house and Ransom Huxtable closed the door behind them. #

L'Amico Fritz

Continued from page 64

course, fail to make Kreisler a singularly appealing figure to his audiences. However, he has aroused even greater admiration because of his profound cultural background, which is quite unique among musicians. His many talents, which branch out into so many diverse directions, have long been subject for discussion and awe among his public.

He is almost as gifted with piano as with violin; and now it is more apparent than ever before that his creative talent is not much less significant than his interpretative. He can paint with a sure and tasteful brush: Early in his life he studied at the famous atelier of Julien in Paris, where he revealed such great promise that it seemed as if art, and not music, would become his life-work.

He is well schooled in mathematics and the sciences, and has a very intimate acquaintanceship with medicine. His linguistic talents are enormous.

Not merely is he able to speak eight languages with fluency and possesses a solid foundation of Greek and Latin, but he is a very devoted student of philology in which he has made extensive study. He is a lover of books, to be sure—a very famous collector, as a matter of fact—and has a prodigious literary background. And his fine critical sense is the result of an intellectual background that includes a knowledge of philosophy, logic and metaphysics. Obviously, he has been fed on a well-balanced cultural diet, and his appetite has been so keen that he has been able to take more than a mere superficial taste of each dish; the result has been a fertile background of scholarship which has, for a long time, been the awe of his public.

It is this enormous culture that is reflected in his violin-playing and gives it its individuality and character. With age, Kreisler's technique may falter, but his phrasing, his dynamics, his subtle and deftly superimposed nuances—fruits of his wisdom and maturity—are the unmistakable Kreisler fingerprints on his performances, and are familiar to everyone who has heard him play.

Almost any violinist in the world—not excluding Heifetz or Menuhin—will sound like any other half-dozen great violinists in playing certain pieces. Kreisler, however, is unable to play twelve bars of music without revealing himself.

I am reminded of a story which Kreisler likes so well to tell and which is indicative of the way in which the entire world is familiar with his style.

Kreisler was browsing in an antique shop in Antwerp when he came upon a cheap violin. He called the pawnbroker to him—"an old Jew who seemed to have stepped out of a picture of Rembrandt," as Kreisler himself described him—and asked the price. Then, somewhat playfully, he took his own violin out of the case and inquired if the old Jew would care to purchase it. The old Jew looked at the violin, handled it with careful fingers, and then said: "I'm not rich enough to pay you what this violin is worth." Then as though in afterthought, the pawnbroker added: "Would you please wait here two minutes? I'll dash home and bring you an Amati violin which will certainly interest you." In a few minutes he returned—accompanied by a policeman. "That man," the Jew cried, pointing a crooked finger to the somewhat bewildered Kreisler, "is a thief. Arrest him! He has in his possession Fritz Kreisler's violin!"

In vain did Kreisler protest that he himself was the great violinist; the fact that he had left his passport in his hotel did not simplify the situation. Finally Kreisler put the violin under the chin and played *Schön Rosmarin*. "There's no doubt about it," the pawnbroker said with a voice that cracked with bewilderment. "This gentleman simply can't be anyone else but Fritz Kreisler!"

Legend would have us believe that Fritz Kreisler was driven by an uncontrollable force to music and the violin from his earliest years. The truth, however, is that, as a child, Kreisler detested violin-playing, and throughout his entire career periodically attempted to escape from his instrument and the art. He revealed, of course, pronounced musical talent. He was admitted to the Vienna Conservatory at the age of seven, even though the minimum age requirement for the institution was fourteen, and three years later he held the gold medal for violin-playing in the palm of his hand. And in his twelfth year he astounded his instructors at the Paris Conservatory by winning the *Premier Grand Prix* for violin-playing in a competition where every entrée was, at least, ten years his senior. However, practising was—as Kreisler today confesses—an ordeal, and it was with reluctance that he would pick up violin and bow for his daily study.

Equally legendary is the belief that Kreisler's artistic path has been one of glory from the very first. When he came to America for his first concert-tour, at the age of fourteen—in a series of joint recitals with Moritz Rosenthal—he played charmingly enough to receive praise and encouragement; but to call his début sensational would be to stretch the truth to exaggeration. As a matter of fact, his talents were so calmly accepted that, when he returned to Vienna shortly thereafter he was found unsuitable even for an orchestral position.

The mild reception that Fritz received convinced his father—an eminent physician and ichthyologist—that his son's future lay in directions other than music. And so, the violin was put aside, and Fritz was enrolled in the Vienna *Gymnasium* with the intention of adopting medicine as a life-career. For several years, Fritz conformed to the discipline of student-life, and revealed a marvelous adaptability for his studies. Then, a little impatient with routine, he left for Paris, and then Rome, to study art. Finally, the lure of art having palled, Fritz returned to Vienna to prepare for a stiff army examination; he passed with high honor, and for a full year he wore the uniform of an officer in the regiment of Uhlans.

Soldiering, however, could never appeal permanently to a person of Kreisler's keen intellect. And so, no other career open to him, he returned—somewhat reluctantly, he confesses—to the violin.

His former suppleness of fingers gone, Kreisler decided to retire to the country for eight weeks of indefatigable practising. And he emerged the greatest violinist of his generation.

He made his return-dêbut in Berlin in 1899, but it was more than five years before his concerts received something more than an apathetic response. "I was as great a fiddler then as I have ever been since," Kreisler informs us; but his playing failed to inflame the imagination of his public. Avoiding the shallow and the sensational, placing less emphasis upon pyrotechnics and more upon musical content, Kreisler's performances were too mature and profound for immediate recognition.

However, when his full stature, finally, became apparent—particularly with his grandiose conception of Bach and the Beethoven *Concerto*—it was America who first gave him recognition. After a tour through this country in 1903 which was nothing short of sensational, his supreme position among contemporary violinists could no longer be questioned.

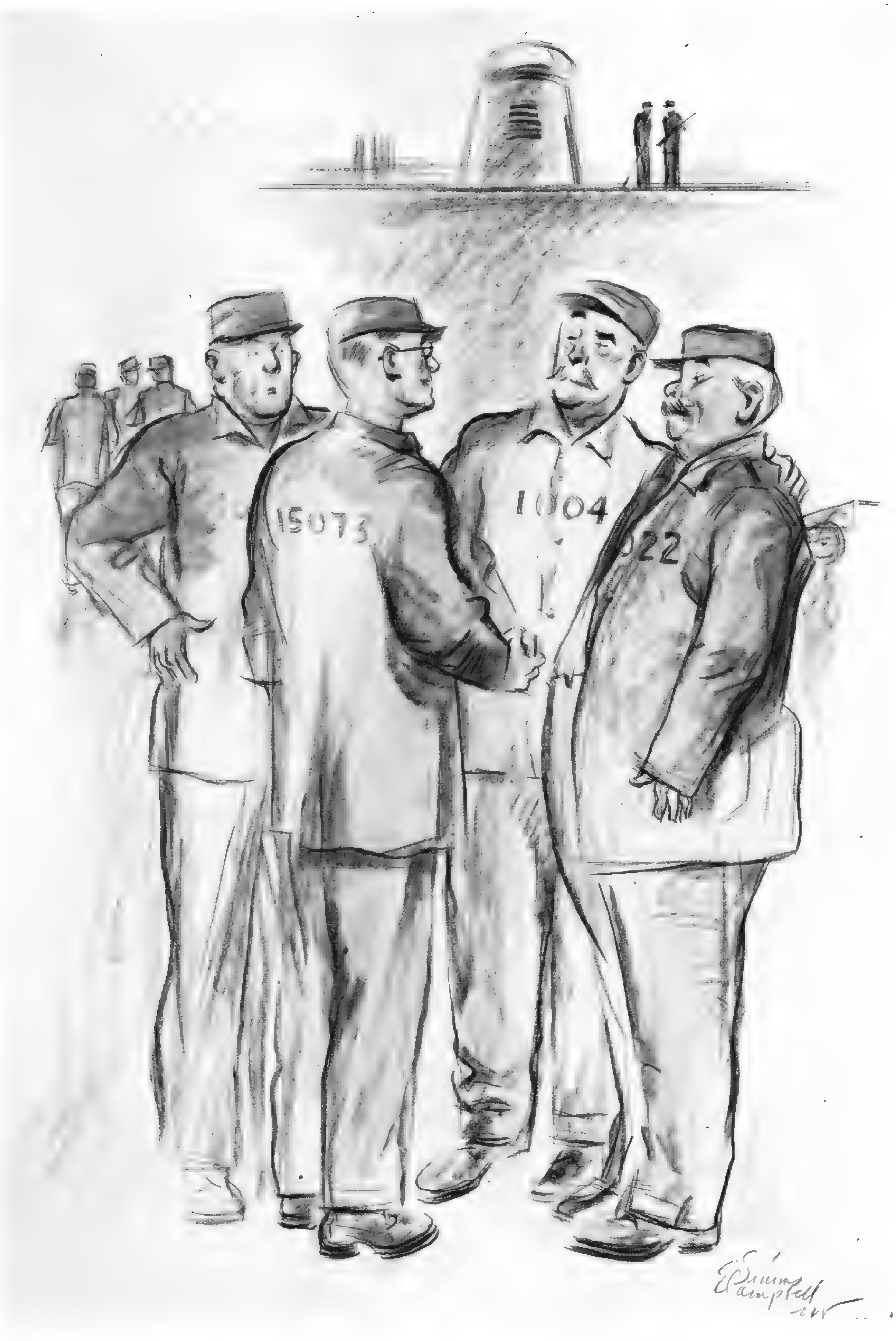
When the war broke out in Europe in 1914, Kreisler was vacationing in Switzerland. Without hesitation, he returned to his country to join his former troop, which was now stationed in Galicia. On September 6, 1914 an unexpected cavalry attack descended upon Lemberg, and Kreisler was a victim. A lance pierced through his left side and, severely wounded, Kreisler was left for dead. The following morning an orderly crept back to the trenches and dragged Kreisler back with him to a hospital.

Discharged from the army with honor, Kreisler felt that there was left only one avenue through which he could help his country. He undertook a colossal concert-tour through America which would have sapped the energy and exhausted the strength of a physique stronger than his; but he could do this bravely and cheerfully because he knew that his bulging income would bring relief to his crushed compatriots.

However, with America's entry into the war, Kreisler's position in this country became embarrassing. He had been a soldier in the enemy's camp; he had openly confessed that his earnings from concerts were sent to Austria to relieve suffering. He, therefore, found abuse and antagonism, insult and hate descending upon him from pulpit and press, from ladies' groups and patriotic societies. Only one move remained for Kreisler: He announced his retirement from concert-work, and escaped to Maine where—in a deserted corner—he could find consolation in his violin, in gardening and in chess.

In the Winter of 1919, Fritz Kreisler once again returned from retirement to appear on the concert-platform. When he stepped upon the stage in Carnegie Hall, in New York, an entire audience—now divested of war hysteria—rose to welcome him. For five minutes it remained upon its feet in honor of a great artist, but a greater personality.

And it has remained upon its feet ever since. ⧺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"Glad to know you—each year we get a higher type of man up here"

By Jupiter!

Continued from page 109

age of electricity from the atmosphere" so long familiar to sailors. The best place to see this last on land is on the Empire State Building in New York, whose external metal parts often glow vividly at night. The hissing discharge is frequently heard inside by occupants of the upper stories.

It might be mentioned in passing that while lightning is most frequent during the hot months, especially July and August, it commonly occurs during snowstorms in winter and dust storms in the spring or fall. In fact, Weather Bureau men have taken it out of the sky on perfectly cloudless days at all seasons by means of the two-century old kite experiment. Concerning some other prevailing notions about it, it is safe to say that:

Lightning doesn't curdle milk—bacteria, multiplying in the humidity, do that.

It does strike twice, as witness the Empire State which is struck several times during every storm in that vicinity.

It doesn't come in open windows or follow drafts and you won't "attract" it by standing near a window or by holding a metal utensil in your hand.

"Thunderstones" are the bunk.

"Lightning prints" on victims are not pictures of nearby objects but tissue lesions.

Direct hits are rare if, indeed, they ever occur. What we call a strike is a "sympathetic explosion" of excess static within the damaged object. The physicists may snort at this interpretation—but let them!

Lightning strikes sideways and upward even more often than downward.

Putting the chair legs in glass tumblers; going to bed; wearing rubbers; hiding in dark closets, etc., are all a waste of energy. I know of one woman who was killed while lying on a couch—and at Martha's Vineyard I saw a bed with its springs completely melted by a flash.

The lightning rod is not a sucker proposition but is the most efficient mechanical device yet perfected by man, rating 99% effective as against 35% for the Diesel engine.

Despite the universal fear of lightning, the fact is that it is almost entirely a property hazard rather than a personal risk. It kills countless live stock, causes thousands of forest fires and wreaks $25,000,000 worth of havoc on the farm annually, yet it seldom kills more than 500 people a year in the entire United States, and these chiefly in rural sections. In a land accustomed to killing 35,000 a year with the automobile, a mere 500 is bush league stuff. Which, incidentally, bring up the most universal modern question regarding lightning: is there any danger involved in riding in an automobile during a storm? If statistics for twenty years mean anything, the answer is No: as far as lightning is concerned.

Nevertheless, lightning performs some queer antics. In one case of note a discharge struck a church in which there were twelve men. The only two of the group killed were a father, seated on one side of the room, and his own son, standing on the opposite side. Last November in South Africa a bolt struck a hut in which sixty-four natives were holding a beer party: only three came out alive. In contrast, a man was running gasoline into a pail in Massachusetts last June when a bolt of lightning (or a "sympathetic discharge!") landed squarely in the pail and exploded the vapor, knocking the man galley-west. Apparently beer is more deadly than even gasoline, for the gentleman came through unharmed!

Last year's freakiest shot was recorded in Alabama where a discharge struck an oak tree and killed 37 sheep which were passing by. When the farmer went out to look for his missing animals, he found them lying dead in perfect single file in the road, eighteen south of the tree and nineteen north.

As far as I am concerned (because I happened to be too near it), the all-time record for a single flash was established nine years ago at Lake Denmark, N. J., when the naval munitions depot was struck, 21 people killed, 80 buildings wrecked and $85,000,000 worth of property damaged. Jupiter certainly picked that spot with an eye for the gallery.

The safest place to be during a storm is in a properly rodded building. Although not formally equipped with an external conductor system, the steel-frame skyscraper comes in this category, as do the all-metal house, the typical row of city dwellings, or the modern steel-hull ship. Experts have found that the way to make the lightning rod 100% efficient is to install it in the form of a gigantic bird cage surrounding the target. This is precisely what they do in the oil fields and it is just what the steel-frame skyscraper accomplishes.

Clearly, there isn't much cause for worry about lightning except when you are in the country. To be sure, there is an occasional fatality at the beach, on a lake or, as happened last summer in Cincinnati, on the golf course. But how much you need be agitated is fairly well indicated by the statistical records already cited.

Nevertheless, one common belief which still holds good is the maxim that it isn't healthy to take refuge under a lone tree or under the tallest tree of a group. The highest point on the terrain under the storm cloud is most liable to be the target. And since "highest" is a relative term, the danger point may be a towering fir, a house chimney, a fence post or a pile of rocks as the case may be. The time to think about this is when the thunder comes as a clean, sharp crack without any rumble and simultaneously with the lightning, for then it is hitting too close for comfort. At such proximity you can often smell the ozone. When there is an interval between the flash and the report, you can estimate the distance by that old rule, "multiply the difference in seconds by 1100 to get the distance in feet." When calculating the time, count One Hippopotamus, Two Hippopotamuses, Three Hippopotamuses, etc., in order to allow for a complete second on each count.

Mention of points, however, brings us back to the much-abused lightning rod and its anomalous history. As every schoolboy knows, Benjamin Franklin was the father of the idea. He propounded his theory in 1749 and suggested ways to prove it, but it wasn't until 1752 that the Frenchman, d'Alibard, first made the actual experiment with a tall rod which was repeated later by one de Lor. But the results did not satisfy Franklin, so he undertook his kite-key tests, convinced himself that lightning was electricity, and thereupon advanced his notions as to the efficacy of a conductor system.

As has been the case with many American ideas, this one was first adopted by a foreigner: a clergyman, no less, who erected the first lightning rod on his house in Germany. Franklin himself didn't put one up until some ten years later, and in the following twenty-five years over 400 others were installed in the city of Philadelphia.

Today not more than 20 percent of the buildings exposed to the hazard in this country are rodded whereas in Europe conductors are in widespread and often compulsory use. The degree of exposure, naturally, varies with the community: Arizona and Wyoming, for instance, rarely if ever have lightning storms—on the other hand, Louisiana (even before Huey Long) will have a hundred a season.

Thus we see one of man's most efficient inventions very generally shunned after two centuries of proof—and by the very wise boys who invest millions in blue sky stocks without a tremor!

In short, the tales of our fathers and grandfathers about lightning rod swindles have left their mark, and scared as we are of lightning, we are still more scared of being picked for a sucker. One slicker of note made a tidy living on the gag of "recharging" conductor systems at five dollars a throw. And before we smirk too broadly at such gullibility, we should make a note that a very smart operator was arrested only last summer in New Jersey (after about four months' intensive sleuthing) whose advance man worked the territory in a swell Lincoln sedan with a liveried chauffeur.

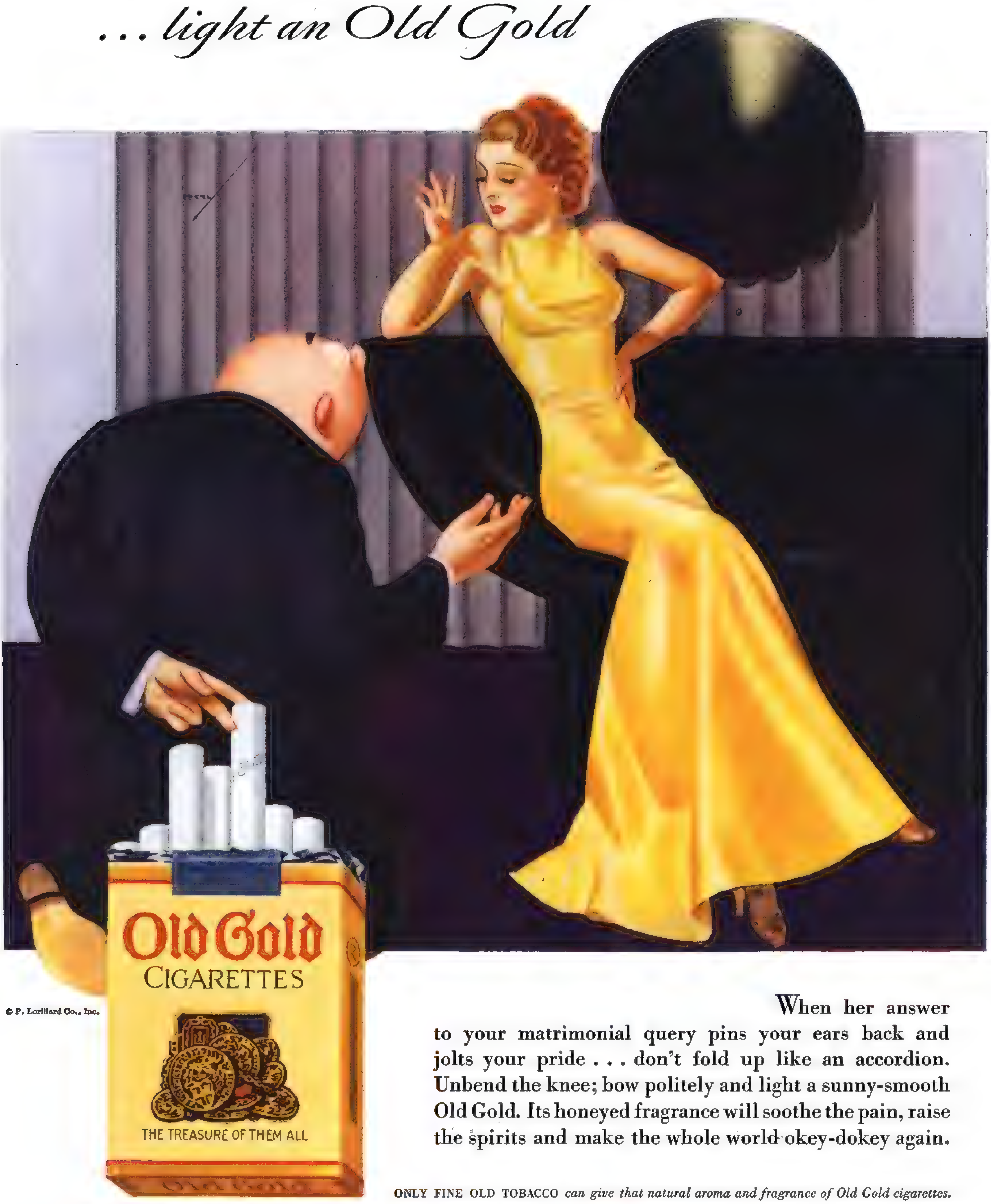
However this may be, lightning is still fascinating from many angles. And one of its most interesting phases to me is the consuming terror which seizes so many people during a storm. Those who are unafraid invariably laugh off this fear in great scorn or, perhaps, explain it as the effect of noise on the nervous system. Personally, I can't laugh at those frightened ones because they suffer too intensely. And whatever there may be to the noise theory, I would like to see somebody go further into the subject. My own notion is that there must be some connection between "body magnetism" and the electrification of the atmosphere: an observation that has been emphasized by watching the agitation of cats (who are very magnetic) as a thunder storm comes nearer and nearer to them. There is always a point where their terror overcomes them although the volume of noise appears to remain the same, and the agent might be an accumulation of static.

This may be all wet. But if it is possible (nay, common!) to get an "induced discharge" between the wires on a bale of hay in a barn which isn't even struck, then it seems plausible that some such reaction might be experienced in a human being.

Maybe you have the time—and the background—to figure it out while I'm watching for a glimpse of a genuine Necklace discharge! ###

No-Noed by a Nifty Number?

... light an Old Gold


Old Gold
CIGARETTES
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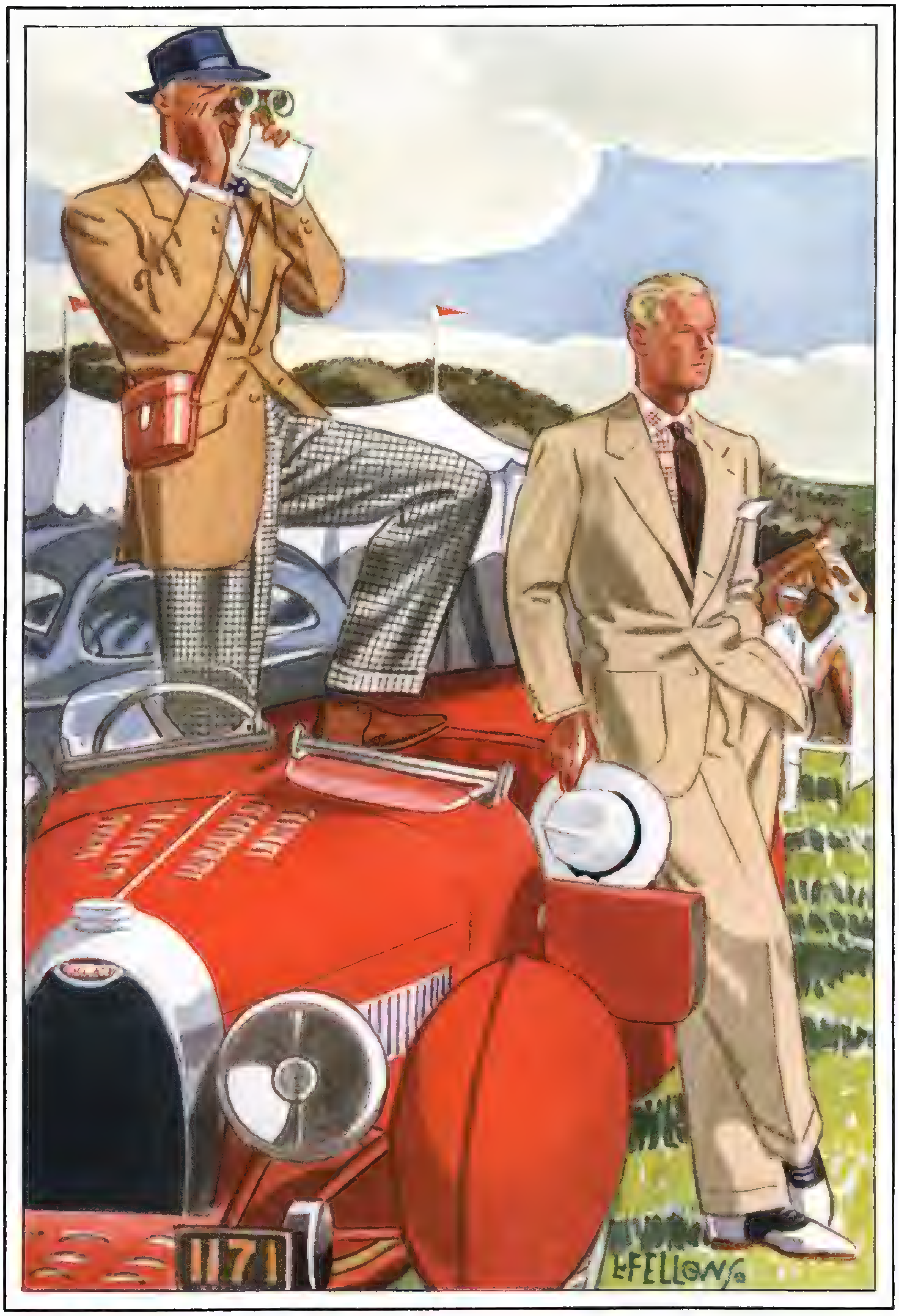


TWO OPPOSITE TYPES AT THE HORSE SHOW

THEY hold these things all over America in the summertime, particularly in the county fair regions. We guess the guy on the right didn't know he was coming to this one. Probably he just happened to be here on his summer vacation, because his clothes merely typify current fashion for any resort or country place. The silk suit is worn without a vest. The shirt is of brown patterned white oxford with a wide spread collar. The tie is of rough Shantung. The black saddled shoes are of white elk. Now the other fellow, he's horsey, like young Renny in the Jalna books. He wears a tan linen riding sacque with slanting flap pockets and ten inch side vents, grey checked white flannels, a blue foulard bow tie with white polka dots, a light weight blue felt pork pie hat, and brown reversed calf shoes, ankle high with two eyelets. There will be no prize whatever for guessing which one drives the Buggati.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

The Candid Cameraman

How to get to see the pictures you want to see when they are not shown at your local movie

by MEYER LEVIN

MOVIES

A Man's Guide to the Movies

GO OUT OF YOUR WAY TO SEE

Becky Sharp: The film that introduces color, depth, and a brilliant characterization by Miriam Hopkins to the screen. Reviewed further.

GO ALONG TO SEE

Alibi Ike: The first completely funny picture with Joe Brown. Ring Lardner's yarn fits him like a set of false teeth. What a pitcher! What a wind-up!

Ginger: Remember the nasty little girl who nearly stole the picture from Shirley Temple in *Bright Eyes?* It turns out that Jane Withers is the most accomplished of child actresses, or actors. The story is the pale pap about the orphan child who would rather live with a starving old Shakespearean actor than with a millionaire family. But this kid has a tremendous emotional gift and an amazing aptitude for timing. She is an actress, whereas Shirley is still an accident. At moments, one gets the sense of elocution, but even in those moments one feels that the child is throwing off bad tutoring instead of succumbing to it. There is nothing cute or pretty about Jane Withers, she has a pudgy face and a wide mouth, but she's appealing, and she can do more than one character. This kid ought to be an actress even when she grows up.

Oil for the Lamps of China: The company takes his invention and gives another man credit for it and makes millions on it; he sees his old boss driven to suicide by the heartlessness of the company; he is reprimanded when he destroys a few thousand dollars worth of property to prevent a fire from spreading and costing the company six times as much; he forsakes his wife in childbirth for the sake of the company, and the child dies; he goes out and collects his full quota from the Chinamen during a cholera epidemic, and he saves the money from revolutionists at the risk of his life . . . and for all this he gets demoted. But a long distance call from the big boss in New York to the straw boss in Shanghai makes everything straight, for you know the big boss has his eyes on every man that works for him, though he be way off in the interior of China. Pat O'Brien is surprisingly good as the faithful slave, in this picture which was so strong an arraignment of job politics and of the heartlessness of corporations that a sop ending had to be tacked on to soothe some big business big shots before it could be released.

Public Hero No. 1: Better than *Let 'Em Have It* and as good as, if not better than, *G Men*, is M. G. M.'s obituary for Dillinger. Maybe because it is closest to the actual story. Joseph Calleia, as the bad man, is pretty swell. The first of the gangsters to really get the feel of killer-madness, to put across the agony of the man who must be alone.

The Youth of Maxim: One of the greatest of Russian films, and part of a trilogy picturing the making of revolution and of revolutionists. As is to be expected in Russian pictures, the cast is perfect. Music by the brilliant young composer, Shostakovich. The propaganda element is in the theme itself and does not stick out of the story. If you saw and liked *Chapaev* you won't want to miss this picture.

GO ALONG (with misgivings)

College Scandal: A programmer with a rather novel motivation for a who-done-it. I am going to violate the unwritten code, and reveal that the three college chums who would be murdered one after another meet their fate at the hands of the grief-crazed mother of a lad who died of fright when these boys tied him to a tomb-stone and left him alone in a cemetery, as part of a club initiation. Routine performances, but a really strong finish.

Under the Pampas Moon: Mexican cowboy gets rich at the races. Warner Baxter with a wild woolly wig, much whip-snapping. A few uproarious scenes when Soledad Jimenez as Mama Pepita, a natural and tough old lady, comes to stay at the swell hotel. They want to shave off her mustache! Ketti Gallian is just a pretty face after all.

Murder in the Fleet: A crazy inventor gets into the ammunition stores and tries to blow up the ship. Ted Healy stooging.

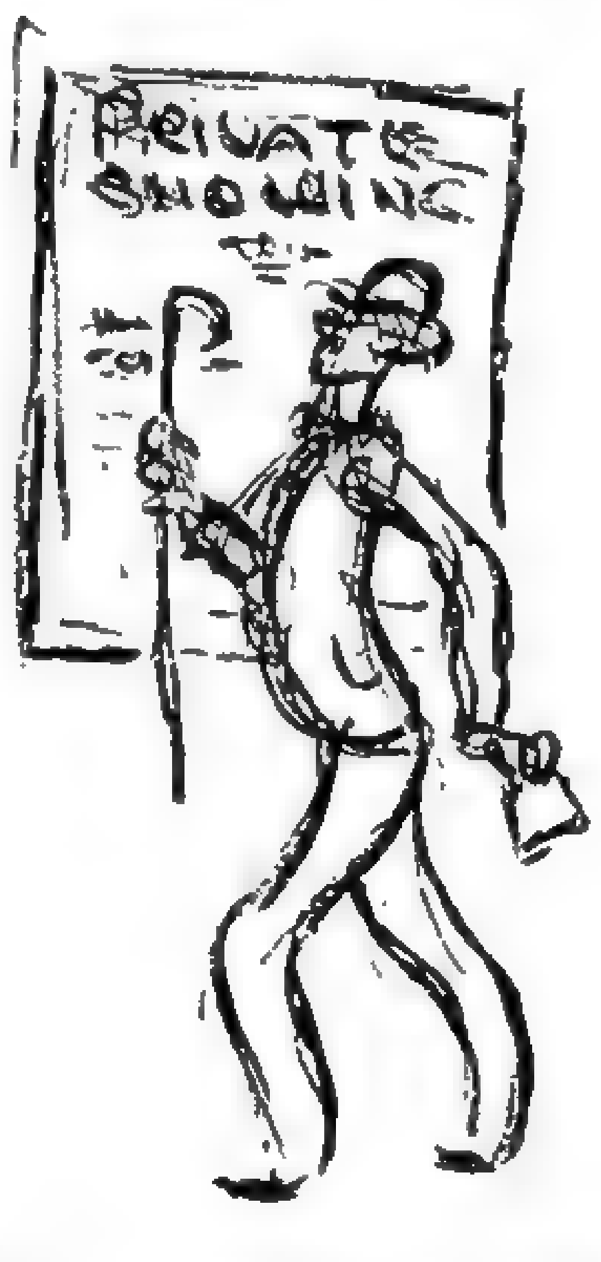
WASTE

No More Ladies: Joan Crawford, Robert Montgomery, and Franchot Tone in one of those painfully sophisticated dramas in which everybody has the wrong wife, everybody is gallantly drunk, everybody has neo-classic gowns, dogs, bathing-suits, vases, and beds. And they just cut into each other's hearts with their debonair remarks. But it takes so long.

DOUBLE LEAD

I ought to start off with a discussion of *Becky Sharp*, as the triumph of Technicolor in this picture will put it alongside of *The Jazz Singer* (which made sound) as an epoch marker in the history of films. But newspapers, magazines, and those advertising encyclopedias called Movie Guides which are jammed under your front and back doors have made you aware, for six months, that *Becky Sharp* in Technicolor was approaching and for the last month that *Becky Sharp* has conquered, so perhaps it isn't utterly urgent that I add my two cents at the top of the column. There are some things I want to say about *Becky Sharp*, but I also want to make known a little plan for the better distribution of films that do not have a mass appeal, and consequently are rarely shown outside of a few "art cinemas" in the large cities. This plan is of utterly minor importance, in the history of cinema, compared to possibilities for development opened by *Becky Sharp*; but I do want the readers of this department to be aware of it and fear that they may not pursue the column to the rear pages of the magazine. So:

Occasionally in this department reference is made to photoplays which are classics of the motion picture medium. Often such pictures are foreign, sometimes they are current American pictures which are not widely booked, sometimes they are pictures, either American or foreign, whose first release period is over, but which are worth reviving. I have been getting scattered enquiries from people who are situated in such towns as Toledo, Charleston, Duluth, Toronto, and rarely get a chance to see pictures not included in block-booking contracts. There isn't much point to reviewing the French (and superior) version of *Les Misérables*, or *The Man Who Knew Too Much*, or *Chapaev*, when it is very likely that the films will be shown only in New York, Chicago, and Boston.



But there is no reason why a hundred or more cinema-minded citizens of Sioux City shouldn't get together, rent whatever film they want to see, hire their local movie theatre or a brace of cameras, and run the picture show for themselves. Film distributors have a way of throwing an aura of abracadabra and of expensiveness about their industry; many managers of film exchanges also have a disconcertingly brusque manner in dealing with

Continued on page 162

The Music-Box Review

Raps on the knuckles for Igor Strawinsky, our teacher's pet, who seems to have been peeking

by FRANK BLACK

• RECORDS •

Did you ever hear of, or see, a left-handed concert violinist? Just imagine a southpaw fiddler being head man for one of the greatest string quartets in the world! Well, Mr. Kolisch plays that way, and after hearing him you'll have the feeling that perhaps the right-handers have been wrong all these years.

Never mind—just let it go! There's hardly any sense in trying to write about how good a composer Schubert was or how good a quartet the "Kolisch"-ers are, and how good the whole world seems when this group does the Schubert Opus 161. It's very difficult not to be incoherent because you can hardly separate the performance from the composer and be rational about it.

The portraits of Schubert which I have seen always make him look like a rather benign school teacher, but I wouldn't call his melodies that—they are rather always on the divine side. He has some very beautiful melodic things in this particular quartet, and what he does by the simplest means is astonishing. No one ever accused him of being a great orchestrator, but there are plenty of effects in this quartet that hail right from "Orchestralia"; and many of the nice young boys of today who orchestrate could look over this score to their advantage. Of course, they wouldn't have the melodic material to work with that Schubert wrote for himself, because we haven't any Schuberts today, in fact, we haven't had any since he died. However, just so I won't go off the deep end and nag you about why you ought to like Schubert, I'll turn the lights on the Kolisch Quartet.

The organization is not quite ten years old, and when you speak of string quartets that's practically a babe in arms. I'll have to name the players—so—Rudolph Kolisch and Felix Khuner are the violinists; Eugene Lehner, viola; and Benar Heifetz (neither a step- nor an in-law of the violinist), 'cello. In reading reviews of their concert series you read nothing but superlatives and the fact that they play from memory, which is a colossal feat, and which I wouldn't have to mention as a feat if you'd ever played in a quartet or know a lot about it. This isn't a stunt with them, as it is with a lot of our brilliant conductor-virtuosi whose audiences become rather breathless because their pet lions have memorized, supposedly, the calisthenics that go with a forty-five minute symphony. This quartet plays without notes because they feel that they don't want to be hampered by the printed page, and they play this Schubert work divinely. This is chamber music at the height of its appeal.

As to some of the effects, listen to the last measures of the *Allegretto* which follows the *Scherzo*—it sounds like a series of little bells, except that it is perfectly in tune. Listen to the balance between the tremolos on the second violin and viola which accompany the solo parts on either the first violin or 'cello. Why, the very opening of the first record is a thrill! It starts from almost nothing and grows into a man-size chord that sounds like a lot more than four instruments. If you don't like Schubert, or feel that you might be too sophisticated to listen to this, stop here and pass on to the next record. However, I hope you haven't reached the point where the chills no longer run up and down your back (in other words, a chiropractic treatment, musically); I'm sure you can't be that much of a musical snob. Even if you don't like chamber music you'll like this album. Columbia has done a beautiful piece of work on the recording of the "Kolisch"-ers; not only is there hardly any surface noise on these pressings, but the recording itself has been made with the idea in mind that chamber music is intimate music, and they certainly achieved this effect.

Oh, I forgot to mention at the beginning that Mr. Kolisch isn't a southpaw musically or mentally either.

Columbia—Set 215.
Schubert: Quartet No. 15, G Major, Op. 161.

* * *

I'll bet everything I've ever had, Mr. Strawinsky, you yourself think these compositions are lousy. Well—I don't know why I should even talk about this record other than that it is by a composer as famous as you are. But did you ever hear of another man, equally as famous in his field, by the name of Irving Berlin? Or perhaps I'm just the kind of fellow who never gets to like olives. All I did was wonder what it was all about. In the first place, or maybe this ought to settle everything, the orchestra plays this opus very badly, Mr. Strawinsky, and still in the first place, I think it is a good idea for any composer to stick to his own knitting. Why must you take the mood for your introduction from Debussy's *Golliwog's Cake Walk?* And why should you have tried to imitate all the old tricks of the Memphis Five (although it is rather difficult to recognize them)? I hereby make a standing offer to debate the question, "Which do you like best, Strawinsky's *Ragtime for Eleven Instruments* or *Looky, Looky, Looky, Here Comes Cookie?* I will take the stand for *Looky, Looky* because YOU CAN'T WIN if you argue for your opus.

On the reverse side you solo-piano in your piano solo, *Piano Rag-Music*, and I'm sorry, Mr. Strawinsky, but I would much rather hear the Gershwin *Preludes* and I'd much rather hear Mr. Gershwin play them. I had an impression of Dracula tearing the front teeth out of a black box; and I don't care, Mr. Strawinsky, if and when you read this, you put me in the class of a moron, musically, because no one admires more than I the rugged strength and the tremendous drive in such things as your *Fire Bird* and *Petrouchka.*

But will you please write and let me know what you're trying to do to the people who expect to hear ragtime?

Columbia—No. 68300.

* * *

Guy Lombardo has done it again! Here is *Hawaiian Paradise* with all the trimmings necessary for a good tune of the Islands. There is a swell steel guitar player who, strangely enough, has the least monotonous tone I've ever heard. You'd never expect a tempo which is as slow as this to be exciting but it really is. After the last bit you can almost see some pretty Island girl slipping a lei necklace over the Lombardos' collective heads.

I can't get so excited about the other side of the record, which is a medley of *At Dawning* and *From the Land of the Sky Blue Water*, both by Charlie Cadman; not that the Lombardos do not do well by it, but I don't think it is a good coupling for *Hawaiian Paradise.*

Decca—No. 429.

* * *

Consult the musical *Burke's Peerage* and you'll see the name of Duke Ellington, and the Duke is still a Duke. Listen to *Merry-Go-Round*, which happens to be an Ellington opus. I've never heard an

Continued at top of page 174

Lost Record *of a Young Man with a Future*

HIS NAME is already enrolled in a future class of an exclusive school. His social and business prospects are really quite dazzling. The guardians of his calories and vitamins are ever watchful. Yet (candor compels the remark) in one respect he's a neglected baby.

No one thinks to make movies of him. That winning smile—those stumbling steps—the gestures soon to lose their endearing babyishness—what an attraction they would be on the screen. Even today. And as the years pass . . .

★

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Stage-Door Johnny, Esq.

Chaplin, Grock, the Four Marx Brothers, the Fratellinis, are clowns compared to Jimmy Savo

by JOHN V. A. WEAVER

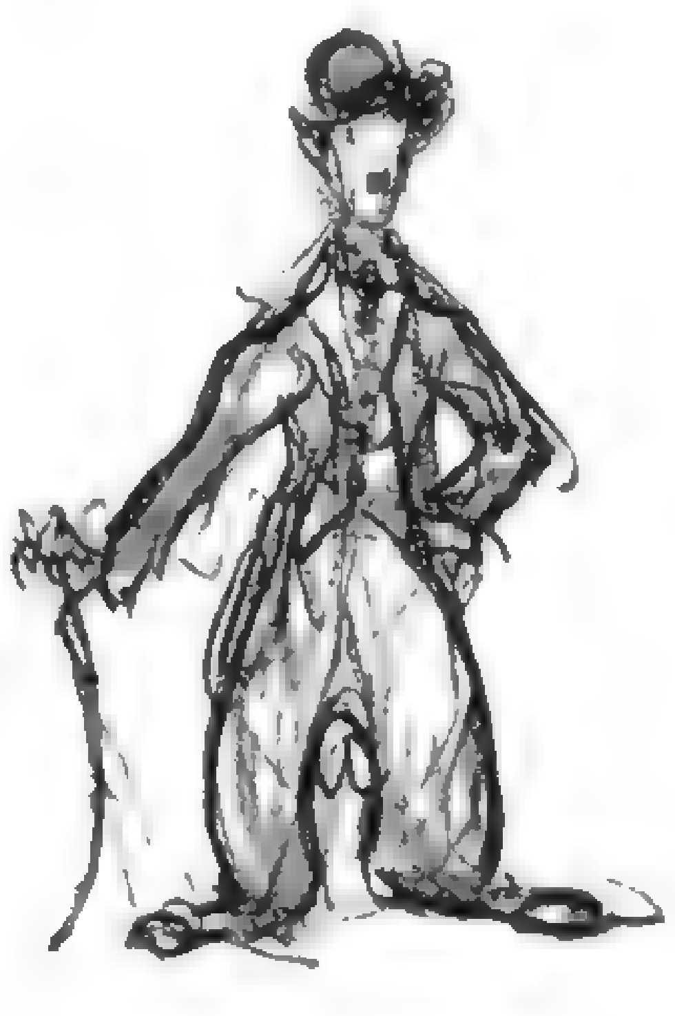
• THEATRE •

I have attended amusement-places for nigh onto thirty years, man and superman, and during that time I have seen many clowns, foreign and domestic, here and abroad. Among them have been most of those generally accepted as the greatest. After colossal cerebration, I am forced to announce that the monarch of them all is that diminutive spaghetti-destroyer, Jimmy Savo.

There will doubtless be protesting outcry from my readers—all five of them—at this coronation. Savo has many rivals, past and present, and each in one or two respects is perhaps his superior. But I submit that as an all-round zany he is the top.

I daresay there will be floods of votes for the candidate forevermore dithered about by the behemothian Toots of the raddio, A. Woollcott—to wit, Harpo Marx. I myself got laughs out of Harpo's act during the first seven or eight years I saw it—and my acquaintance with it dates back to a London music hall in 1922. But he hasn't added a single antic to his original stock, and I now place him high up on my list of Things I'm Too Used To. He works in half a dimension. Groucho is far funnier.

Sentimentalists are always recalling Marcelline as the greatest laugh-provoker of all time, and there are those who go into ecstasies over Grock. Both of these I saw several times, and found them moderately amusing; but their medium was that of the circus, aimed at exceedingly simple-hearted audiences, and therefore somewhat limited. The flour-faced pagliacci never have had sufficiently even elementary subtlety to cause more than a few faint smiles to ripple over this acidulous puss. This goes especially for the Brothers Fratellini, whose frantic touting by a lady-friend once sent me on a scurrying pilgrimage all the way up from Cagnes so that I would not miss their triumphs at the Cirque Médrano. The lady, if these lines catch her eye, will now be able to solve the mystery of my subsequent coldness toward her. Her idols, I discovered, were swamped in a mess of props, bladders and slapsticks. The chef-d'oeuvre of their program was a serenade which one of them sang raucously, accompanying himself on a tremendous guitar. Toward the end of the song, the guitar exploded, and out of it fell papier-mâché intestines, a heart and a liver. By their lights ye shall know them.



I fear that props are what is the matter with Joe Cook, also. Versatile as he is, he can't ever seem to work without masses of gadgets, which eventually become more important than he. Ed Wynn, once a promising silly, has ruined himself by dependence upon trick hats almost as much as upon moth-eaten gags. Bobby Clark's cigar, on the other hand, is somehow an asset, since it is an essential part of his brash miming; he could easily rejoin the front rank if only he would shuck off McCullough, who has about as much flavor as Eugene Howard or stale pea soup. Durante has his fervent admirers, and I have been one, up to the time he tried selling his stuff in too many directions, diffused it, and almost destroyed it; however, I believe he will make a genuine come-back if he continues giving up the movies and microphones, and enters a show like *Jumbo*, as rumored.

Chaplin, of course, has no peer for pantomime. In silent methods of conveying humor, he is still Ace of Noodles, despite the tinge of self-conscious artiness apparently caused by the *chichi* rantings of such protagonists of preciosity as Gilbert Seldes, who yessed his Hamlet-complex.

I trust I shall do no such disservice to Savo by calling him a finer artist than Chaplin. Maybe all I mean is that Savo tickles my risibilities more acutely and in more different ways than any other comic.

I can't find out whether or not he deliberately patterned his regular characterization after Chaplin's. He doesn't seem old enough to have preceded the Keystone King. There is no doubt that their make-up and dumb-show bear certain resemblances. Savo wears no moustache, it is true, and he does not confine himself to one costume. But his favorite dress features voluminous trousers which are always on the verge of coming down and, instead of the threadbare cutaway, a poisonous-tinted oversized Prince Albert — in short, the same wistful determination to appear elegant.

Savo's pantomime and actions are along the Chaplin lines, but are broader, less subtle. Where he splits emphatically away is in the philosophical content of the character he projects. Charlot is the down-at-the-heel aristocrat, rascally but endearing, going through many troubles but nearly always, through his own dexterity and wit, emerging triumphant. Savo, on the contrary, is the born victim, hapless, blundering Humanity, masquerading in tatters of splendor, hoping with all his little heart that he is fooling you into a belief in

Continued in center of page 182

Glimpse List

Glimpse List

MUSTS

Accent on Youth. Even with many alterations in the cast, this comedy of why older men should lay off the young gals is good summer fare.

Anything Goes. What with Victor Moore and Gaxton, plus those Cole Porter songs, this is the grandest musical in decades.

Awake and Sing. Proletarian propaganda in a fine dramatic comedy.

Ceiling Zero. Good aviation melodrama, plus hay-hay.

Kind Lady. Grace George, Henry Daniell and others in a tip-top hair-raiser.

Personal Appearance. Another George —Gladys—just as good in another way—and what a way!

The Children's Hour. Most remarkable play of the year. Stirring tragedy about Lesbians.

The Old Maid. Pulitzer Prize selection.

Three Men on a Horse. Straight, place and show money for this whinny-laden racing farce.

Tobacco Road. How many years is it now for this hit about po' white wretches in Georgia?

Waiting for Lefty. Taxi-strike dramatically treated.

TAKE-A-CHANCE

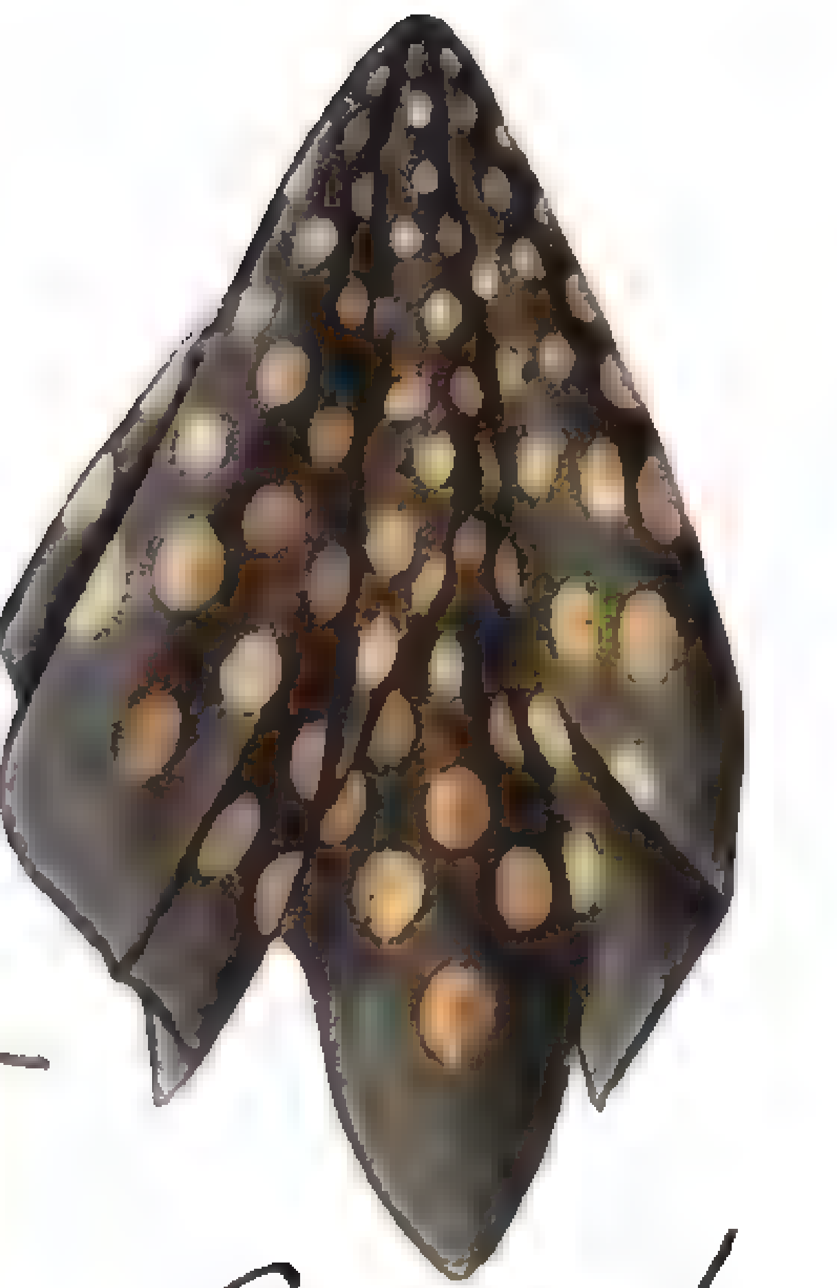
Fly Away Home. Moderate fun about an old-fashioned father with ultra-modern kids.

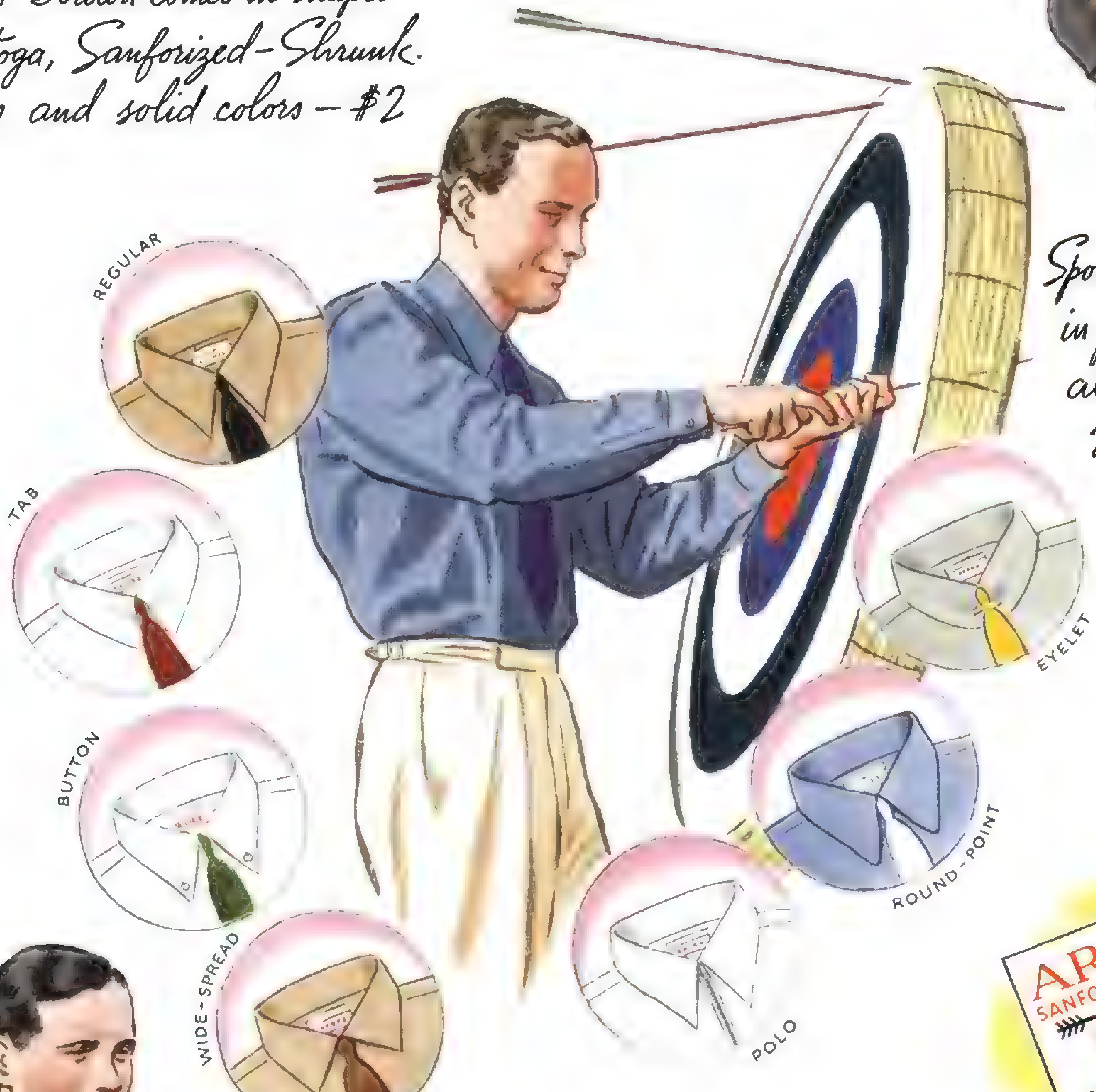
Parade. Jimmy Savo a riot in the Guild's otherwise puerile revue.

Sketch Book—Earl Carroll's. If you care deeply for lovely bodies, if you don't demand much comedy—your dish.

Something Gay. The one Tallulah Bankhead in a bushel of mediocrity.

Seven smart collar styles on America's smartest oxford—Arrow Gordon. The famous Gordon comes in shaped-to-fit Mitoga, Sanforized-Shrunk. In whites and solid colors—$2





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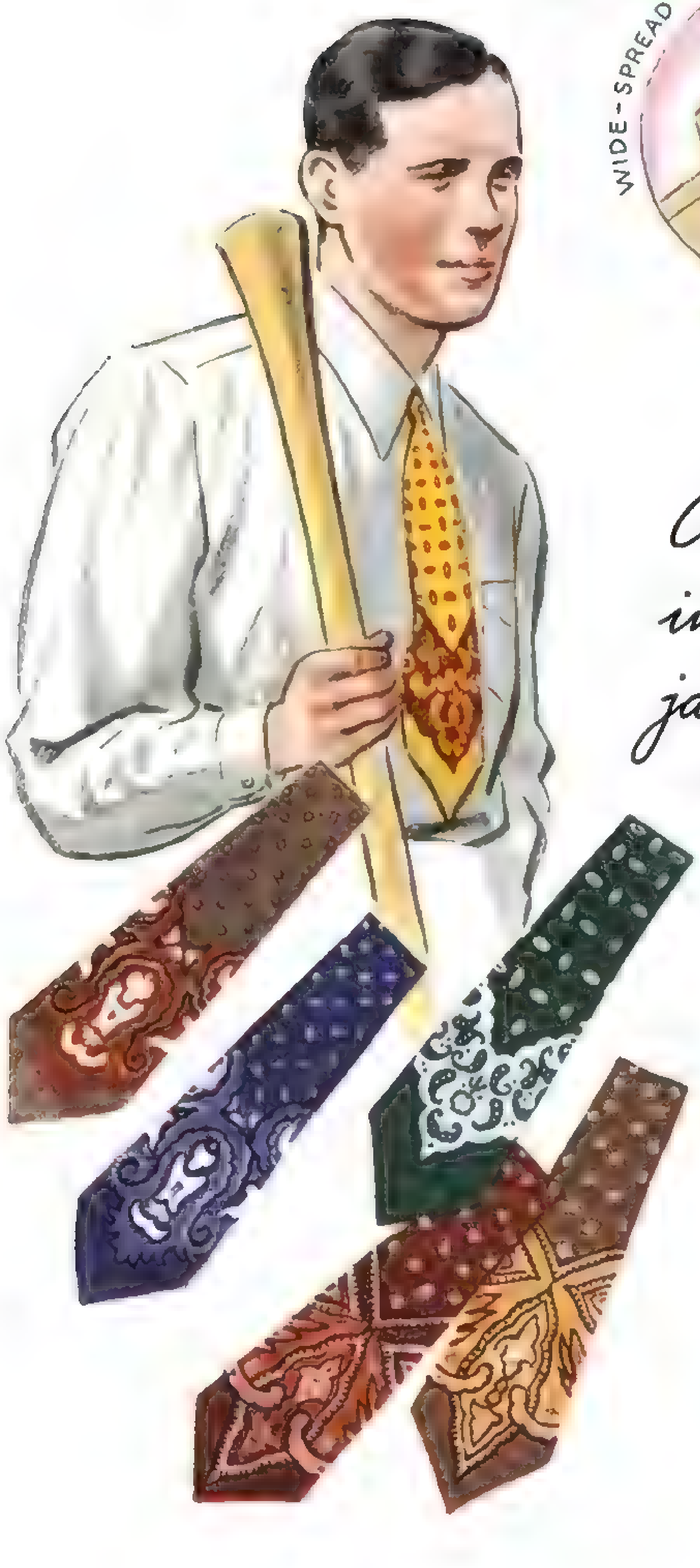

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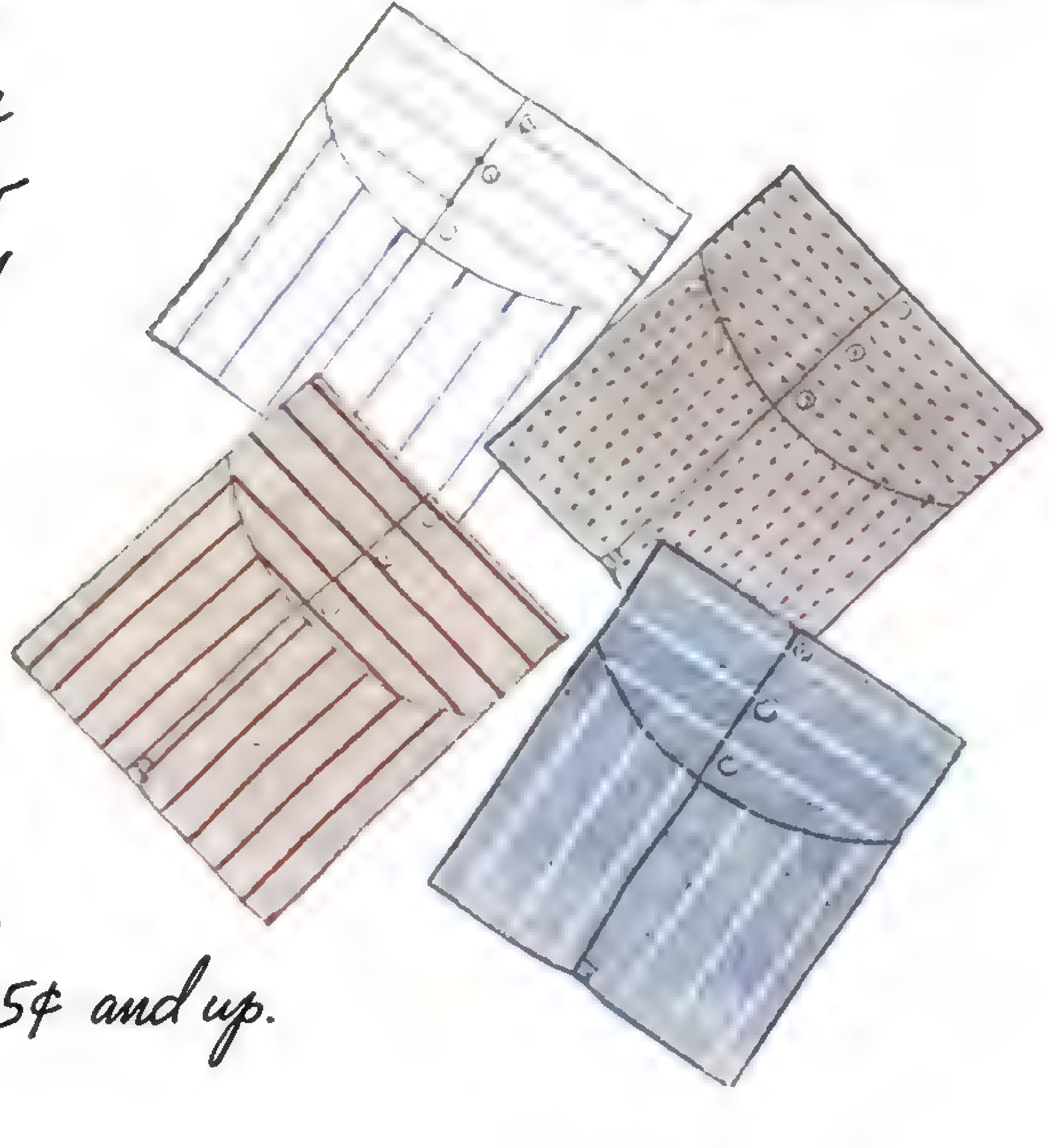

Comfort in four smart styles! Arrow Shorts with Seamless Crotch. No seam in the middle to chafe. Sanforized-Shrunk. 65¢ and up.

Thar' She Blows

Continued from page 105

thick forefinger and out of the fullness of his heart he paid a glowing tribute to the departed.

James Grossett, he declared, was a gallant seaman, a loyal friend, a noble gentleman and a loving husband and father. In him resided every virtue.

Plainly the "old man" was sincerely moved for he stumbled over his words, his lashes were wet. In sympathy more than one rough palm rubbed a tear away, somebody trumpeted noisily into a bandanna handkerchief.

Biswell, it seemed, proposed to give his former first mate and lifelong friend all there was in the Book for he turned a page and read the sonorous passages of a Psalm. Although the ship was dirty and stank of a thousand rancid odors, to these uncovered men it now became a chapel filled with flowers and the spirit of God was in it. More solemn, more holy even was the realization that the Captain's heart was bared and that they stood in the presence of a great love and a consuming grief.

" 'Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me.'" There was deep religious fervor in the skipper's voice: his sincerity was impressive. Plainly his soul was wrung. " 'In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have—' "

Suddenly the still night was shattered by an interruption: from the crow's nest came a stentorian cry,

"*Thar' she blows!*"

There was a start, a nervous stir among the crew: every slack muscle tightened, every bared head lifted.

Captain Biswell clutched his book tighter, his eyes rolled, the color fled from his ruddy cheeks. He cleared his throat and again raised his voice, this time speaking a bit more rapidly.

" '—if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place—' "

Again from the cross-trees came that electrifying shout,

"*Thar' she blows!*"

Good Heavens! Two whales! In a glassy calm! Men clenched their hands, they twisted their necks until they snapped, they rose on tip-toe and jostled each other, but in a shaking voice, the voice of a sick man, Biswell ran on with the service. His face was purple, the cords in his neck had swollen. He went at a gallop.

" '—and if I go and prepare a place for you, I will—' "

"THAR' SHE BLOWS, AGAIN! Three points off the stabbord bow!"

With an epileptic jerk the skipper's arm tossed the Book of Prayer on high, from his throat exploded a savage roar.

"Hell's bells!" he bellowed. "Throw that bastard overboard and MAN THE BOATS!" #

Manhattan Madness

Continued from page 55

John Jones, in Squak Hollow, Indiana, is a man, an individual, a person. Everyone knows he makes eighteen dollars a week. Everyone knows he did not graduate from public school. Everyone knows he is more honest than Robert Kidd, the town bum, and everyone knows that he will never sit at table with L. Mortimer Jepson, the town squire. John Jones hates his inferior position.

He longs to escape actually from his hopelessly uninteresting life. John Jones does not possess what it takes to make a success in Squak Hollow, Indiana. Like the mangy beggars of Benares he is caught in a seemingly hopeless web of preordained destiny. But the human spirit is unquenchable in its hope. The beggar dreams of becoming a Yogi. John Jones dreams of becoming a New Yorker.

Far away the mythical and brightly lit New York beckons him as a magical symbol of escape, a magical symbol of self-realization through identification. In New York no one will know John Jones. In Squak Center Jones lives on Longfellow Road. In New York he will live at 335 East 76th Street on the fifth floor, and he will never know his neighbors, nor will they ever know him.

He will become a number, an undifferentiated grain of sand in a tremendous whirlwind of millions and millions of other equally undifferentiated grains of sand. In New York he will be safe from criticism, safe from the comparing eyes of his contemporaries, safe from unpleasant responsibilities that attend individualism and personality. He will merge with the "big time town" in a mythical fusion which resembles a religious apotheosis.

Presently John Jones will become part of New York, the biggest and the best, the metropolis of the world. He will begin to talk in millions. Everything in New York is in millions. Millionaires on Park Avenue, millions of mazdas on Broadway, millions of undifferentiated rooms in undifferentiated brownstone houses, millions of undifferentiated human "numbers" that vegetate in them, millions of newspaper circulation, millions of thrills, millions of graft, millions of Relief dollars, millions, millions, millions. . . .

John Jones will walk down Broadway at night and be jostled and pushed by other New Yorkers. He will draw a deep breath. He will be part of New York, part of the "big time," a "big city guy," himself a "big timer." John Jones will quickly become a New Yorker, lose his personality, get whirled along in the rush and tumult of the city, become a number . . . one of the millions of numbers. He will be squeezed with other sweating human ants in the subways, he will rush with other millions to the cafeterias for his food, he will share his opinions with the millions who read the tabloids, and thrill with the millions to the machine-made marvels of the movies. But in what is left of his heart there will be a feeling of satisfaction and success. He will have succeeded in identifying himself with New York, the biggest, the best, the fastest, the maddest, the brightest, the unhappiest city in the world.

Each year millions of men and women come to New York hypnotized by the bigness that spells a symbolic release from the torture of littleness and from the petty obligations of unimportant differentiatedness in the "sticks." Some come, see, and run back home, broken and disillusioned. Some stay, and become nameless numbers. A very few "crash" the town, burn with a bright flame, are taken into the hearts of New Yorkers, experience the thrill of momentary fame, and are ruthlessly forgotten, while New York hungrily searches for new thrills, new sensations, new numbers. Sooner or later the New York complex gets them. Then they get the New York jitters—the Manhattan madness.

The New York jitters are part of the complex. New York is no longer a city. It is a symbol, a symptom of an aggressive compensation for a griping sense of inferiority and worthlessness. From the New York jitters there is no escape. The syndrome permeates and suffuses every corpuscle of the microcosm just as it interpenetrates the macrocosm.

The immediate medium of this intoxication is Time. When a man has an inferiority complex, and still retains the hope of resolving it, he hurries to accomplish his purpose. Time is his greatest enemy. His use of time stamps him as a neurotic. He fears life, because life is so short. He fears death, because death is the end of time. He speeds, he rushes, he "burns up the road." The relentless enemy Time is forever at his heels. At any moment Time may overtake him and pin him down in his inferiority. And so it is with New York, for New York is the manifestation of an enormous inferiority complex whose most characteristic symptoms are speed and jitters. Speed and jitters are the neurotic releases of the pent-up desire to get there first.

Consider time in New York. New Yorkers are always in a hurry. They rush into the subway and they rush out again. They take uncomfortably crowded express trains to gain two minutes of time. New Yorkers have no more use for the time they gain than a kangaroo has for an umbrella. Saving the two minutes is part of the ritual, part of the religion of being a New Yorker. They are forever trying to beat the traffic lights. They risk life and limb to cross a thoroughfare "against the lights" in order to reach the other side of the street ten seconds faster. Everything is double time. Lunches are gulped at soda fountains and lunch counters. No true New Yorker will ride up an escalator—he must gain a few seconds by walking or running up the moving stairs.

Most of the noise heard in New York is caused by impatient motorists who want to get nowhere a minute sooner. Taxicab drivers get nervous breakdowns because their fares want them to accomplish the impossible in speed. New speed highways and speed tunnels are being planned. Wall Street brokers fly to business from Long

Continued on page 160

LS HIS STORY
Kidnaping Case

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Manhattan Madness

Continued from pages 55-158

Island. Ambulances and fire engines careen through the streets at insane speed. Even funerals move at thirty-five miles an hour! New Yorkers must even die and be buried in a hurry! It's part of the game.

There are more time-saving devices in New York than in any other city in the world—but no one ever has any time. The bucolic yokel in Connecticut reckons time by the sun and the seasons—the New Yorker measures time with a stop watch. Here the split seconds count.

Yet curiously enough Time is killed more often in New York than anywhere else in the world. What matter? If New Yorkers knew they killed more time than any other human beings on the face of the globe, they would be proud of it!

The desire to be first is a natural consequence of the time complex in New York. Men pay premiums for seats at "first night" performances at the theatre when it would surely be more sensible to allow the poor critics to be exposed to the first performance and let them suffer the consequences of their professional curiosity! New Yorkers do not care whether the show is good or bad. It's smart to be a first-nighter! The apogee of success in New York is to tell a new story. Anything to be first. To test the speed of this mania for first I once concocted a new story about Mae West. I told it casually to an architect on Monday morning. On the following Saturday I heard it from the elevator boy at a luncheon club. There was no possible connection between the two, except the hungry desire of New York to get in on something new, a "first."

Another manifestation of the New York jitters is to be found in the speech of the average New Yorker. It is a well-known psychological fact that the dynamic power of religion lies in the constant repetition of dogmatic *clichés* and in the stereotyped compulsion to perform symbolic ritual acts. Thus the Mohammedan who repeats "Allah is Allah and there is no God but Allah!" and concretizes his faith in the six daily genuflections to Mecca constantly strengthens and expresses his religious attachment to his faith.

Likewise the orthodox Jew with his traditional cry, "Shmai Yisroel. . . . Hear, O Israel!" and the Catholic with his credo and communion renew themselves at the dynamic fonts of their religious beliefs.

It is not only in religion that we find dogma and ritual. Every neurotic has a private religion in which the repetition of dogma and the performance of ritual are not missing.

The victim of the New York jitters has his verbal *clichés* which are as holy to him as the doxology is to a hard-shelled Baptist, even though, because of the nature of the New York complex, the credos and rites are not permanent. The typical New Yorker performs certain ritual acts which stamp him as a New Yorker as unequivocally as his tonsure betrays the Dominican friar. It is in the symbolic repetition of these typically New York dogmas and rituals that the victim of the New York jitters renews his identification with the city which spells his psychological salvation.

Take for example the lust for superlatives which chronically affects every true New Yorker. His favorite words are "biggest," "best," "fastest," "brightest." Your easy-going St. Louisan will say, "It's rather warm this afternoon." A New Yorker, on the same sultry afternoon, will express himself more forcibly with "This is the goddamdest hottest day I ever saw!" Listen to the audience between the acts of a play in San Francisco, Chicago, Boston, or Washington. "Good acting!," "Fine performance!," "Rather Weak!" you will hear. In New York it is, "Marvelous! Stupendous! Superb! A wow! Stinking! Foul!" and the like. The doxology of a true New Yorker begins with "Swell!" and ends with "Lousy!"

The typical panic of the neurotic seizes the New Yorker when he is not "in" on the latest gossip, the latest story, the latest murder, the latest piece of psychopathic sexual perversion. Therefore he supports columnists and newspapers that pander to his phobia of not being in on the kill and pays fantastic sums to the purveyors of such information.

The inimitable Walter Winchell understands the psychology of New York and the New Yorker's jitters better than the whole psycholology department at Columbia University, and is paid for it accordingly. Alexander Woolcott understands the New York jitters—in the upper brackets. And there are many others who capitalize, in their own fashion, on their ability to satisfy the unconscious cravings of the New Yorker.

If you have ever lived in New York for any time you will have noticed that one symptom of the New York complex is the desire of all New Yorkers to be at the same place at the same time, to do the same thing at the same time, to say the same thing at the same time that all the other New Yorkers are saying or doing it. Someone coins the phrase, "Too, too divine!" and immediately you will hear it at Bergdorf-Goodman where Madame J. Titus Vandeventer is admiring an ermine wrap. The next day Mamie Goldberg will gasp "Too, too divine!" over a $2.98 dress at Klein's on Union Square. Joe Penner explodes "You nasty man!" over the radio at 9 P.M. on Sunday and on Monday at 9 A.M. a million imitators will be saying it on any and every occasion.

One year it was Greenwich Village, the next it was Harlem. One year it was speakeasies, and now it is snack bars! Someone eats flapjacks at 4 A.M. in Childs, and presently all New York rushes to Childs in white tie and tails, in silks and ermine. It does not matter whether you are a socialite, an intellectual, or a bum. The New York complex gets you coming and going. If your are a socialite you are compelled to live on the East Side, whereas if you are an intellectual you are likewise compelled, in New York, to talk about the class struggle in literature.

Even the New York bum is under compulsion to live in a galvanized iron chateau in Hooverville-on-Hudson. Whatever your class, station, or I. Q.—sooner or later the New York complex reaches you, claps a ritual and a dogma on your luckless head—and you are compelled to obey! And woe to the hapless New Yorker who remains heterodox. No jealous Jehovah ever punished his chosen people so savagely as the New Yorkers will punish those who transgress the New Yorker's ritualistic "must!"

The psychology of that "must" is the psychology of the New York complex. The New Yorker who does not read the book, see the play, cheer the prizefight, visit the night club, listen to the radio program, read the column that is the current "must" becomes hopelessly branded as a provincial yokel. Not to obey the "must" excommunicates him as surely as eating pork excommunicates an orthodox Jew. The New York complex brooks no heterodoxy. You must live on Park Avenue to be fashionable, you must come late to your box at the Opera, you must subscribe to the Philharmonic Orchestra concerts, you must go to the hockey matches, you must play bridge, or give up your right to the usufructs of being a New Yorker.

Some day a great historian of the American people will devote a twelve volume treatise to the psychology of the New York complex. He will describe the New York jitters more extensively than I can ever hope to do within the limitations of this article. He will treat in detail the flocking of New Yorkers to the same resorts and to the same hot dog stands; he will tell of the cult of the tabloids, the readers' digests, the cafeterias, the "cartoons-only" movies. He will explain why all Jewish women whose husbands make ten thousand dollars a year wear black caracul coats and silver fox scarfs, why Abie's Irish Rose was sold out for years, why Mr. Rockefeller built his Center when half the existing skyscrapers in New York were empty. He will explain why New Yorkers chew more gum, smoke more cigarettes, take more aspirin than any other eight million people in the world. He will make exegetic notes on the annual hegira of millions of Americans to the mad Mecca of Manhattan where they know they will get less for their money than anywhere else in the world. He will explain the snobbery of the New Yorker and his insomnia, his tireless battle with Time and his besetting fear of individuation. He will describe the thousand and one symptoms of the New York jitters and clarify our understanding of the New Yorker's masochistic joy in being gypped, jolted, shoved, squeezed, crowded, shifted, gassed, cursed, murdered and maddened—in Manhattan.

But when the twelve volume treatise is completed it will boil down to this: in a country that is young and ambitious there are millions of unhappy souls obsessed with a sense of personal inferiority. Inferiority and littleness are intolerable. Out of the vast and amorphous national inferiority complex there arise hopes and wishes for bigness, success, security.

These hopes and wishes converge and become confluent in New York, which symbolizes the concrete realization of the wish to be big. Being a New Yorker is the technique of identification with the symbol of bigness, the totem of power. The price of this identification is—Manhattan madness! ⧺

Six Men and a Boy

Continued from page 33

sent over leased wires, a national hook up at nine o'clock to be shot in the air from local broadcasting station was trapped somewhere in the Idaho hills where the wires were dead. And the little fox caught in the trap the day before, he too was dead.

Hello! Hello! Just a minute please. In the telephone office the engineer's delicate instruments registered the position of the break. The break was about fifty-five miles out of Boise. In less than ten minutes six men were in a repair truck and out they sailed full speed ahead.

Bobby confident in his own plan to save himself had built a small fire in the middle of the road. This was to keep him warm and also to indicate the spot to the men. They arrived in less than two hours.

"Well. You're a pretty smart kid. Don't you know it's a criminal offence to cut wires?"

"Yes sir. I know it is. But there was nothing else I could do. You take me back to Boise with you and I'll work it off in hire."

"What went wrong with your car?"

"Wouldn't start."

While the foreman was engaged in this brief conversation two men climbed the pole and several others got busy untangling the wires and one by one they were pulled up and spliced together. Once they were on the spot it took no time at all.

Then they stood around the fire and warmed their hands. The boy brought out the fox and showed it to the men.

"He's froze pretty stiff," said one.

The boy explained that he had a string of traps along the hill and he helped support his old man and the others who were out of work. He was the youngest of six.

"That's all very well," said the foreman. "But what I want to know is where did you ever get the idea of cutting telephone wires."

"Well. I didn't know what to do. I worked over an hour and she wouldn't start. Then I thought I would have to stay here all night. And I was afraid I would freeze stiff like that fox. And I was leaning against the pole and I heard the hum of the wires. And I wasn't thinking of anything until suddenly I remembered that picture I once saw in a magazine. It was an advertisement for the telephone company and it showed a couple of men in a blizzard fixing the wires. And it told how the company, day and night keeps the service open as a duty to the public, and is ready for any emergency. I didn't want to do it but I knew if you got here and saw how I was stuck you would help me get out. I'd do the same for you. And I had no way of letting you know where I was except by cutting the wires."

"The kid is alright."

"Pretty smart," added another.

"Let's see your car," said the foreman.

The six of them started tampering with the old lizzie and for a moment it looked as though there would be nothing left but spare parts on the road but no—they evidently knew what they were about for in a very few minutes the motor coughed once or twice and then started off with a roar.

"All right kid. Go on home."

"Aren't you going to arrest me?"

"No, go on home."

"Now I know how that fox must have felt when he sprung the trap. And the chain was all twisted. I guess he must have tried everything to get out before he froze cold. A fellow must try everything before he gives up. He's a pretty nice one isn't he? I wish you would take him along with you. It's a nice pelt for a lady's neck." He offered it to the foreman. "You had better take it because I would like to give you something and I haven't anything else to give you. Here."

The boy insisted and finally the foreman accepted the fox. They saw him start on his way and they followed him down the road in their truck until they came to the place where they had to turn off. They tooted the horn and the boy tooted back.

It was pretty late when he got back home.

His eldest brother greeted him with: "Where the devil were you all this time? Ma was getting worried."

"Out on my traps."

"Catch anything?"

"No." #

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HOLLOWAY'S *Dry Gin*

The Candid Cameraman

Continued from page 153

a trembling amateur who wants to pay them some money and rent a film. However, some hardy and persistent amateur buyers have managed, during the last year, to press enough fifty dollar bills upon their distributors to get across the idea that there may be some profit in renting people the pictures they want to see.

Wesley Greene, director of the foreign talking film programs at the International House of the University of Chicago, has established good contacts with a number of distributing houses, and through the success of the programs at the University of Chicago, has passed on requests for film bookings from several mid-western schools and colleges. Such films as *A nous la Liberté, The Road to Life, Waltz Time in Vienna, The Blue Light, Poil de Carotte, Man of Aran* and *Chapaev* have come into demand, in a small, but nevertheless substantial way, and the University of Chicago has finally decided to establish a liaison bureau, around Mr. Greene, which will aid other cinema clubs in making contacts with film exchanges, and securing bookings of pictures of this type.

The difficulty in securing such bookings is that the rights to the pictures are scattered among several small companies, some of which don't even trouble to answer enquiries from the sticks—which means anywhere outside of Manhattan. But among the better known exchanges for out-of-the-ordinary films are Harold Auten, Amkino, Garrison, Ufa.

Now it must not be assumed that every foreign film is a good film. There are some terrific dud imitations of Hollywood, emanating especially from Sweden; Mr. Greene of the University of Chicago has undertaken to prepare a list of some seventy pictures in this field which are meritorious. This list, and further advice on booking particular pictures, may be obtained from him free of charge. People are in the habit of cocking an eye at anything that is free, but it so happens that the University of Chicago has the culture of the world at heart, and offers this service because there seems to be no other centralizing agency for the booking of this type of film.

If you are interested in organizing a cinema club in your community, get together a half dozen other brave souls, and form a committee, or a couple of committees. The top committee should be encumbered with the selection of a program of pictures: say one a month. Other committees can aid in spreading your mania, until you have a sufficient audience. One club, in Toronto, is going out for five hundred members at five dollars a year. But I think two hundred members could swing such a program nicely. The films you want, unless recently released by a big British or American producer, will rent for from twenty-five to fifty dollars. Other expenses may run the showing up to one hundred dollars.

It can hardly be said that a growth of cinema clubs would have a detrimental effect on the business of local motion picture theatres. First, there are only about a dozen good pictures a year to be shown in this way. Secondly, many of the people who attend such showings are stay-aways from ordinary movies. Thirdly, the local house could run the shows for the club, and make an ordinary profit. Otherwise, cinema clubs can hold forth in school auditoriums, or with rented projectors in private homes. In this connection, it is interesting to notice that duplicates of many fine films, such as *Road to Life*, are being made on narrow film stock, and are available for use in small projectors. The growth of a cinema club movement might stimulate this branch of the industry, too.

I will be glad to help along, in any way I can, readers who want to form such clubs.

* * *

GOLD DIGGER OF 1812

And now for the epochal *Becky Sharp*. As a full-length introduction of Technicolor, the film is a complete success. I am one of the many who can brag at having remarked that color had crossed the border a year ago when *La Cucaracha* appeared. Like that celebrated short, *Becky Sharp* is designed by Robert Edmond Jones, and is automatically a work of inspiration and intelligence from the colorist's point of view. The selection of period and subject was perfect in that it gave the colorist full opportunity to pull out all the stops on the organ. As an afterthought, one feels that the film went a little too far in this direction, offering a continuous series of virtuoso passages and brilliant runs. It is as if one had watched a new and marvellous instrument being put through its paces, with no trick omitted.

But that is an afterthought. The film in itself is engrossing, and Miriam Hopkins, as Becky Sharp, turns in her finest performance, and one of the few remarkable characterizations of women in screen history. The one deficiency, it seemed to me, was in the continuity. Handled as a character sketch, in which the sharp-tongued, calculating beauty ensnares and swindles one man after another, the photoplay has an episodic nature. It should come to a climax soon after the Waterloo scene, instead, it breaks down into a series of sequences in which the idea of the play becomes blurred. Until then, the nature of the picture has been an exposé of this type of woman; this was Thackeray's point; but when she is unmasked before her husband, and deserted by him, when she slides to life in a cheap rooming house, there seems a doubt as to whether she deserves our sympathy, or is getting her just deserts, and when she ends up triumphantly starting out on a new adventure, hooting at her pious friends, there is a dubious and divided sympathy. The novelist took time enough to make his estimate of Becky fully clear; the picture ends on an abrupt and confused note. The essential difficulty is the same as that which I pointed out last month in my review of *The Scoundrel* and *The Informer*. Becky is both heroine and villainess; we can't help sympathizing with her as long as her behavior seems compelled by the circumstances of her environment, but in the last sequence there is something raw and awkwardly wicked. The play goes from satire to burlesque.

All in all, no recent picture shows so clearly the marks of fine intelligence in direction, production, lighting, acting. There are some boisterously sophisticated touches: as when Becky is introduced to the little negro page whom Joseph Sedley has brought back from Africa. "Your son?" she asks. The timing for the laugh is perfect. Again, when her husband tears the string of pearls which the Marquis of Steyne has given her from her throat, letting them scatter about the room, and strides out, leaving her collapsed on her knees. It is obvious to the audience that, in the midst of her tragic sobbing, Becky will begin to grope for the pearls. The film is cut at this point, in the certainty that the characterization has been so strongly built up that the audience knows what she will do.

In color, Jones adopted a powder blue, gold, and scarlet base. The blue, paled, was often used as a neutral background, appeared again and again in the dresses of women, and in the trousers of Britain's redcoats. English blondes throng the scenes; gold and scarlet again in the uniforms of the officers. The ballroom scene on the eve of Waterloo is truly magnificent, with a brief, luxurious waltz in which a cool green gown spins exquisitely through the pattern of brilliant colors. The billowing scarlet cloaks of the officers riding off to war, matched against the dull red patches of street lamps, are memorable. Again, a huge glistening dark blue vase, posed at the head of a stairway, holds the eye as the menacing symbol of the moment, as Becky sees her husband off to war.

The drama of the ball-before-Waterloo is cleverly presented, and infinitely superior to the same scene as depicted in George Arliss' *Wellington.* In *Becky Sharp*, there is a gradual spreading of uneasiness as a distant rumbling, that might be guns, or thunder, is heard. "It's thunder," the revellers are reassured, and the orchestra cuts in sharp, loud, while the dance is resumed with a sudden mad zest. It goes louder, faster, grows furious, and bangs straight into the rattle of gunfire.

My only criticism would be that the entire picture is keyed at too high, loud, glaring a note. The dialogue is often shouted, the make-up is hard, brilliant. While this is essentially the right tone for *Becky Sharp*, a few pastoral notes would have been a relief.

But most startling and arresting was the realization that the use of color really gives motion pictures a three-dimensional effect. This effect of depth struck me at once, in the early scenes, in some parts of the picture it was not noticeable, but again in the ballroom scene and in the scenes immediately following, there was the startling feeling of actually looking into arranged reality. It is of course well known to painters that color is highly important in the suggestion of form, and the discovery of the third dimension was not accidental to the makers of *Becky Sharp*. They were looking for it.

It is to be hoped that future pictures will retain the high standard set by *Becky Sharp*. So far, Technicolor has been in the best hands; Robert Edmond Jones can't design all the pictures that will follow, but I fervently pray that every picture will have a designer who has some claim to the trade, and that meddlers and color-sloppers will be kept out of the business. #

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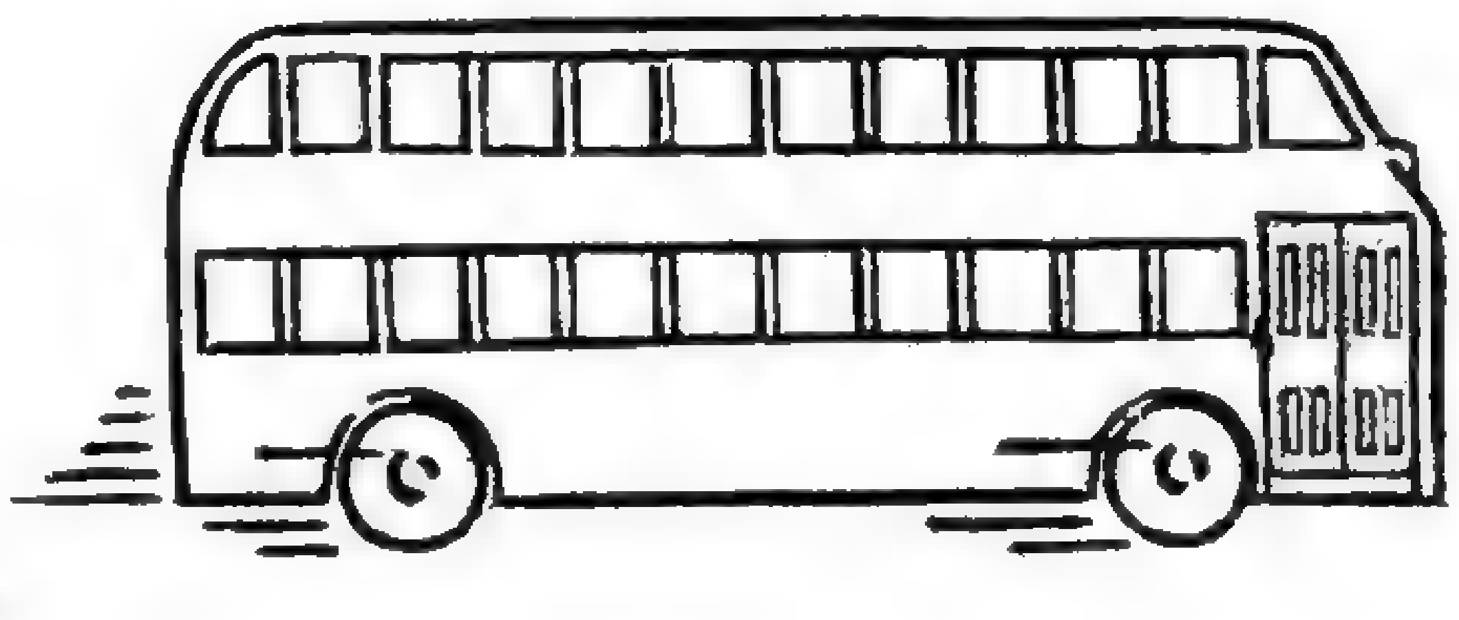

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Porridge on the Floor

Continued from page 26

taking your meals off the floor in a first-class restaurant. Either they would think you a lunatic and send for a doctor or they would call the head waiter and ask him to have the police remove you as a public nuisance."

* * *

That was how the bet was made. Both men had dined more well than wisely, and the argument became more heated as it proceeded. With an inward chuckle the Judge realized that the point at issue was both social and international . . . on one side a conflict between the ideas of the Philadelphian bourgeoisie, on the other, the almost contemptuous self-assurance of an aristocrat accustomed from birth to the thought that "The King can do no wrong." In addition, the "best" American standards of conduct and personal dignity as opposed to the curious strain of frivolity which often characterizes the English. Exactly, he reflected, the difference between Emerson and Lewis Carroll.

* * *

The Restaurant Beauvin, known to initiates as Beauvin's, has the ingenious notion of having patrons enter by a narrow winding staircase, from which they emerge into an ante-room embellished by period furniture and colored French engravings. There is also a menu of dinner served in its famous prototype, the Beauvin Restaurant in Paris, on the hundredth day of the siege by the Prussians in 1870. The menu contains such delicacies as kangaroo cutlets, bear steak and *fricassée de chat et de rat.*

The ante-chamber opens into a large square room tastefully festooned with flowers and verdure hanging from the windows, in each of which there are song birds in cages whose tuneful notes rise clear above the subdued hum of conversation. The patrons and personnel are too well bred and well trained for any clatter of silver and plates. There is no music.

At eight-thirty one evening a tall young man handed his dress hat, scarf and silk-lined overcoat to an attendant and stood a moment under the arch between the ante-room and restaurant. He was an elegant figure in faultless evening clothes. All of the tables *en banquette* around the walls after the French fashion were occupied, for the Beauvin clientèle comes to eat and drink rather than to snatch a hasty meal before the theatre. In the middle of the room, however, a few inveterate play-goers had already deserted the less favored tables allotted to such as they, or to late-comers who had not had the foresight to reserve a table next the wall.

Lord Ashover surveyed the scene as if in search of friends. He saw his cousin and Judge Carter in a corner with two young and beautiful companions but made no sign of recognition. It was understood that they should take no part save as spectators in the performance to follow.

Past one of the tables on the left came a magnificent white Borzoi stepping more delicately than Agag. Indifferent, he neither paused nor wavered when one of the women guests held out a piece of meat towards him, but as he thrust his long sharp nose into Ashover's hand with friendly confidence, the young man felt that the hound's jaws were dripping.

"Getting on toward your dinner time, old fellow," he murmured, scratching the narrow head behind the ears. "Not always easy to resist temptation, but you did it well."

The dog drooped his feathery tail and yawned, flashing strong white teeth.

* * *

Legend reports that the *mâitre d'hôtel* at Beauvin's is a Russian nobleman. He is indeed more dignified than any Grand Duke with his tall portly figure and short white mutton-chop whiskers. Actually he was a head waiter at the Restaurant Donon, the once peerless resort of Petersburg's *beau monde.*

"Monsieur will dine?" he said to the Englishman, "or does he await friends?"

"What a splendid dog!" replied Eustace. "Was he bred here or imported? Do you show him? I should think he was almost in show condition now."

He ran his hand over the slim back that was level with his hip.

The other's eye warmed. "His great-grandsire was the pick of the Imperial kennels," he said. "I brought him with me to America when I escaped from Petrograd in 1918. They are all champions. Koshchei here has already two ribbons as best of all classes in the biggest American shows."

The name stirred old memories of a fairy tale read aloud by a governess in the shade of the cedars at Ashover Park. "Koshchei the Deathless, isn't that it?" murmured Eustace. "The giant whose Death was hidden?"

The Russian smiled. "Yes, that was it. . . . Koshchei Bezsmertny. It is one of our oldest legends."

"Didn't they find his Death hidden in an egg inside a little duck, and when the hero crushed the egg the giant died?"

"Yes, he found it at last after many false trials and crushed it in the nick of time. . . . Does Monsieur wait for friends?"

Eustace stood up straight. 'No," he said nonchalantly, "I shall dine alone, but the first time in a strange restaurant I make a rule never to sit at a table. I should like a bowl of porridge served here on the floor, if it will not take too long to prepare."

The *mâitre d'hôtel* inclined his head. He had received far more eccentric and less seemly orders at Donon's in the long white nights of summer.

"Fortunately," he replied, "Mr. Lapwing, one of our oldest clients, who always begins his dinner with oatmeal, as porridge is termed in this country, has just sent a message to say that he is indisposed. There will, therefore, be no delay, and you shall be served immediately. I shall see to it myself."

As he passed through the ante-room towards the kitchen, the Borzoi followed him sniffing with uplifted nose. Eustace had been right . . . his dinner time was approaching.

The young man sauntered forward, took a chair away from one of the central tables, lit a cigarette and waited, smiling dreamily. He had won the first round.

The *mâitre d'hôtel* himself accompanied the waiter a minute or two later and directed him to lay the cover in the middle of the floor. The man removed the lid from the silver porridge bowl. With perfect composure Eustace sat down cross-legged and began his meal as if it was the most natural thing in the world to be eating off the floor. He did not look around him and his ear detected little change in the tempo of conversation. A girlish giggle or two, and doubtless older eyebrows raised in mild surprise, but nothing more.

Eustace glowed with triumph. After all he could teach that starchy cousin of his a thing or two about America and what it meant to do things in the right manner . . . the bet was as good as won.

But there was something his downcast eyes had missed. The great wolfhound, his hunger still unappeased, had come back from the ante-room and was standing just inside the restaurant with bristling hair and every muscle tense. In the dog's brain a furious conflict raged. Long months of patient training had taught him to weave a graceful course amongst the tables to greet his master's guests, but never to show interest in their food or accept anything they might offer him. Guests' food was served on tables . . . that was the lesson he had learned. It was dogs that took their dinner off the floor.

The wolfhound threw his head back and gave the short savage yelp that has echoed through Russian forests for centuries as the Borzoi closes with its quarry, then hurled himself like a white whirlwind at the unsuspecting man.

The hound's shoulder caught Eustace squarely in the chest and knocked him flat on the floor with a bang that made his head ring. Koshchei planted both feet on his chest and bayed exulting, then without changing position swung his long muzzle swiftly to the silver bowl and devoured what was left of the porridge.

After a moment of frozen silence there was a burst of uproar in the restaurant. The *mâitre d'hôtel* ran forward, white-faced and shouting orders in crackling Russian. The Borzoi raised his head towards his master as if in inquiry. The order was repeated. The dog's head bent, he licked the hand of the prostrate man, then walked slowly into the ante-room with his usual grace and ease.

Eustace sat up rubbing the back of his head and staring stupidly at the crowd of waiters and guests who had left their tables. It seemed to him that they were all talking at once, but he couldn't distinguish what they said.

At that moment Robert Winton did the bravest thing in his life, and justified his notion of *noblesse oblige.* He pushed his way through the throng and taking Ashover by the arm helped him to his feet.

"My dear cousin," he said distinctly, "I hope you have not been injured by this unfortunate *contretemps.* Perhaps a glass of champagne. . . . Allow me." He guided the bewildered youth to the table in the corner.

* * *

Fifteen minutes later the incident was closed and nothing save a heightened note in the tone of conversation gave any sign that it had happened. One point, however, remained to be settled: Had Eustace won his bet or not?

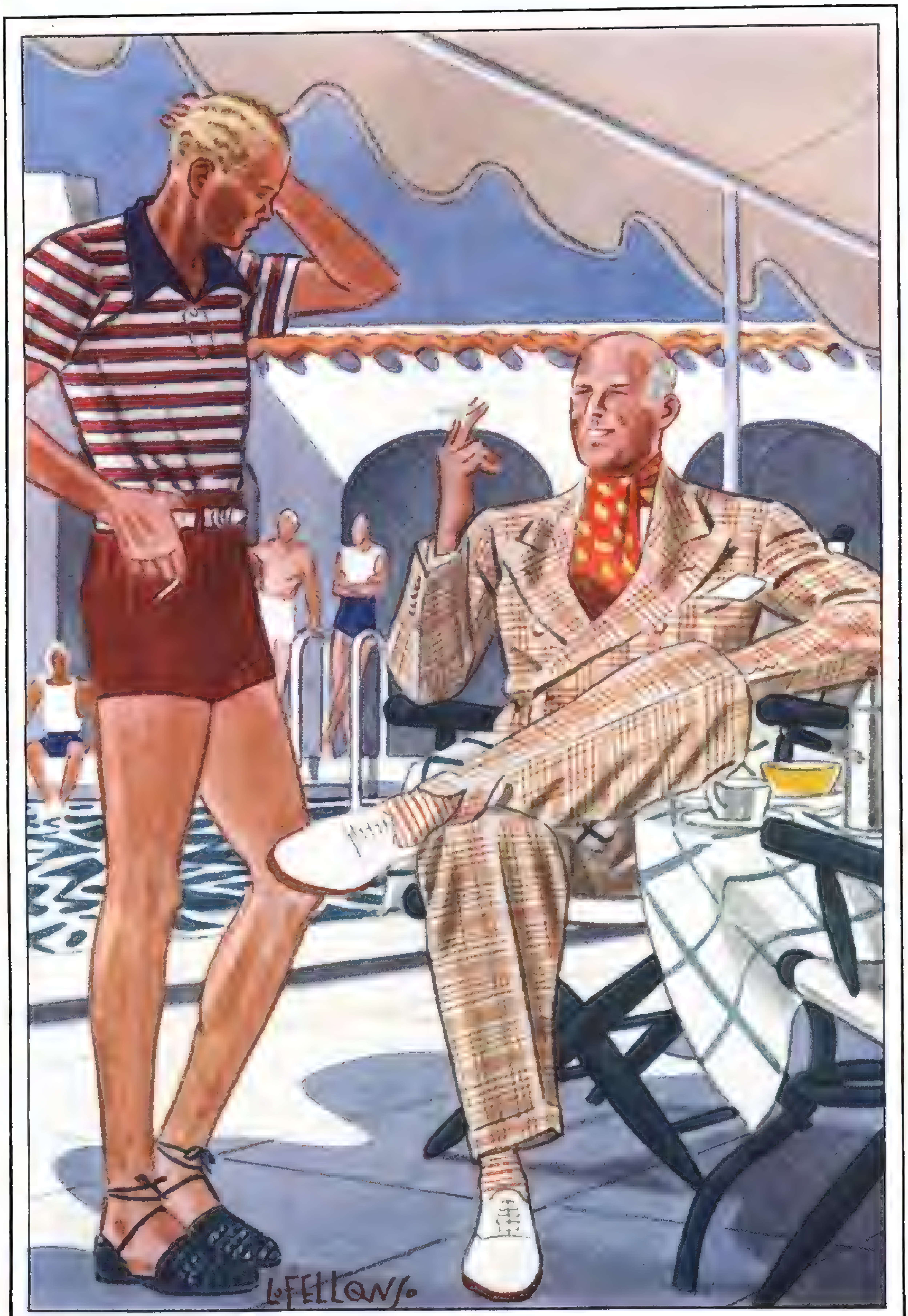
He declared that he had because its terms said "let, hindrance or interference by anyone," meaning any person; and a dog was not a person. Robert Winton rebutted that his cousin had failed to finish the porridge; therefore the bet was lost.

They appealed to Judge Carter for a decision.

The Judge paused a moment in thought, then said impressively. "It is not only the terms of the bet—the letter of the law, as one might say—but the spirit in which the bet was made and its underlying purpose that must be considered. That purpose was to determine by a somewhat unusual experiment the meaning of the word gentleman. I believe the Wynneton family claims thirteen generations of nobility, and a conflict has arisen between its senior and junior branches, which I am called upon to arbitrate.

"In this case, however, the matter has been taken from my hands by an aristocrat whose lineage reckons three times thirteen generations of nobility, or more than that. I refer to the Imperial wolfhound Koshchei. The bet was to settle whether it is the act of a gentleman to eat porridge on the floor. Koshchei made clear his opinion that 'it isn't done.' As I say, he is the ranking aristocrat.

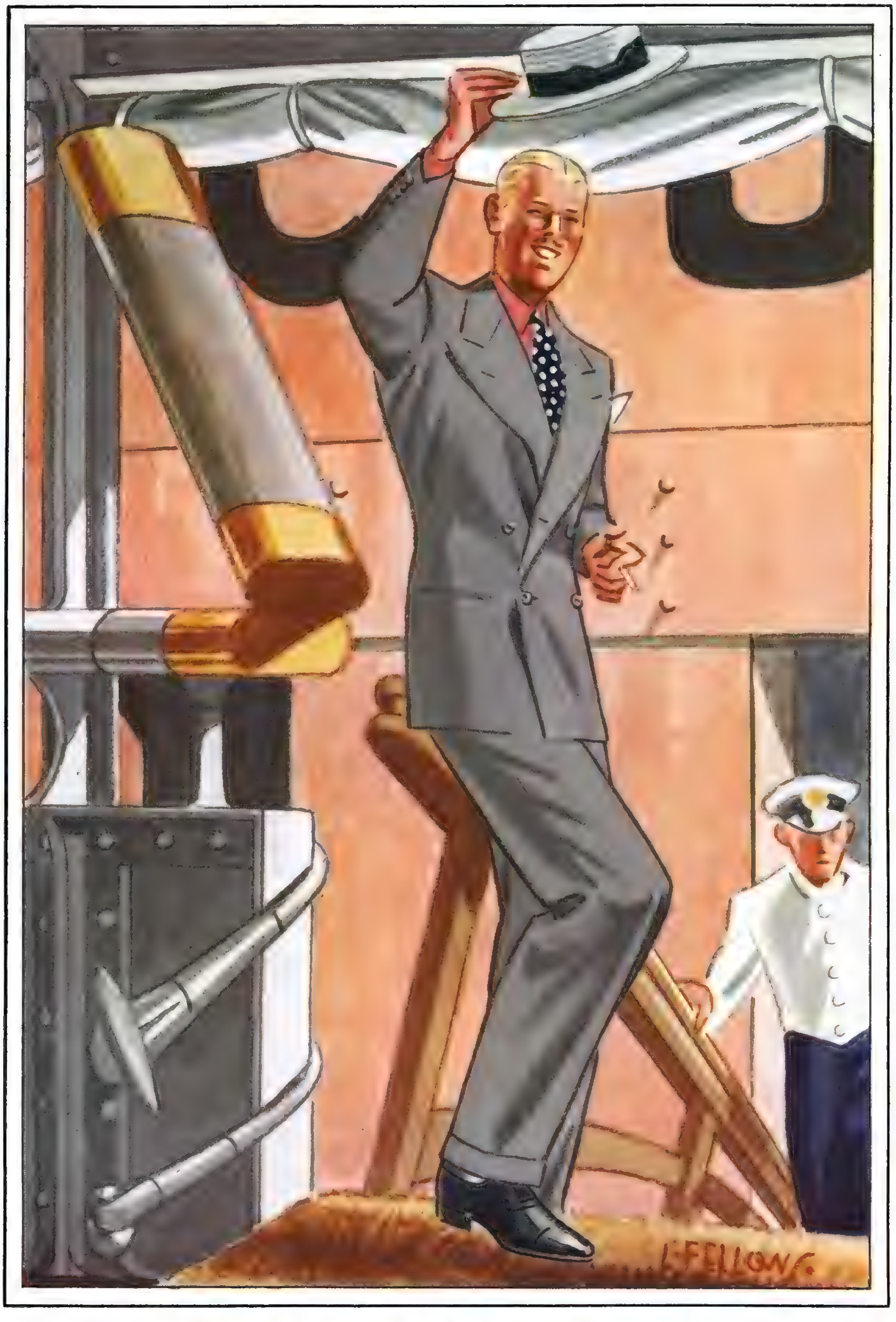
"According to the terms of the bet, Lord Ashover may reasonably claim to have won; according to Koshchei he lost. Since the two are incompatible, I declare the bet void." #



HOWDY AT THE BATH AND BREAKFAST CLUB

We know you're dying to find out how we get these marvelous captions. Sotch swank, especial. We just read the society columns, all about the Bath and Tennis Club and Breakers Beach and places like that. And then we devote the first few lines to general introductory remarks, to create human interest and to help fill the space, and then we describe the clothes like this: Red, white and blue fine lisle horizontal striped beach shirt with navy blue collar (as if you couldn't see), wine ribbed trunks and blue raffia sandals. Then we stifle a crack about the baldness of the man in the glen plaid double breasted seersucker suit, of which the jacket or trousers, as you know, combine very nicely with something else, and in the neck of which a red silk square foulard muffler with yellow paisley design obviates the necessity of collar and tie. The shoes are white buck, unlined. Our salary is enormous.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)



IT MAY LOOK PINK BUT IT'S REALLY RED

We mean, of course, the shirt, which is of very light weight batiste, with a tab collar to match. Oh, you want us to continue the success story from the previous page? How do we get these fashions? We have observers, trained almost from birth, who practically commute to England where they haunt the very best places and ignore all but the very best people, slyly keeping statistics on their cuffs, and when something happens, like a red shirt, they tell us about it, briefly and archly by cable, and then we make it sound convincing. Then there is laughter everywhere west of Pocatello. Then for a while nothing happens. Then, after the incident has had time to be forgotten, people in, say, Pocatello, buy new fashions and wonder why. The tie is black foulard with white polka dots. The suit is grey flannel. The hat band is black. The shoes are plain black calf. There is no news at all—except the red shirt.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

We Choose Our Future

Continued from page 20

grinds on, and pours out its grist of mass suffering. When 879,000 voters in the single state of California register their determination to suffer no more, we have reached a stage where some enterprising editor may decide that the time has come to let the people have the real facts.

Here they are: The capital goods industry is dead in America. Our plant is overproduced, and every manufacturer knows it is true in his own line, and insists that the increase in plant shall be made in some other fellow's line. That means that we have at least ten million workers in America who will never work again while the present system endures: and since they won't consent to starve, we have to feed them at public expense—which means that we will never again balance the budget in America, and the clamor of our Tories for this to happen is just so much baying at the moon. Our country is in the full tide of inflation, even while we insist that there must be no inflation; for ninety per cent of our business is carried on by means of credit, and we are piling up the public debt, and we have just as much chance of ever paying any of that money back as Germany had of paying the war debts. Of course you can sell your government bonds today—because nobody realizes the situation. But if you sell your bonds, what can you buy?

All the statistics you need on this matter can be given in one sentence. In the last five years in America production has fallen off one-third, and wages one-half, while interest payments have made a slight increase. That means that in relation to wages, interest has more than doubled in five years—which is a faster process than that of compound interest which I invited you to figure. America's burden of interest payments has become absolutely intolerable; and we don't help matters in the least by transferring a larger and larger share to the backs of all of us collectively—our government. All it means is that we are lending ourselves money to pay our debts with—exactly the thing we did in the case of Germany, with such conspicuous lack of success.

When the government lends money to banks, to railroads, to industrial corporations, taking their bonds and preferred stocks, the government is taking over industry, and assuming responsibility for keeping it in operation. It does not matter in the least whether you like this, and it doesn't matter what you call it, Socialism, Collectivism, or just a temporary emergency relief, a dole for business, so to speak. If you hate and fear it, you will call it the worst possible name, such as Sovietism; while if you have been advocating it all your life, like the present writer, you will find some nice name, such as the "New Deal," or "Production for Use." In either case it is something you can't back out of; because there is nowhere in the world a source of profit to enable private industry to pay those debts; and the public, which has been foreclosed so completely by the moneychangers in the last five years, will hardly consent to let the government cancel the debts which big business owes to the state.

There is only one alternative: what we have seen in Italy and Germany. Let big business subsidize a demagog, and seize the government, and put an end to the pretense of democracy, and reduce real wages, and crush labor unions, and allow business to go on collecting its tribute. But even that is temporary; for the government still has to feed the hungry a little, and give them some work; and that means the piling up of public debt; and a new crisis. The only possible ending then is Bolshevism—because you have destroyed the machinery of peaceful change, for the registering and carrying out of the people's will. Granted that Mussolini and Hitler can turn the children of their countries into perfect little military robots; that will only mean that the rest of the world will have to arm against them; and when they go to war, and get beaten, and the people have arms in their hands again—you saw it all in Russia, and you can see in as many more countries as it needs to convince you that competitive capitalism is a self-eliminating system.

Assuming that we wish to avoid these calamities, what do we do? We recognize that a system which leaves one in five of our population as economic outcasts has outlived its usefulness; we decide that the social treasure, the natural sources of wealth, and the instruments and means of producing and distributing it, are no longer to be thrown out into the arena to be scrambled for and seized by the greediest, but are to be recognized as the heritage of all, so that all may have the right to use them and share in the benefits of them. We cease to produce goods for the private profit of a small class, and begin to produce them for the use of all useful workers, whether of hand or brain.

The inevitable process of inflation gives us an easy way to do this. Sooner or later we shall have to create some new money; and the only question is, what use are we going to make of it? If we spend it on charity—the dole, whether for individuals or for business enterprises, we shall be at the end just where we started; but if we spend the new money to acquire some portion of our industrial plant, we shall be that far on the road to security and peace. Nor need we fear that we shall be doing something unethical; for the way big business got possession of the industrial plant was by watering stocks and bonds;

Continued on page 168

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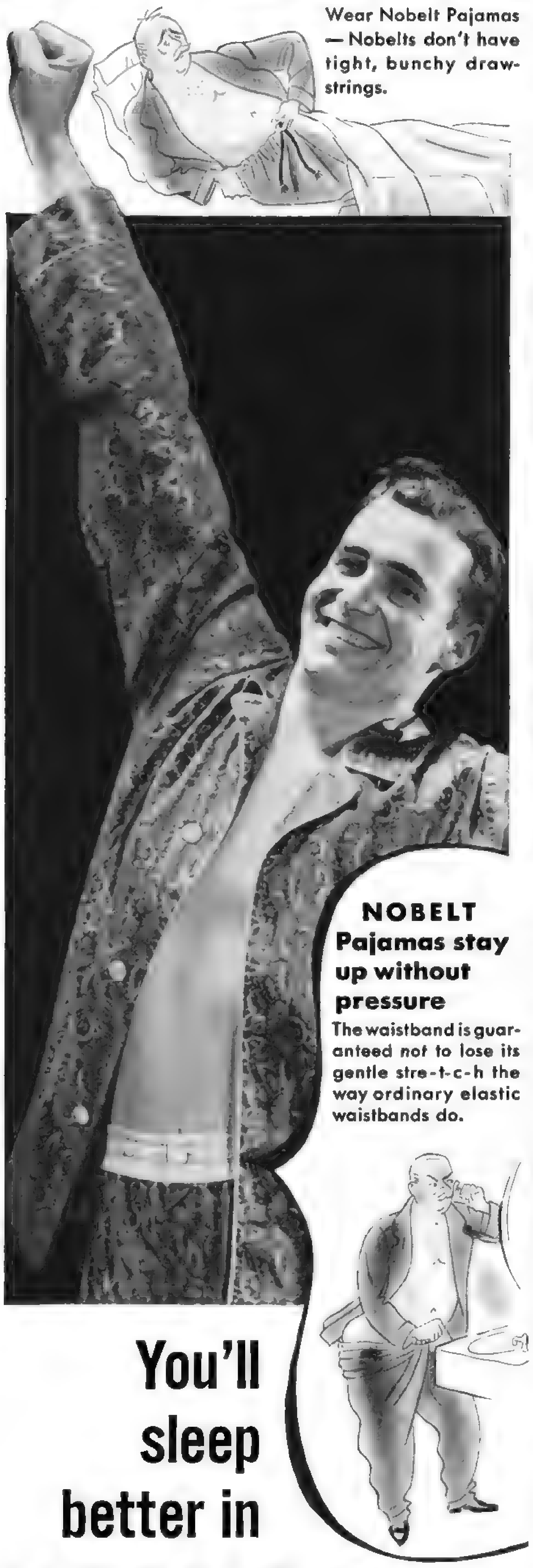

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Chicago

We Choose Our Future

Continued from pages 20-167

and if we in turn water the currency to get it back from them, we shall merely be applying the lesson we have been taught.

Seeing these things ahead of us, we in the State of California tried to forestall matters a few months, and cut down the period of misery and insecurity by that much. We started a movement with the slogan, "End Poverty in California." This movement proposed to do, by democratic means and common consent, as much as the people of one state can do to help themselves. Under the law, we cannot issue currency, not even scrip, so some of the lawyers tell us; but we can incur debts and impose taxes—we are doing so in order to prop up private industry and give the unemployed a dole. It was our plan to use as much of this dole money as possible to get for the unemployed access to land and machinery, in order to produce what they are going to consume; thus taking them off the backs of the taxpayers and making them self-sustaining.

Money thus spent would constitute a permanent investment for the unemployed, and having been once spent, it would not have to be spent again.

But private business would not let us do this. The big business men of California got together and subscribed the biggest campaign fund in the state's history, and waged a campaign of intimidation and falsehood, and beat the EPIC Plan by a narrow margin. And so now they still have the unemployed on their backs, and must carry them. They have a deficit already of some $35,000,000, and it is estimated to be double that in six months.

Four-fifths of our people will go on carrying the other one-fifth as objects of charity—until the public debt has got to such a bulk that even the big business men can no longer fool themselves with the idea that it can be paid.

What worried them was the idea that letting the unemployed produce for themselves would set a dangerous precedent; it would be an admission that prosperity might really not come back; and they just have to go on telling themselves that it will; keeping up confidence by the repeating of incantations.

They just can't face the fact that this depression differs from all the others in our history, in that it is world-wide, and affects every single nation which has developed modern industry. They look, and they see that a great many people still have money to spend; and they don't stop to figure what proportion of that money is government money, borrowed, and loaned or given away, so that it may be spent again, and then borrowed again—from the big Wall Street treasure-house to which all the profits flow automatically.

A couple of years ago a friend of mine who was "cleaned out" by Wall Street remarked to me: "Just look where steel is! Don't you wish you had some money to invest in it?" I took this friend on an imaginary tour of the world, seeking a country which would and could buy steel from America.

The powerful countries could make their own steel, several times as much as they could sell, and the lesser countries had bought so much steel for their armies and navies that they were near to bankruptcy. But my friend shook his head incredulously; he couldn't believe that steel could stay so low. Six months later I met him, and steel had had another tumble, and I was mean enough to say, "You remember what I told you?"

My friend said, "Yes, you were right, but how I wish that I had some money, so I could buy steel now!" This friend has since died of disappointment and worry, so I can't remind him any more; but I remind the rest of America over his dead body—steel is still down, and if it creeps slowly up, it is because the United States government is subsidizing the building industry, and promising to go in on a still bigger scale.

Where else is the prosperity coming from? Not from the new population, because our people have found out about birth control, and hard times make certain that they will use the knowledge. Not from immigration, because we have stopped it, not being able to give jobs to our own. Not from the frontier, because it has hit the Pacific Ocean and recoiled, and we have a larger share of unemployed in California than in the East. Not from a bountiful harvest, because the more we produce the lower the prices drop, and the more farmers go bankrupt. No, there is only one possibility, the dread one of War. By that cruel means we can put most of our unemployed at work killing foreigners, and the rest at making goods for the fighters to destroy. By that means we can pile up the debt—we can spend without any protest from the Tories, without any clamor for the balancing of the budget.

We have seen what is the law of modern war; the unsuccessful countries go Bolshevik. But we don't mind taking a chance, because we shall mean to win. Another law is that all our allies repudiate their debts to us. That also we can stand, as we have proved. But one thing more, the thing we really have to worry about—that the war prosperity lasts only during the war, and that within two years after it ends we have another slump, worse than the previous ones, and we discover that poverty, unemployment, crime, strikes, and above all, Bolshevik agitation, are with us just the same, only more so.

We can continue to put it down, with machine guns and poison gas bombs, of course, but just suppose—just to cover all the eventualities—that some large group of returned soldiers should refuse to shoot? Or that they should take to shooting in the wrong direction?

I am not trying to frighten our business men; I am just trying to get them to think, and in their own interests. The game of making big money was fun while it lasted; but now it is over. Why not summon our nerve and try a new and still more fascinating game—that of building a truly civilized society? Why not take these enormous powers of wealth production which we have built up, and get our fun out of ordering and organizing them, and making security and comfort for everybody? That way we wouldn't have to kill anybody, whether at home or abroad, and we would suppress the Communists by making them unnecessary. #

Mr. Torquemada of England

Continued from page 47

Answers to the "posers" selected from the Torquemada puzzles, as listed in middle of second column, on page 46.

1. GODOWN
2. CUFF
3. MADDER
4. HELOT (anagram of THOLE)
5. CLEPHT

THE ENGLISH PUZZLE

1 S	2 T	3 R	I	4 P	5 E	6 S	7 S	A	8 M	9 P
10 T	E	A	11 R	I	N	G	U	12 B	E	L
13 E	M	I	R	P	14 T	E	15 B	I	D	E
16 R	U	D	B	E	17 C	K	18 S	K	I	N
O	19 L	E	20 M	M	A	21 B	E	E	S	T
22 L	23 E	24 G	U	M	E	E	25 C	26 A	M	E
27 S	N	A	G	28 A	S	S	I	D	29 U	O
30 U	S	31 E	G	32 L	U	O	V	I	33 S	U
34 L	35 A	P	E	L	R	36 R	E	E	37 N	S
38 L	A	R	R	Y	39 A	T	T	U	N	E

NOTES: Across: 7. Samp(hire); 10. Tearing; 12. Apocrypha, Bel and the Dragon; 13. rev. Keats, Happy Insensibility; 15. i.e., an old fashioned stay; 16. Rudbeck(ia); 18. The Skin Game; 25. Mace; 28 and 30. Anagram; 34. L-ape-l; 38. Same as "lorry."

Down: 4. Tennyson *The Locust Eaters*, "In which it seemed always afternoon"; pip-emma is War slang for P.M.; 6 rev. Browning, *The Pied Piper;* 9. Anagram; 21. His use; 24. rev. Anagram; 26. A-die-u; 27 and 23. Contains "unless"; 35 and 37. Nana.

THE AMERICAN PUZZLE

1 A	2 R	3 M	4 E	5 N	6 T	7 I	8 E	9 R	10 E	11 S
12 M	O	13 P	R	O	O	F	14 L	O	R	E
15 B	U	16 R	R	O	W	17 F	E	M	18 M	E
19 A	G	A	I	N	20 P	I	C	E	21 O	22 R
23 S	E	24 I	N	25 E	26 I	N	T	O	N	E
27 S	28 I	N	G	I	N	G	29 R	30 A	T	S
31 A	R	K	32 A	D	33 N	E	I	G	H	T
34 D	O	35 T	H	36 E	A	R	37 C	A	38 T	O
39 O	N	E	40 A	R	C	41 E	A	T	E	R
42 R	Y	E	43 B	U	E	L	L	44 E	R	E

NOTES: Across: 1. *Mademoiselle from Armentières;* 13. Anagram; 14. L or E—LORE; 17. West Point slang; 19. A-gain; 26. Anagram; 27. Noyes, *Forty Singing Seamen;* 29. Anagram: RATS, STAR, TARS, ARTS; 32. Re-ad; 33. Neigh-bor; 37. Anagram; 39. *E pluribus unum;* 40. M-arc-o.

Down: 1. Am-bass-ador; 2. Anagram; 3. *Iolanthe*, by Gilbert and Sullivan—"Into Parliament you shall go"; 4. (H)erring; 6. Anagram; 7. *Château d'If* and Kipling's *If;* 9. Austin Dobson, *Ballade of Prose and Rhyme;* 17. Anagram; 20. Anagram; 22. Kipling, *The Light that Failed;* 30. Agate type is called ruby in England, and is larger than the other two mentioned; 32. 1 Kings, XVIII, 17; 41. El-and. #

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Who Is Obie Walker?

Continued from page 34

certain parts of this country. Nor am I deceived by Walker's string of knockouts in Europe. They might mean nothing. He is still a good way off from proving any claim to a shot at the world title. He admits it. But I do believe, along with the French and English writers who have followed his meteoric rise, that he is not more than another year away from it.

Walker is not a straight hitter in the old tradition, but a jabber, a short-arm puncher who gets enormous power into his blows. He concentrates on the body in the early rounds, and once he has his man on the run he shifts his attack to the head, shooting right and left hooks to the jaw with beautiful timing and deadly effect. No one has ever hurt him.

However, Obie Walker's record is not unmarred. He has not won all his fights in Europe. No foreign fighter ever did. After knocking out Hans Schoenrath, the German ex-champion, Walker met Limousin, one of the best of the current crop of European heavyweights. I saw this fight also, and Obie hit Limousin with everything but the Eiffel Tower. If ever a man was thoroughly beaten it was that Frenchman, and it is still a major miracle to all who saw the bout how he kept on his feet after the third round. But the referee's decision was against Walker. Next day, *L'Auto*, in commenting on the verdict, said that Limousin received the winner's end to repay him for his terrific beating, a rather droll example of Latin logic.

Walker proceeded to take it out on Otto von Porat, now the Norwegian champion, but immortal to Americans for Pegler's couplet, *O Ought-to von Porat, O where is the floor at?* And then on Rayold Meurant, whom he knocked out in 45 seconds.

Suddenly it was extremely difficult to get matches for Obie, and Dickson welcomed the arrival of the giant Negro, George Godfrey, from New York. He was immediately offered a match with Walker and on very attractive terms.

Godfrey shook his head and grinned. Nothing doing. Obie had already taken a referee's decision off him in Philadelphia, and Big Gawge's ribs still squeaked at mention of the name. Jack Petersen, Larry Gains and George Cook were then suggested as men capable of giving the American formidable opposition. Dickson sent out the offers and received word from Cook, the Australian champion, that the bout was O. K. with him. The match was made for Jubilee Day at the White City Stadium in London. Obie won, and took his first big step up the ladder that may lead to the proverbial fame and the considerable fortune.

Obie has been fighting for five years, but it is only within the past few months that he has been considered as a man with very definite championship possibilities. He has a great fighting heart, a terrific punch in both hands, and the ability to absorb punishment. All he needs now is a chance to make a place for himself among the current company of heavyweights. And Jeff Dickson, who has given several fighters this chance, is determined to see that Obie gets his shot at the title.

Lew Burston, who is now Walker's manager, has this to say about his man: "Obie is not a hairy ape, or a freak of any kind. He is none of the ridiculous things I have read about him. (The French have some funny ideas about publicity.—*Author.*) He is a quiet, unassuming, gentlemanly boy who makes a business of boxing. Obie is not a world-beater at this moment, but in a year or so's time he should be at his prime. Meanwhile, why not give him a chance?"

The British sporting public has taken to Walker as it took to Peter Jackson, Joe Jeanette and Sam Langford, the three colored musketeers of years ago. I think the thing they approve chiefly about Obie is the fact that he behaves himself like a gentleman, both in the ring and out of it. Racially an extremely tolerant people, the English have lately been subjected to the spectacle of certain flagrant impositions on their good nature. (How'm I doin', you-all?) In contrast with this, Obie Walker's quiet, polite effasiveness, his friendly grin and serious application to his work have made a very favorable impression. The folks down in Corcoran, Ga. have good reason to be proud of him.

Obie will get along in England. He is giving the sport public exactly what it needs, which, after a decade of Phil Scotts, is plenty of action. For it is of course the same in England as it is here; the crowds stay away unless there is a reasonable promise of sensational fighting. They want a good show for their shillings, and Obie is giving it to them.

Gentlemen, I give you Obie Walker, as smart and courageous as any man in the ring racket today. It's my guess that he will be right up there amongst 'em by 1936, knocking at Joe Louis' golden door. #

We Solve Our Present

Continued from page 21

economy in their own country. It was not until they began to experiment with the Five Year Plan that they entered upon a program of productivity similar to that which is employed in capitalist countries. They have attempted to install a system of capitalist productivity while avoiding the two capitalist stimulants, namely, varied wages for different work and accumulable profits on investment. In the elimination of the first stimulant, they have utterly failed and have been forced to resort to a graduated wage scale with money bonuses for special work so that their payrolls closely resemble similar payrolls in capitalist countries. They have, however, shown no tendency to compromise on the second stimulant.

RATIO OF TOTAL LABOR INCOME TO TOTAL INCOME PAID OUT, BY INDUSTRIES, 1932*

Industry	*In Million Dollars, for 1932* Total Income Paid Out	Total Paid Out to Labor	Percentage of Labor Income to Total Income Paid Out
Mining	837	677	80.9
Electric Light and Power and Gas	1,216	384	31.6
Manufacturing	8,373	6,961	83.1
Construction	864	689	79.7
Transportation	4,020	2,867	71.3
Communication	797	542	68.0
Trade	7,326	5,597	76.4
Finance	6,183	2,223	36.0
Service	5,273	3,713	70.4
Miscellaneous	3,750	2,079	55.4
All Industries	38,639	25,732	66.6

*Source: National Income, 1929-1932, Senate Document 124. Excludes Agriculture and Government.

Applying the yardstick of the diffusion of wealth to the United States, we again are forced to shift from the term wealth, about which we cannot be specific, to the term income, about which we have concrete and definite information.

From 1900 to 1934, the national income of the United States increased from $16,200,000,000 to $47,600,000,000.

The highest point reached in this fluctuating rise was in 1929, when the national income amounted to $83,000,000,000. And in spite of participation in the Great War, in the post-War inflationary and deflationary periods, and in spite of the fact that we write during a period of depression, the national income, as it stands today in the United States, represents a rise in the order of 300 per cent in 35 years.

The per capita of national income has also risen but not as rapidly as the total figure. The increase has been from $213 in 1900 to $377 in 1934, and the rate for gainful workers shows an increase of from $556 in 1900 to $946 in 1934. In 1929, this category shows the figure of $1,719.

The Brookings Institute report on *America's Capacity to Consume*, divides the national income for 1929 as follows: 66.1 per cent for employés of which wages constitutes 42.2 per cent, 16 per cent for individual enterprisers and 17.9 per cent for investors. The category of individual enterprisers includes professionals, farmers, etc. The investors include large numbers of workers and farmers. No matter what fluctuations there are in the curve, a long-time view over a generation, shows a definite upward trend. The lowest point reached in all categories was in 1932 when the Depression ended. By 1934, there had been a rise in national income of $8,200,000,000, and in the gainful worker's income of $153. The trend is again definitely upward even as to annual detail.

From the standpoint of the "sharing of wealth" or "distribution of wealth" the accompanying figures on the cost of labor in this country taken from *The Thirty Hour Week*, a study by the National Industrial Conference Board are very significant. See table.

During the Depression, another phenomenon is apparent, namely, that a very much larger share of the national income goes to labor than to capital. In the construction industry, labor received 151.8 per cent of the income produced in 1932; in mining 128.5 per cent. In other industries, a similar tendency was apparent. This process involves a feature of capitalism which could not have been understood before the large producing unit came into existence, and as it is little understood, it should at this point be explained.

The capitalist system is often referred to as the profit system, but it should rather be termed "the profit and loss system," for the capitalist assumes that although profits are desirable, losses may occur. Against these prospective losses, he sets up reserves. The size of the reserves is in a ratio to the size of the capital structure and the profits made in good years.

In fact, under the capitalist system such operations, should a depression appear, serve to reduce the accumulated losses which might have accrued from total idleness, for by eliminating profits, reducing salaries and wages, and generally saving overhead, prices can, in time, be brought down to the level of the consuming market and the Depression can thus be arrested and ended. Our current difficulties arise from political interferences with this process by such agencies as the N R A. The largest share of the loss in this process is assumed by capital, in order that the enterprise may be salvaged.

Other elements in the State also suffer during a period of depression. The principal sufferers among the non-investing groups are the unemployed, but in the United States, their suffering has been mitigated by various agencies of relief, the cost of which falls upon the upper economic brackets producing, in the process, a redistribution of wealth by taxation. Had politics not interfered with economics, this process should have reached a terminal in 1932 and the number of unemployed should have been reduced by 1933—if national income is any guide to the economics of the country.

Mr. Sinclair makes much of the idea that if investments last interminably, a point is reached when the return on the investment cannot be met. He gives a number of analogous examples to prove his theory.

Capitalism involves the birth of new agencies of productivity and the destruction of obsolescent agencies. It is a system of flux and change, in which nothing is rigid. The investor takes his chances, at times he gains a profit, at times a loss. Whereas under feudalism, inherited wealth is protected by the State, under capitalism all forms of protection lead to impairments of the system. It is for this reason that the New Deal is unworkable under capitalism, for it seeks to limit change and flux and to reduce the economic life of the nation to a protected rigidity on the basis of a *status quo*. This is impossible under capitalism which involves the emergence of new units of productivity when the older units have ceased to function efficiently, that is, to make a profit.

For instance, the twenty billion dollar investment in the American railroads is now returning not more than one per cent on all interest payments and profits. The bulk of the earnings of the railroads is paid to labor as wages. As long as there are funds for wages and replacements, the railroads can operate without regard to interest payments or profits, because in spite of all that has been said on the subject, in the capitalist system, profits must come last. It is

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Continued from pages 21-171

the last consideration after all other payments have been made and whether profits are ever earned or interest payments are ever made, is the risky factor in every transaction.

The investor always risks his money on his judgment which may be faulty. In the United States, at the height of the boom in 1929, average profits on investments averaged in the order of four per cent and the fluctuations from high profits to losses which produced that average seemed attractive enough to capital to make for very prosperous conditions.

While one industry goes down and therefore an investment may bring an infinitesimal profit or even a loss, another industry is rising and investments in that are stimulated by the prospect of profits. Compare for instance the current status of the railroads and the automobile industry.

During the past 50 years, new industries have appeared in the United States which have absorbed any displacement of capital and employment by the disappearance or the reduction in importance of old industries. Take for instance, electrical machinery and appliances, automobiles, motor trucks, together with their bodies and parts, rubber tires, gasoline, rayon, manufactured ice, aluminum goods, typewriters, and business machinery including cash registers, electric refrigeration, aircraft, phonographs, radio machines, cameras, motion picture apparatus, asbestos products, fountain pens, bakelite products and now air-conditioning. These and many other products represent the urge for new capital investments and for the constant increase in the total productivity of the country. Each of these represents some displacement, but over a period, more human beings are actually employed in their production than in the industries displaced.

If to these industries is added the highly specialized services such as salesmanship, advertising, scientific management, accounting, etc. it becomes obviously clear that the more capital that goes into new things, riskily and speculatively, the more employment arises for human beings. That explains the urbanization of the American population and the high standard of living in this country. But what is not so clear is that for every risky new idea that proves successful, many involve a loss and a failure. In a passive society, where no prospective profits stimulate investments in speculative enterprises, no similar inventiveness and ingenuity appear.

Nothing of the order of the automobile or the electric light has been invented in Soviet Russia.

Mr. Sinclair makes a technocratic point of the increased unemployment as a result of the modernization of the machine and its application to industry. During the thirty-five years of this century, the machine has been developed more intensely and more rapidly than ever before in human history. Yet, the Brooking report, *America's Capacity to Consume*, can state that from 1900 to 1930, "the per capita income of the United States has been increased . . . by nearly 38 per cent.

During the same period, however, the per capita expenditure of human time and energy has decreased by something like 12 or 13 per cent. This means that in addition to the increase in per capita income of goods and services, we have obtained the satisfactions which come with greater leisure."

Up to the Depression, all the evidence pointed to new industries utilizing an increased number of workers. It was evident that the application of machinery to industry increased the market for goods by making more goods, through mass production, available at marketable prices. The automobile is an obvious example of this economic truism.

During the Depression, men were thrown out of work, not because of the machine but because of the market. The market for many commodities disappeared and the machine became idle. The causes for the disappearance of the market have already been discussed, but this fact is not clearly known, namely that the automobile industry which was the first major industry to recover, employed in 1935 practically the same number of men as in 1929. Improvements in the machine did not result in the elimination of labor as long as the market for the commodity was active. The market alone determines the number of men employed in industry.

Mr. Sinclair falls into the same error that influenced a small group of American capitalists to believe that their way out of a temporary embarrassment lay in Fascism. He fears that Fascism is American capitalism's only weapon to maintain the current economic system. The basis for this assumption is that Italy accepted Fascism, that Germany accepted Fascism, therefore the United States must come to Fascism. It apparently has not occurred to Mr. Sinclair or to the Fascistic Father Coughlin that the two principal capitalistic countries of Europe have opposed Fascism, have made no compromises either with Fascism or with Communism and have retained their essential democratic structure.

England and France still lead capitalistic Europe and even Japan, which approached Fascism in 1932, rejected it and the general trend in Japan is in the direction of a greater democratic control which feudalistic militarists are fighting with steady political losses.

Fascism, as a matter of fact, appears only as a relief from a specific Communist menace. Were this country faced with the prospects of a bloody, Communist revolution, red-blooded men would accept any alternative. But the United States is not faced with such a revolution. As a matter of fact, the failure of the N R A definitely marks the end of an attempt by politicians to frighten the American people into the acceptance of Fascistic measures by crying the wolf of revolution. As long as there were enough frightened public leaders to misunderstand the temper of the American people, the N R A flourished—that is, effectually for a little more than a year. Nevertheless, it is now clear that it has no place in either a capitalist or a democratic country. The Supreme Court has now devastatingly confirmed this view.

In fact, essential capitalism is returning in the Administration where there is a more willing acceptance of Mr. Hull's proposals for the expansion of the market for American goods abroad. In the opposition, the reappearance of Mr. Hoover and the stalwart fight of Mr. Mills clearly indicate a readiness to listen to what a capitalist regards as sound ideas.

From the capitalist standpoint, there can be only one fundamental solution to the American Depression, and that is by pursuing the same paths that Great Britain and Japan trod in solving their Depressions, namely by ceasing to live on capital and by permitting the return of savings to profitable investments until markets are available for American goods.

During the whole of the Roosevelt administration when every experiment in diluted capitalism and in non-capitalistic methods has been tried, Mr. Hull pounded away, almost hopelessly at times, at the only solution for any withering of a market, namely, find new markets, expand existing markets, create markets.

But these ideas conflicted with the economic nationalism of the Administration, with the political isolationism of a very important section of the American people and with cross currents throughout the world engendered by the War. In a word an economic solution had to be impeded by political opportunism and psychological prejudice.

It must apparently ever be so in democracies, and as we prefer the greater freedom of democracy to the medieval lack of personal rights under either Fascism or Communism, we must be prepared to pay the price. For instance, any coolie in Shanghai could have told Senators Pittman and Borah that their silver policy would kill our market in China and under the enforced perfections of Fascism or Communism, Pittman should be given castor-oil and Borah should be sent to Kamchatka. Yet, it seems to be preferable to slow up perfection and to accept the weaknesses of our Senators rather than to live in the fear and terror of an undemocratic State.

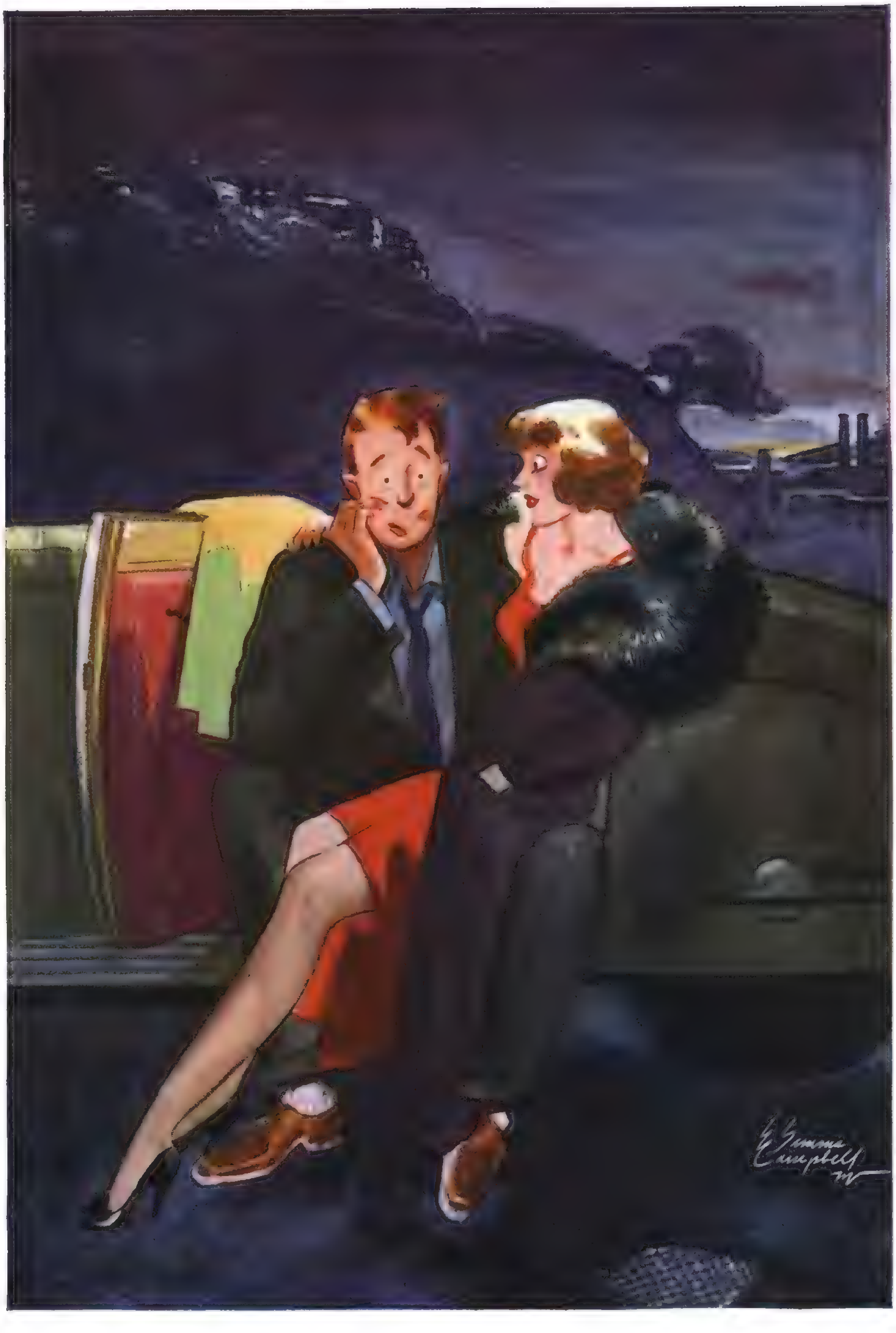
But it is here that the economists and reformers grow impatient. The capitalist economist demands that we export capital immediately and end the Depression; the Socialist, like Mr. Sinclair, demands immediate social justice. Both fail to understand that in the course of man's history from a Cro-Magnon cave, to our current civilization, we have moved far and very rapidly in our economic and political ideas. We do not go out to kill a man for a pelt and there is a greater equality between man and man today than at any other time in the history of the human race.

If Mr. Sinclair wants to see where we started and how far we have moved, let him go to such a country as China and he will there encounter today English life in the time of Queen Elizabeth. There he will see social and political inequalities. There he will have a standard for measuring the distance that we have moved in the direction of social justice. There he will begin to realize the vast benefits that come to the average man from capitalistic processes.

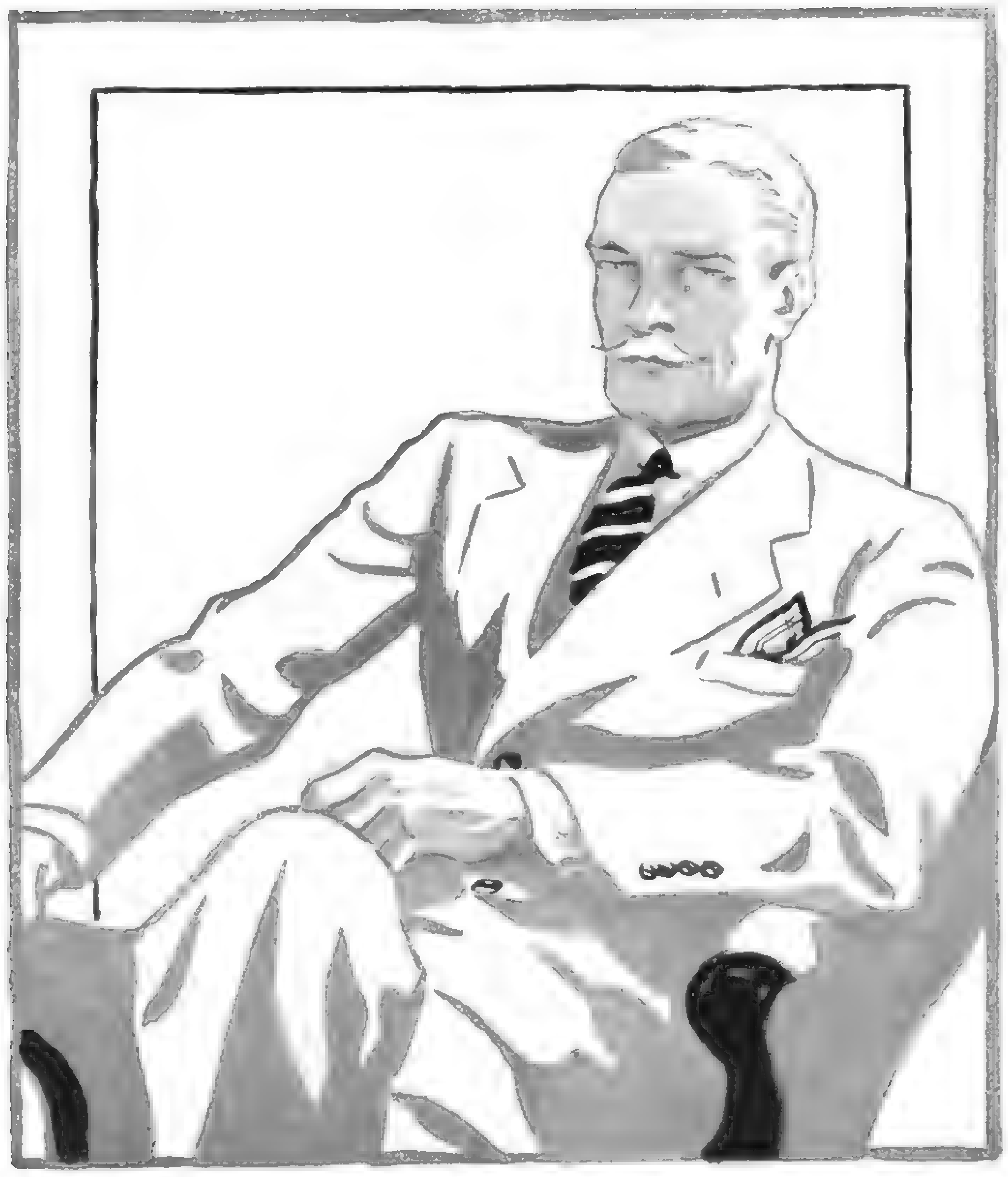
Capitalism has freed man not only from serfdom but from time consuming labor for mere subsistence. We, who think of a possible thirty-hour week, so little realize that in a non-capitalist world men work from sun-rise to sun-set and for what? For subsistence and no more. It is true that not all men in this country are free from subsistence labor but it cannot be proved to be incorrect to state that the largest number of Americans are receiving in return for their labor a livelihood that anywhere else on earth would be regarded as fabulously luxurious. I am sure that even Mr. Sinclair would admit that to be true.

Therefore, why not adhere to the system which has made such living possible? Why not trust this system which up to the Depression gave to nearly every man in the country the highest standard of living known to the human race?

Until it can be proved that some other economic system can provide a higher standard of living, can protect its people in distress, natural or of their own making, can avoid social stratification and give fairly free play to individual personalities, let us adhere to the capitalist system which has given us a better life than is known in Soviet Russia, China, Italy and Germany even today after we have suffered from five years of Depression. ⧺


E. Simms Campbell

"It's nothing—just the usual reaction"



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The Music-Box Review

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orchestra enjoy themselves while they are playing more than this group. They have a heck of a good time with some grand saxophone, bass clarinet, and trumpet bits, but if you really want to hear a trumpet brainstorm turn the record over on the reverse side.

A long while ago Ellington made a record at Brunswick called *The East St. Louis Toodle-oo*, in which the sounds produced by the trumpet player were astonishing. Ever since then I always look for some different kind of an effect from the brass section and I'm pretty nearly never disappointed. The rhythms in this record are marvelous, and they are touched off with such aplomb that they sound easy, but they are really tremendously intricate. BRUNSWICK—No. 7440.

* * *

Refinement is the word. Ray Noble presents *Paris in the Spring* very beautifully. Not only is the scoring well done and in such good taste (I've never heard anything that wasn't in good taste from Ray Noble), but the performance does the score justice. I like all of Al Bowlly's vocal refrain except the first -ing, -ing, -ing.

And in *Bonjour, Mam'selle* the piano and guitar, especially the piano, in their solo bits are balanced to a nicety with the rest of the orchestra. I particularly liked the scale passage on the piano which takes the orchestra through a quick modulation into the last chorus. Mr. Noble, I like your band and your scores. VICTOR—No. 25040.

* * *

I don't think there is any more sincere artist than Jessica Dragonette. She dispenses with reading her music when broadcasting, and spends a lot of time in preparing her songs. She presents two Seventeenth Century songs, one the very famous *Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes* and the other, the lesser known *Have You Seen but a Whyte Lillie Grow?*, both ascribed to Ben Johnson. The accompaniment is by the Renaissance Quintet and it is charming.

And so to Jessica's interpretations: every vocalist who broadcasts or makes records could take a lesson from her in enunciation. It is perfect, and there's the rub. Did it sound less careful, my enjoyment of it would have been greatly enhanced. You can feel the preparation back of these songs, and I don't think the hearer should ever be let in on this secret. I wish Miss Dragonette would let herself go more often because when she does the effect over the air while she is broadcasting is entrancing. COLUMBIA—No. 4105.

The Listening Post

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be a professional performer, nothing will stop you. But if what you really want is the approbation of your fellows, you can get it much more cheaply and easily by remaining an amateur, and if you sincerely love music for its own sake, you may be doing it the greatest service by staying where you belong, at the same time saving yourself heartaches.

Finally there is the small class of those who have the stuff to become great artists and are morally bound to dedicate their lives to that end. It is a mistake to think that they really enjoy doing it. The sacrifices are far greater than the returns. The glamour of applause soon wears off, and the money that is left after all expenses are paid (including commissions, clothes, travel, and government taxes) is of little use when surrounded by so many restrictions and inhibitions.

The professional artists sell themselves to the public quite as definitely as do the professional ball-players. They cannot eat and drink what they like, or go to parties, or behave as they please, within the law. They are under constant scrutiny, and even a slight mistake may ruin a whole career. They must get rid of their sense of humor and develop a "grand manner," playing the role that the public insists upon. In only a few instances have artists been so obviously great that they could afford to be themselves.

The road to professional success is full of terrific difficulties. There is the initial need of financial backing, without which no really great reputation has ever been attained in the fields of concert or opera. There is the problem of management, closely allied to that of a financial backer. In both directions there are endless possibilities of grief, embarrassments, insults, innuendos, slimy propositions. There is the constant jealousy of rivals, often expressed in unscrupulous though subtle attacks. There is the inevitable horde of parasites and hangers-on, eager to make a living out of something entirely beyond their own abilities or comprehension.

Even after success has been won, the troubles of the artists continue. All the world tries to find some way of imposing on their privacy. They are pestered by people who "knew them when," by sales persons of all kinds, including the endorsement hounds, and, most irritating of all, by the daily requests for free performances, supposedly for charity, but actually in many cases a mere sop to the vanity of cheap grafters. If they accept, they become known as easy marks and lose their own earning power; and if they refuse to be as generous as they would like, they are labelled stuck-ups.

This being so, why are there so many professional musicians? The answer is that there are far more than there should be.

King Crumb and the Iuka Mauler

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old John L. himself. We went back to the ship that night with enough pewter in our clothes to poison a man, and the Crumb bought him one of them high Spanish hats, big around as a wash-tub and covered with all manner of fancy didoes.

By the next day word of us and our game had gone around, and the craze for that sort of bug fighting had spread pretty well over the island, I guess. You'd ought to a-heard the laughin' an' yellin' from the natives when we showed with our box that afternoon. It was the day after that that the real boss of the district come down to watch our fight, a fat Spanish lad, name of Don Hidalgo Rodreego Pasedo, I think it was. The ol' Don was the *Alcalde*, or mayor of that blinkin' town and lived in a no-end swell place—a hashyender, they called it—big as the Blackstone Hotel, or bigger, it was, but not so high, that we'd seen up above the town sitting alone in royal splendor in the middle of private acres about the size of the State of Rhode Island. The crowd makes way for the Don and right away he cottons to the game.

Pretty near the whole town had turned out to get an eyeful of the game and root for the Don. It appeared he was filthy with money and gnawin' the bit for a chance to spend it. He'd brought a sack of coin with him and he'd caught a big centipede on his plantation, like as not, and brung it down to pit again us. He seemed to think right high of it, too, and I warns the Crumb to play his hand certain sure this time. He only snorts.

"Let's see his lop-kneed landlubber of a worm, an' I'll tell you just how quick our man'll drop him for the count."

He was getting that chesty about the Mauler of late that all of us had to walk careful round him, 'cause after all he was the Mauler's owner, manager an' trainer all in one.

Well, the ol' Don brung out his hundred-legger, an' a whopper it was, too, and the crowd begun layin' money fast as they could haul it out o' their jeans. By the time the ol' Don had put up his pile—five hundred pesos, it was, if I recollect right, laid all at once—the Crumb had begun lookin' mighty serious, too.

That was the greatest fight we ever promoted, I reckon. Crummie and the ol' Don held their men at opposite sides of the ring with a couple of sticks till Red Bemis give the startin' signal. Then before a man could click his false teeth, they was at it hammer an' tongs. It seemed like the Mauler knew from the start he was up again a tough an' ugly customer that time, and he cut loose with all he had, leadin' out fancy, counterin' an' playin' for a quick knock-out. You'd ought to've heard the wild yellin' the crowd give out whenever they come to a clinch. I never see better leg-work than that centy showed, I'll say that, an' him havin' a hundred of 'em to use you won't much wonder at it. He was all over the ring an' all around the Mauler, quick as water runnin' down a wall an' for the first time since we knowed him our man got sore an' lost some of his sparrin' class. He was that mad he took to blind rushin', an' I see the Crumb beginnin' to breathe black an' savage an' runnin' his fingers round his collar like he was tryin' to chin hisself on his neck-band. Him and me got down an' yelled at the Mauler to take it slow like, an' wait till the other man was winded, then come to a clinch, an' by Crimus! I'll always believe he understood what we said, too, 'cause he changes his tactics right pronto, hunkers down an' waits till the centy blows hisself, then barges in to close quarters.

Judas! what punishment he give him. The end comes when he grabs the centy an' clinches about a minute later, an' lets loose with his hay-maker. Billy, that centipede lepped straight up in the air about eight inches, an' comes down in the middle of the ring belly up an' all our boys swore they heard him let out a high yelp of pain.

At that the crowd yelled till hunks of throat come loose with every yell. The ol' Don he took it right graceful though, and handed us our winnin's together with a new batch of compliments. He wanted another match with us right away. Says he'd like the honor of battlin' us every day for a month, or words to that effect, but not havin' another centipede anywheres about him he invites us honey-like to accompany him up to the hashyender, where hundred-leggers was right plentiful. There we could find a bit of shade to stage our fight, an' regale ourselves with a soothin' drink or two.

Well, we had to give the old boy a chance to get satisfaction out of us, so Crummie and I and Red Bemis and Jed Ivy, we piles into the ol' Don's carriage and rides up the hill with him, and the rest of our boys and about fifty natives follows on foot. Belay me if I ever forget the impression, coming into that plantation. There grew all the blooming tropical trees you ever heard of in books, a-bearing of luscious fruits—pomegranates, limes, lemons, lentils, oranges, pineapples, june-apples an' alligator pears. And in the branches of them trees was all the birds you ever dreamt of, dazzlin' your eyes with their flamin' feathers.

But all that beauty was pretty much of a mockery to Crummie and me, cause we wasn't feelin' any too happy about the comin'

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King Crumb and the Iuka Mauler

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match. You hear it said that big time fighters an' racers an' the like come to know pretty much the way the wind'll blow beforehand by the premonitious feelin's that settle on 'em, an' I can tell you it's gospel. Crummie was plumb worried. That last fight seemed to have took more out of the Mauler than I ever see before, an' of course, nobody but our boys knowed we didn't send in a fresh man for every fight. Then again, we was handicappin' our man from the start, takin' him inland like that to a strange place; him bein' a reg'lar old grampus the way he loved the salt water an' all its andirons.

"By rights I ought to put him to bed a couple o'days," Crummie says to me once, lookin into the Mauler's box. "He's li'ble to go stale on us, but we got to live up to sportin' ethics."

I guess there never was more money or excitement connected with any sim'lar fight at any sim'lar time in all history. We figured later that the ol' Don must of knowed a lot about battlin' centipedes, made a study of 'em like as not, 'cause there was no denyin' he knowed the breed. This second one he brung out was a even tougher article than the first one; red, with a mean look on his mug and an almighty knowin' way of handlin' hisself in the ring. He was a sort of front-wheel-drive specimen, you might say, 'cause his rear end just skittered along as if tryin' to keep up with his front, and fair snapped like a whip when he turned a sharp corner.

The Don hisself had got to feelin' real mellow-like after imbibin' a lot of island wine an' he laid out more than thirteen hundred pesos on the match—all the money he had about the place, I reckon. All our boys together had to dig down to the pocket linin's to cover it all, what with all the bettin' there was on the side.

Like always, Red Bemis he give the startin' signal, an' they was at it hell for leather. At first we figured we'd been all wrong in them feelin's about the Mauler. In spite of the fact he was all tuckered out from the first fight, he lit into that hundred-legger like somebody'd kicked him in the tender end. For two minutes there wasn't hardly a shade of advantage for either side. Then all of a sudden the Mauler seems to go clean loco. He gathered hisself and lepped clean onto the centy's back, whanged his tail up over his head an' stung him twice. Then he backs off slow-like, an' it's plain to see he's all in after that mighty rally he'd made. Our crowd rose up then to a man an' cut loose with yellin' that you could a-heard clean over on the other side of the island. Then right in the middle of the yell, it stopped.

That centipede wasn't dead. He was comin' too. Yes sir, there he was gettin' up on his legs again. An' there was the Mauler hunkered belly-down over at the edge of the ring, his head down, clean done in an' thinkin' of course, that the battle was won, which it was, too, by all Queensbury rules.

Slow an' staggery, that hundred-legger stands up, gets his bearin's and comes straight for the Mauler. That sting he'd got hadn't gone into the blood-stream like as not, an' only dazed him.

"Count!" roars the Crumb. "Why the'll don't somebody count ten!" an' Red Bemis, suddenly rememberin' what he is, starts to count. But 'twas too late. We all seen that. Before he'd got to "nine" the centy had rared up an' slung hisself on our scrapper who wasn't even suspicioning such a thing.

I don't aim to dwell on the wind-up—it's too heart-breakin' even from this distance. The centy had somehow got out of range of the Mauler's tail, you see, an' after he'd wrapped hisself a couple o' times around him our man didn't have a chance. There we stood, knowin' the Mauler was slowly dyin' an' nobody could do a thing about it. But finally the Mauler, like the great-hearted battler he was, ended it hisself. He backed hard up again the barrel hoop, slung his tail high over his head an' stung his own self to death, cheatin' the centy of the chance. By Criminy, it was the noblest thing a man ever looked at—like the thing that Jap general done at Port Arthur, though at the time we never knew that all scorpions will do that in a tight place.

In the end we lost all that stake money, but it wasn't because we lost the battle. We didn't lose that. Not a man of our whole crew but held to that. But what could we do about it, with a lot of blinkin' natives that'd never heard of American fightin' rules?

When 'twas all over, Crummie he just luffs square about, shoulders his way out of the crowd an' goes off down the hill, flappin' the sole of his off shoe that was always loose. I never did see a man so plumb cholera-morbussed as him. A lot of us strings out after him, like tall fools, but we didn't overhaul him 'cause we seen all of a sudden he was bawlin'. Blubberin' like a whipped kid as he scuds along in the dust. I knowed what he was thinkin' about an' it wasn't all that money that'd gone by the boards; it was the great things that might have come about, if we'd handled our battler a bit different.

Of course, Red Bemis wasn't to blame, but Crummie wouldn't speak to him again all that voyage. He didn't speak to any of us for three days. It was somethin' Jed Ivy brung up about Jack Dempsey, the Manassa Mauler, losin' his great fight on some foxy pass or other, like our Mauler had, that brung him around. He talked about it half that night in the fo'c'sle. Our battler, he claimed, had lost on the same blinkin' technicality, an' it was God guard the man who said he hadn't.

We've wrote three letters to Jack Dempsey since then, tellin' him all about how our case was a dead ringer to his'n, but somehow we never mailed 'em. The wordin' of it all was a monstrous chore, an' somehow or other it always sounded like we was callin' Jack some sort of bug or worm. #

Dusty Answer

Continued from page 28

gun-cotton! The hairy Communist could not account for the presence of the explosive dust in his hair and scalp. Further investigation disclosed that he was the chief bomb maker for the "party," and had lived for months in an atmosphere heavily saturated with cotton linters.

One of the body's favorite places for collecting dust is the finger nail. It is practically impossible to touch anything without contaminating our nails. The confectioner's nails yield up sugar no matter how often he washes his hands; the glazier can never quite get the putty out of his nails. In the finger nails of a fireworks-maker, Locard found a black dust that looked like ordinary dirt yet contained saltpeter, sulphur, carbon, copper, iron and various salts used in coloring flames. These occupational residues are always helpful in sifting clues, since one of the questions that the investigator must answer is, "Does this man earn his living in the manner he says he does?"

Direct evidences of crime are easily found in the dust under the finger nails. The characteristic dust adhering to valuable mink pelts was enough to trap a notorious fur thief when Locard applied the "dust test" to his finger nails, first scraping them with a sterilized instrument, then scrubbing them with alcohol. This test also located the murderer of an infant poisoned by arsenic. It was proven that the guilty person was none other than the mother of the child, who had rubbed the child's gums with her finger-tips, ostensibly to soothe its teething pains, but in reality to administer arsenic concealed under her finger nails.

Sometimes the simple operation of scraping the nails may even impel the suspect to make a confession. Thus a disciple of Locard was once engaged in tracing a murder committed by inserting two fingers in the mouth and larynx of the victim until asphyxia was produced.

A peasant, strongly suspected, had been arrested.

Locard's pupil disrobed the prisoner and subjected him to a minute examination.

During this process the prisoner remained perfectly at ease, but when the scraping of his finger nails was undertaken, his hands began to tremble and he collapsed on his cot. A moment later he commenced his confession by saying: "Since that's the way it is, I prefer to tell you the truth."

Probably the strangest place where dust particles are found is the auditory canal of the ear! Here the dust mixes with the cerumen or earwax, which is constantly present in the ear even after a scrupulously careful toilet. Everyone who has lived in a dusty environment preserves the imprint of that environment in his auditory canal for a long time. Laborers who have worked in coal yards, retain carbonaceous dust in their earwax a year after they have severed connections with the coal industry. In 92 cases out of 100 Locard was able to discover the occupation of manual laborers merely by examining the wax in their ears!

Recently a wealthy farmer living in the vicinity of Nancy was found murdered at a spot some miles distant from his home. An examination of the mud and dust on his clothing showed that he had been dragged across several fields, (the characteristic débris of different types of hay and grain were found on his clothing). Investigations also revealed the presence of a rare variety of mushroom spores in his hair and under his finger nails. The man was in fact a cultivator of mushrooms and had devoted a large part of his cellar to their culture. A grayish mud on the back of his coat and trousers was identified as having come from the floor of his own mushroom cellar. Locard now reconstructed the order of events as follows:—

The farmer had been stabbed while bending over his mushroom plants, and had been dragged by his assailant to a remote part of the cellar. From this underground place of concealment the murderer had then transported the body across some miles of country and finally abandoned it in a wayside ditch. So much was fairly clear to Locard by reason of the dust and mud traces on the victim's body and clothing. The brilliant scientist now reasoned that if this evidence could be found on the victim, it might also be found on his assailant. In the subsequent round-up of suspects Locard laid particular emphasis on the search for dust traces—especially the mushroom spores which would furnish direct proof of the murderer's presence in the mushroom cellar. The proof would be positively binding because the eccentric old farmer was in the habit of personally tending his own plants and never permitted anyone else to go near them.

Among the suspicious characters brought before Locard for examination was a vagabondish fellow who, of course, denied having any knowledge of the old farmer. Several days had elapsed between the murder of the aged man and the apprehension of this particular suspect; in the interval he had stolen a complete new outfit and, because the weather was hot, had swum a great deal in nearby streams and ponds. A painstaking search of his clothing and person revealed no helpful dust traces. Then Locard took a delicate instrument and removed some wax from the fellow's ear. Here in miniature was found a complete history of his goings and comings for the past months! Salt from the ocean (he had been a sailor), dust from every road between Marseilles and Paris were found in his ears, *plus* a few microscopic cilia, or winged plumes, of the particular species of mushrooms in the old man's cellar! Locard adjudged these few grains of vegetable matter to be as conclusive as a fingerprint, and urged the police to investigate the man further. This investigation divulged that he was a vicious type of emotional degenerate, with a mottled record of murder and robbery. He admitted killing the old man for his gold watch and told the police that he had guarded the dead body in a dark corner of the mushroom cellar for 18 hours, awaiting an opportunity to drag it out by night and transport it several miles across country to throw the authorities off the track. This confession, induced and corroborated by the discovery of the mushroom spores in his earwax, was held sufficient to send him to Devil's Island for life.

Of course, it should be remembered that the presence of certain elements may be practically devoid of criminological value or interest. Thus coal dust, textile fibers and flour are to be met with everywhere and at any time. On the other hand certain kinds of dust, such as glue, zinc, steel and lead may be considered as occupational or otherwise incriminating. The criminologist must distinguish between the occupational varieties of dust and the specific dust which gives him the essential clue he is seeking.

The nostrils are notorious dust traps; indeed nature has formed them with this object particularly in view—to prevent dust from entering the lungs and upper nasal passages. Gross cleverly utilized this fact when he picked up a handkerchief beside the body of a woman who had been atrociously murdered. The handkerchief was in nowise remarkable, except for some blackish dust in the hardened mucus. Gross examined this dust and found it to be a particular brand of snuff. The search narrowed down to snuff takers and specifically to an addict who inhaled the brand of snuff found on the handkerchief. He was easily located by a canvass of the snuff and tobacco dealers in that vicinity, and on being confronted with this totally unexpected form of incrimination, became confused and blurted out the details of the murder.

Shoes are the prime carriers of dust and mud; it happens in many criminal cases that successive layers are found on the sole of the shoe, each of which has its own significance. To remove this dirt *en masse* would destroy all possibility of what might be termed a "stratigraphic" study, which, of course, must be made by removing one layer at a time. The investigator begins, therefore, by carefully scraping off the superficial layer into a clean receptacle; the second, and all succeeding layers are similarly removed into separate containers. A German investigator named Harder once examined the shoes of a man suspected of robbing a telegraph office situated in a marshy meadow. This examination disclosed the presence of certain algae or microscopic plants which grow only in such marshy territory.

In a certain restaurant all the silverware was stolen one night; the thieves had mounted a chair to reach the shelf where it was kept. Now on the seat of this chair, a napkin happened to be lying. The rather formless mark left on the napkin was of no assistance in indicating the kind of shoe worn by the burglar, but a trace of mud was scraped off and placed under the microscope. Amid various types of animal and vegetable waste matter was discovered an abundance of minute granulations, easily recognizable as fecal material. Evidently the person who had stolen the silver had been trailing through a very sea of filth. Accordingly the police directed their investigation not toward the polished-boot gentry but to a gang of scavengers who hung around the restaurant at night, and among these they found the culprit. He had pawned the silver and his filthy clothes were bulging with money when the law shook him down.

But it was in an experimental case under the direction of Professor Parisot, that the possibilities of scientific examination of the dust on shoes was most brilliantly demonstrated. "We took a walk in the environs of Nancy," writes one of the experimenters, "on the day when the rain had drenched the soil." He goes on to relate that one of their colleagues who had not accompanied them, was asked to examine the various layers of mud on their boots, and to reconstruct, if possible, the route taken by the experimenters. The examiner found four kinds of mud: 1. An argillacious, yellowish layer, mixed with small fragments of calcium. 2. A blackish mud, very fine consistency, very sticky, and, mixed with vegetable particles. In the same layer were small fragments of wood which appeared to be freshly cut, judg-

Continued at top of page 178

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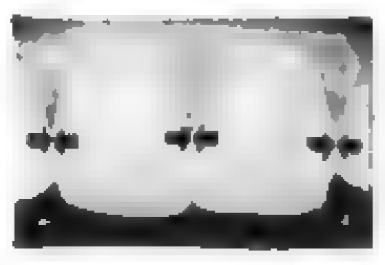

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Dusty Answer

Continued from pages 28-177

ing by the freshness of the cross section. Here and there were fragments of straw and dried leaves. 3. On the highest portion of the heel was observed a grayish dust. Examination showed that it was composed of crystalline particles mixed in with carbonaceous particles and minute reddish débris originating from brick piles. 4. Over all, there was a blackish mud, analogous to that noted in No. 2 above.

The examiner, by means of this information, reconstructed the exact route taken by the pedestrians. The yellowish layer came from Orly Park; the blackish mud was from a road that had been repaved with stones of a very deep color found only on suburban boulevards. The presence of the seeds of the plane tree indicated, clearly enough, that the road was bordered by plane trees; this was the fact on Lobau boulevard, which they followed. The small fragments of wood, freshly broken, showed that the trees on this avenue had recently been pruned. In the next layer, the gray crystalline particles mixed with the carbonaceous, were particles of slag, such as is found in heaps on the tow path along the Marne canal to the Rhine. Lastly, the upper blackish mud came from the Lobau boulevard. With the aid of a map the investigator pointed out to the pedestrians the precise route that they had taken—and confirmed his findings by an examination of dust particles adhering to the cuffs of their trousers!

The "dust analysis school" does not pretend to be omniscient; it merely attempts, whenever possible, to adduce helpful hints from that most impalpable material, dust. It goes without saying that this analysis will never assume the place and merits it deserves until it is more perfectly systematized. To attain this systematization it will be necessary, as Locard points out, "to perfect the technique of micro-chemistry, and second, to establish in the laboratory a uniform method of procedure with regard to the preliminary work of dust collection and its examination. As for the validity of the proofs, this will depend on the definiteness of the findings reported, the chemical reactions obtained, and the rarity of the elements that may be discovered. In the actual state of things the first responsibility of the expert is to form his conclusions with sound judgment. By so doing, the results will be more useful, and more accurate, in proportion to the frequency of application of the method and the number of observations made." #

The Martyr

Continued from page 25

Roosevelt and that's how it started. He crowned the deceased with a bottle of hooch."

"Suppose we put it over for a couple of days," suggested the assistant district attorney. "He'll probably be indicted this week."

Tim, tightly handcuffed, was led from the room. Miss Lubetkin sat trembling with excitement. This was indeed a story! Lenin—Trotsky—Bolshevism—Murder! None of the daily papers had mentioned it. It was what they called at the N. Y. U. School of Journalism "a scoop." She rushed with eager haste from the courtroom clutching her pencil and notebook, and headed up Mulberry Street to the offices of the *Clarion* in Union Square.

She found the editorial office of *The Daily Clarion*, upon her arrival, in a curious state of lassitude. There had been no flagrant violation of the rights of the proletariat for several days. True there were the usual textile strikes somewhere in New England, but the state constabulary had inconsiderately refrained from shooting anybody; no injunctions worth speaking about had been issued by a venal and class-conscious judiciary. To put it in a word, civil liberties were in a distressing state of equilibrium, and things were dull around the *Clarion* office. Sig Goldberg, the swarthy bearded editor, whose secret vanity was that he looked like Karl Marx, sat in his shirt sleeves matching pennies with Barney McCormick, the *Clarion* columnist as Irma burst in breathlessly, her fuzzy tam-o'-shanter awry, and with excitement flashing from behind her bone rimmed spectacles.

"I've got a great story!" she exclaimed.

"Huh," said Sig Goldberg.

"Am I matching you or are you matching me?" said Barney McCormick.

"Listen," said Irma. "It's—it's a scoop—I'm not kidding."

"Horse ran away on Grand Street, I suppose," said Sig. "You're matching me."

"No. Listen. It's a murder. A political murder. A fellow named Tim Brennecke—a communist. He was attacked last night for defending Lenin and Trotsky, and in the row some Italian was killed. Brennecke is held for murder without bail. I've just come from the court—"

At the mention of the word "communist" the two men desisted from their game and listened attentively.

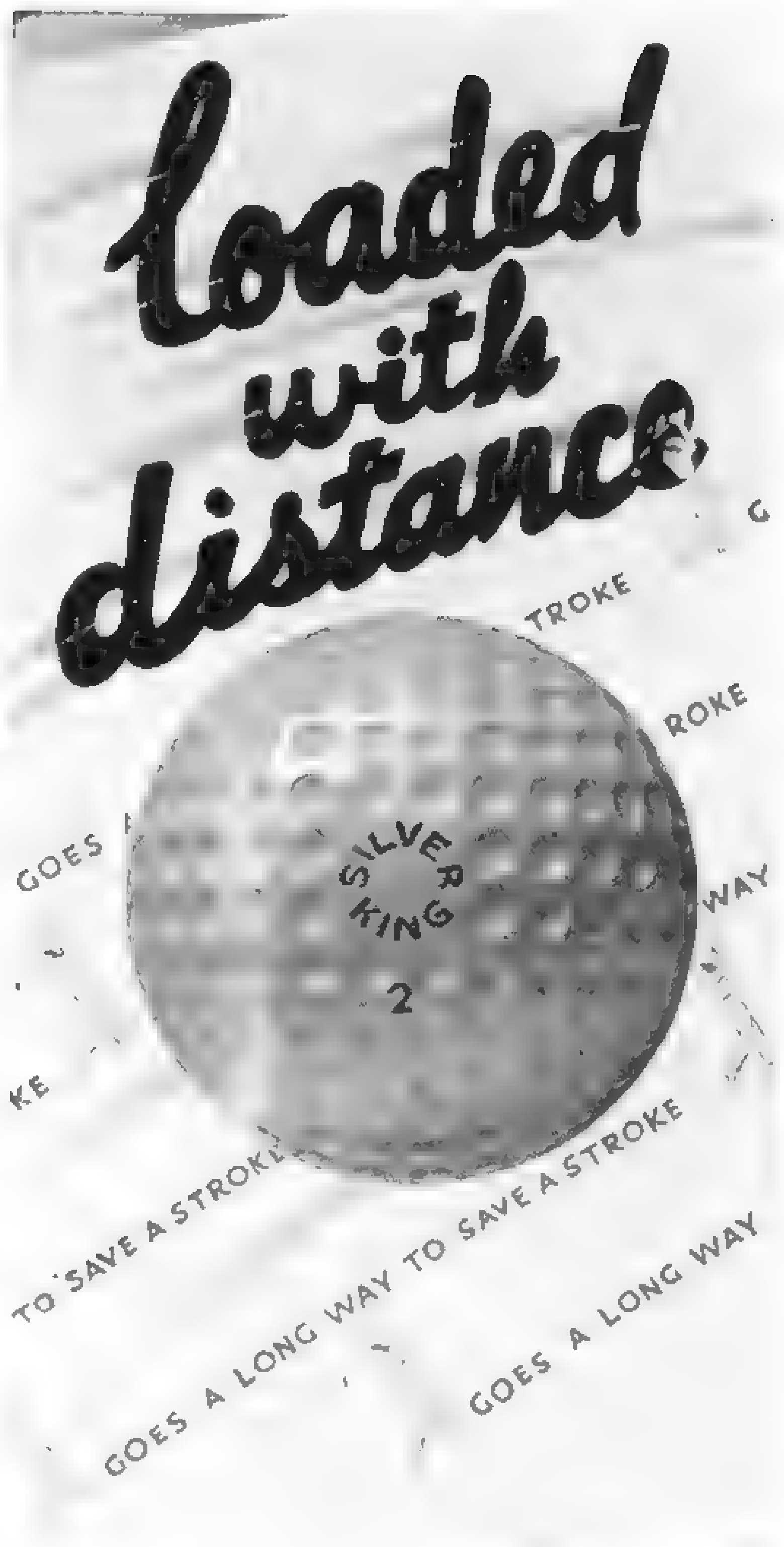
"It sounds like maybe the kid's got something," said Goldberg.

"Sounds like something to me," said McCormick. "Tell me that again."

Irma repeated her story with added details.

"Did he have a lawyer?" McCormick asked.

"No—I don't think so," said Irma. "He's just a poor soda clerk. They're hounding him be-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cause he's a communist. You should of heard that judge!"

"He's got to have a lawyer," said Sig. "You'd better run up there, Barney, and get the dope. I'll call a committee meeting for this evening—"

"Committee?' asked Irma.

"Sure. A defense committee. We're not going to let this kid be persecuted for his political opinions. Call up Wilfred Beecher, Aaron Federblum—"

"Rev. Dr. Peters," suggested Barney.

"Sure. He'll serve. Frank Leary—"

The Defense Committee met at eight o'clock that evening at the *Clarion* office. Wilfred Beecher, the radical novelist, suave and shrewd behind a deceptive Harvard accent, was in the chair.

"The first thing I'd suggest," said Aaron Federblum, the labor leader, "is about raising funds—what I call the sinews of war. You can't fight a battle like this without money." He rose and addressed the chair oratorically. "If J. P. Morgan and Andrew Mellon want to send that boy to the electric chair we've got to—"

"We'll come to that," said the chairman. "The first thing now is to get our committee organized. We've got fifty names suggested so far—clergymen, editors, college presidents and men of importance. Now the next thing is to get a paid secretary to handle the correspondence and the publicity."

"How about Mary Larkin?" suggested Frank Leary. "She did a swell job with that strike case out in Idaho—"

"Fine," said Beecher. "Wire Mary to come on at seventy-five a week. Later when we get going, maybe we'll be able to pay her more."

Federblum adjusted his eye glasses and again attempted to launch into an oration.

"Where's it coming from?" he said. "A case like this takes money—"

"Don't worry about that," said Dr. Peters. "It'll come."

"The Reverend is right," said Leary. "We'll get up mass meetings and dances and raffles—the usual stuff. But meantime, how about getting the kid a lawyer?"

"How about Darrow?" suggested Beecher. "This is his kind of case."

"I don't think he can come," said Sig Goldberg. "He's out west somewhere lecturing. But Bob Thayer is in town."

"Nothing doing," said Federblum. "I don't like these road company Darrows—"

"Well we've got to take what we can get in these radical cases," said Beecher. "You can't expect those bar association lawyers to fight the Morgan crowd. Let's get in touch with Thayer just so the boy's taken care of now. Later on—"

The following day the *Clarion* scored a beat on all of its local contemporaries. By startling headlines across its front page a palpitating world—or so much of it as read the *Clarion*—was informed that the octopuses, tigers, hyenas and such like fauna of Wall Street had conspired to send one Tim Brennecke to the electric chair for daring to defend unorthodox views on economics and government. A committee of distinguished citizens, the *Clarion* readers were further advised, had been formed to combat this sinister plot. Mr. Robert Thayer, the well known leader of the bar, had generously consented to act as defense counsel. Mr. Thayer also generously consented to give a two column interview to Miss Lubetkin, the *Clarion's* star reporter, together with selected portions from the unabridged history of his life. Barney McCormick's column bristled with epigrams calculated to throw terror into the combined houses of Morgan and Kuhn and Loeb.

And then the laggard editors of the less altruistic journals woke up, rubbed their eyes, and wondered what it was all about. By the afternoon the camera men of the tabloid press were besieging the Tombs to obtain portraits of Tim Brennecke, the communist martyr—the man who was willing to give his life that the struggling workers of the world might be free.

Tim Brennecke, in a strange state of bewilderment, sat in his cell in the Tombs reading the newspapers and playing solitaire. The case was only two weeks old but he had already acquired quite a respectable collection of clippings. When his desire for solitaire lagged he amused himself by pasting them in a large scrap book.

It was all extremely confusing; particularly the story he had just read in the morning paper about the picketers who had been arrested the day before for parading in front of the Standard Oil Building as a protest against his arrest. They had carried banners bearing such legends as "Brennecke Must Be Free," and "Socrates—Dreyfus—Brennecke, Martyrs of Freedom." He wondered vaguely who Socrates and Dreyfus were, and whom they had killed, and whether they had been drunk on bootleg hooch when it happened. He wondered, too, why the Standard Oil Crowd should be as bitter against him as the newspapers led him to believe. So far as he could remember he had never done anything to them.

Each day he was called down to the squalid, iron barred counsel room to confer with his attorney.

"Well Tim," exclaimed Mr. Thayer with professional heartiness. "The old machine's running along grand—hitting on all four. We're getting your defense whipped into shape."

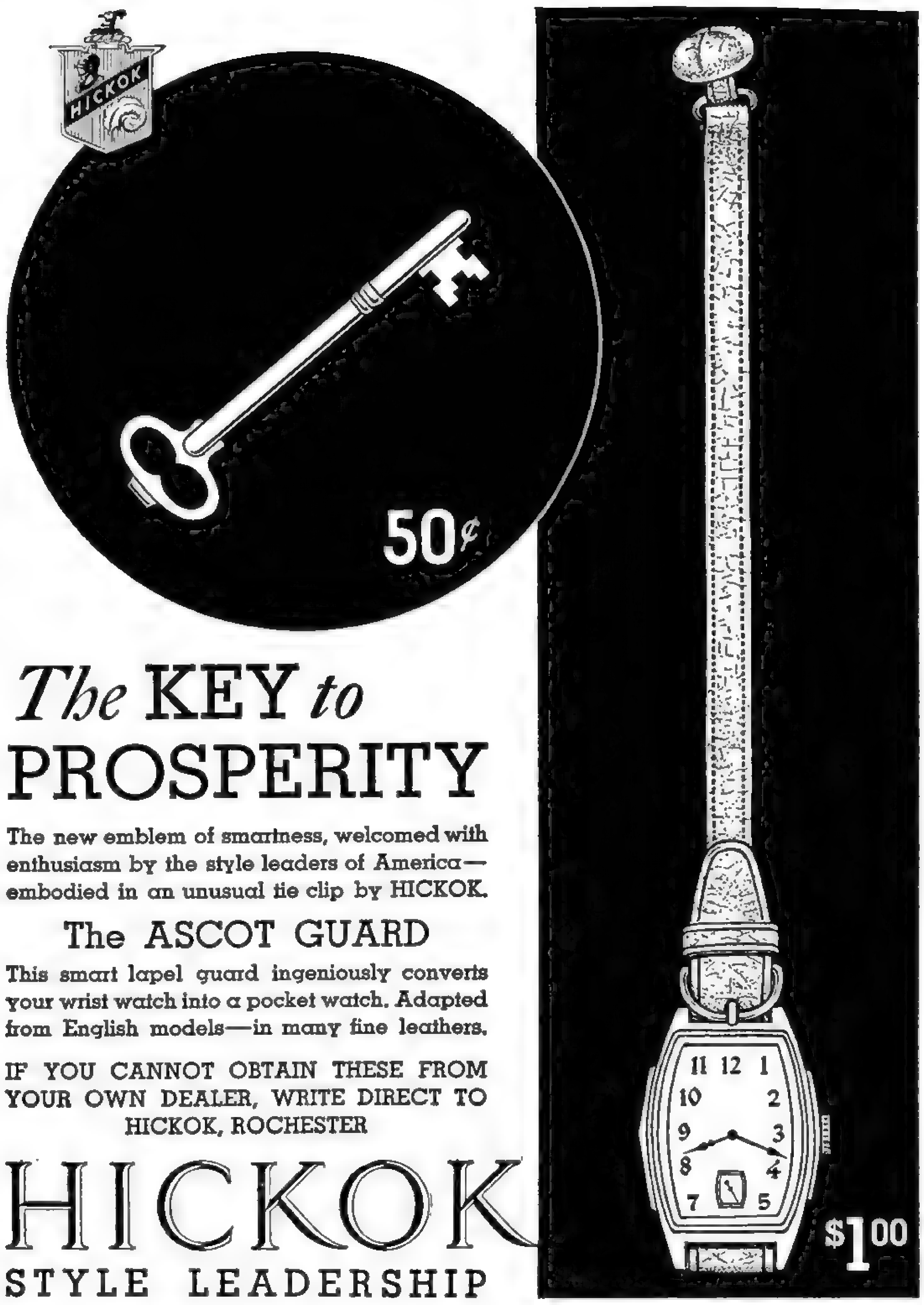
"Yeah?" said Tim apathetically.

"The money's coming in fine. We've got three girls working now—sending out letters and pamphlets and that sort of thing."

"That's swell," said Tim unenthusiastically. "When do I get out o' here?"

"We've got to go slow," said Mr. Thayer. "We can't rush this

Continued on page 180



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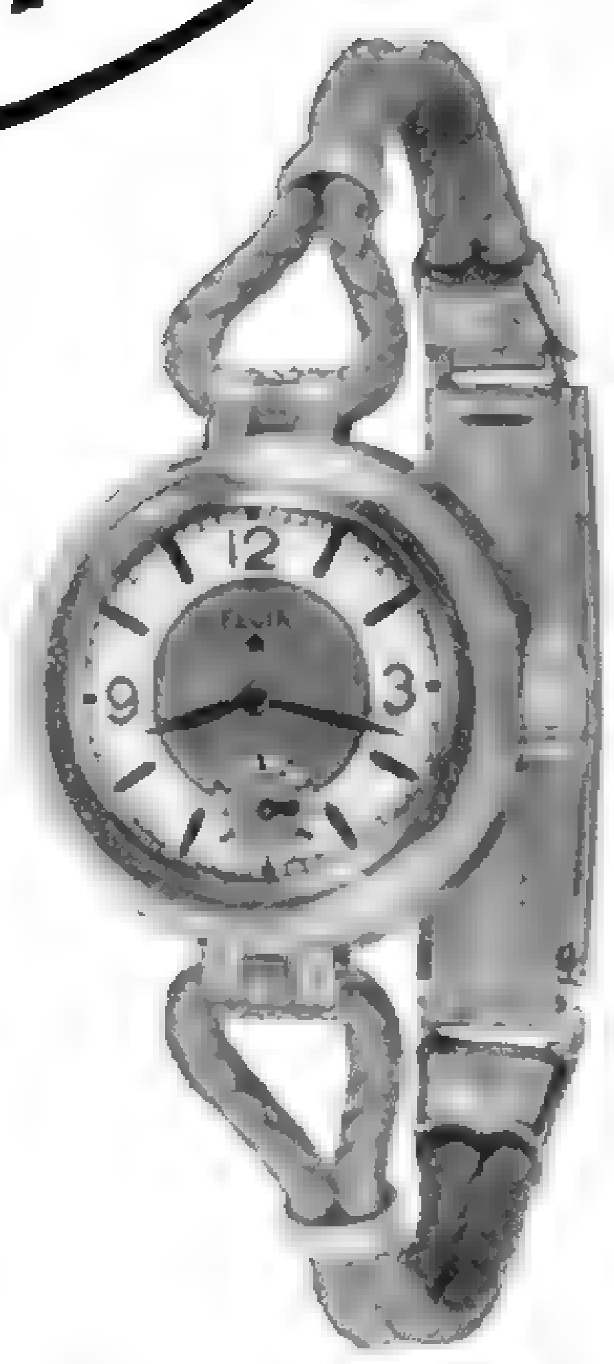

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The Martyr

Continued from pages 25-179

sort of thing. Did you read Irma Smedly Van Heusen's poem today?"

"I couldn't understand it," said Tim.

"Well that's the kind of propaganda we need," said Thayer. "She's one of the best poets in the country. She's going down to Washington next week with a bunch of authors to picket the White House."

"What good'll that do?" Tim asked.

"What good?" Mr. Thayer exclaimed in surprise. "Why they may be arrested!"

"And when do I get out o' here?" Tim asked.

"Take it easy," said the lawyer, calling the uniformed attendant over to let him out of the cage. "You're going to have one of the best defenses any defendant ever had."

Mr. Thayer's prediction concerning the defense was soon to be verified. The following week a crushing blow was struck in the battle to free Tim Brennecke from the toils of capitalism. Fifty ardent devotees of liberty marched on to the American Embassy in London. His Excellency, the Ambassador, looked out from behind the curtains as the delegation paused to sing *The Internationale.*

"Can you make out those banners?" he said to his secretary who stood beside him.

"As near as I can make out," said the secretary peering through the window, "it has something to do with someone named Brennecke."

"Never heard of him," said the Ambassador.

"That banner says that you're trying to electrocute him," said the secretary.

"Possibly," said his Excellency. "It must have slipped my mind."

He left the window and returned to his desk and the contemplation of more ponderous diplomatic affairs. Three débutantes were to be presented at court that night.

To Mr. Tim Brennecke languishing in durance vile all this was not so bad as it might have been. True, he would rather have been out; the opportunities for diversion in the Tombs were circumscribed. He missed his gay debonair companions of the drug store; the jolly care free life of the soda fountain. But there were compensations. His cell was amply decorated with flowers—the daily tribute of the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Soda Dispensers Union, Local No. 18; there were books aplenty, the devoted gifts of various libertarian organizations—and although the titles were largely communistic and unintelligible to him, they added quite a cozy touch to his cell. But best of all was the kick he got out of being a celebrity—of seeing his picture spread across the pages of daily papers, of reading the glowing tributes to his martyrdom, of the illustrious names that were increasingly added to his list of champions, and of the baskets full of sympathetic letters that poured in each day from all parts of the world.

Tim Brennecke awoke one morning with a feeling that all was not quite well with the world. He had been feeling that way a lot lately. Even the attack upon the American Embassy in Madrid—an occurrence that might have delighted his soul a month or two before—left him strangely unmoved. His literary labors into which he had plunged with so much verve—he was writing the story of his life for the *Evening Tabloid*—no longer thrilled him with that rare glow of creativeness that comes with the first adventure into authorship. Even the announcement that a committee of prominent European composers, authors, and sculptors was about to embark for the United States to protest to the President in his behalf was so much dead sea fruit in his mouth.

Vaguely he sensed the reason. It was springtime, and once again the vernal syrups were coursing riotously through the silvered taps of the soda fountains; sundaes, marshmallow floats, frosted chocolates, harbingers of the ever recurring miracle of the springtide were heaped in gay profusion upon the marble topped counters, beautiful maidens perched on tall stools sipped fragrant iced drinks through straws; while behind the counter tall, dapper Ganymedes, his erstwhile companions, performed their immemorial rites. It was springtime in the great outside world and Tim Brennecke, glum and disconsolate, lay a prisoner in his dungeon cell.

A keeper appeared at the door to inform him that his lawyer was downstairs. He descended the iron steps and found Bob Thayer waiting for him in the counsel room. Mr. Thayer was jubilant.

"Well we've got 'em on the run," he exclaimed.

"I suppose Irma Smedly Van Heusen's written another poem," said Tim.

"Better than that. They've fixed the date for your trial—October 5th."

"Do you mean I gotta stay here all summer?" Tim demanded.

"Why not?" said the lawyer. "Think of the propaganda we can put over in that time. Time is of the essence, as we lawyers say. We'll keep this thing going all summer and we'll have your case in great shape. It's the greatest blow that's been struck for liberalism since—"

"An' when do I get out?" said Tim.

"You'll have the most sensational trial in the annals of jurisprudence. They're altering the basement of the court house to make room for the telegraphers and newspaper men. They're even talking of broadcasting the trial."

"That's just fine and dandy,"

said Tim. "That gets me a lot. An' then what?" Mr. Thayer looked sadly at his client.

"I sometimes wonder, Tim," he said, "whether you're really big enough for the rôle you're playing—whether you actually are worthy of your good fortune. All over the world the downtrodden masses are looking to you as a symbol of their emancipation—as a torch to light the pathway to freedom. Your grave will be a shrine of liberty, your blood will baptize—"

"My blood?" Tim exclaimed. "Wait a minute! Let me get this straight. Whaddye mean, my blood?"

"I'm speaking figuratively, of course," said Thayer. "Electrocution, as you know, is—er—unsanguinary."

Tim sank back limply.

"Electrocution," he whispered. "Do you mean there's a chance I'll get the chair?"

"Chance?" said the lawyer. "Chance isn't the word. It's an opportunity. It's a priceless privilege to die that freedom might live. You might make a note of that. It'll sound good in your farewell message."

"But my defense?" Tim gasped.

"Your defense is that you slew the Italian in vindication of the priceless heritage of mankind. No jury will believe you; the Wall Street crowd will see to that. But what of it? Your name will be blazoned among the immortals."

He signalled to the attendant that the interview was at an end, and hurried out of the Tombs to attend the weekly meeting of the defense committee.

That afternoon Tim interrupted his literary activities long enough to write a letter to the District Attorney.

"Dear Mr. District Attorney (he wrote).

My lawyer is a sap and he says I got to be a marter. I don't want to be a marter. I'm sick and tired of the whole business and I want to get out of jail. I hit that wop just for the sake of argument and not because I want to be a marter. A fellow on my tier says if I cop a plea maybe you'll give me the pen. I've been in this dump six mos. already and if it's all the same to you I'd like to drop the whole affair.

Respectfully
TIMOTHY BRENNECKE."

The District Attorney of New York County sat in his office discussing the letter with his assistant Mr. Couzens.

"If we give him the penitentiary that means three years," he said. "I don't like to do it. There'd be a howl in the press. It was a clear case of murder—"

"We'd never convict him of murder. He was pie eyed," said the assistant. "That would probably take the question of premeditation out of the case and reduce it to murder in the second, or, more likely, manslaughter."

"I guess you're right," said the district attorney. "Besides, I'm getting fed up on all this newspaper stuff. You never can tell what sort of turn one of these radical cases will take. I'm for getting rid of it at any price."

"My opinion exactly," said his assistant. "One nut on the jury may tie up the whole works. I suppose I ought to get in touch with his lawyer."

"Sure," said the district attorney. "Professional etiquette, and all that sort of thing."

To say that the information conveyed by Assistant District Attorney Couzens over the telephone was a bombshell in the defense camp is an understatement. An earthquake would be somewhat nearer the truth. Sig Goldberg and Wilfred Beecher gazed at each other in consternation as Bob Thayer broke the news to the defense committee. Barney McCormick groped helplessly for a wise crack.

"So he sold us out to the Wall Street Crowd—the rat!" Aaron Federblum murmured.

"They got to him at last," said Frank Leary.

"We've got to stop him," Sig Goldberg exclaimed. "We can't let him throw us like this—after all we've done for him. Think of the time we've spent on this case! Think of the preparations! You've got to make him go to trial Bob!"

Counselor Thayer puffed sadly upon his pipe.

"I can't make a man stand trial if he wants to plead guilty," he said. "The judge wouldn't stand for it."

"How are finances?" Federblum asked.

"We're in a hole," Sig Goldberg replied. "Rent for the headquarters, postage, stenographers, all that sort of thing. We figured on making a big drive for contributions on the eve of the trial. That's when they always come across. We're in a fine mess."

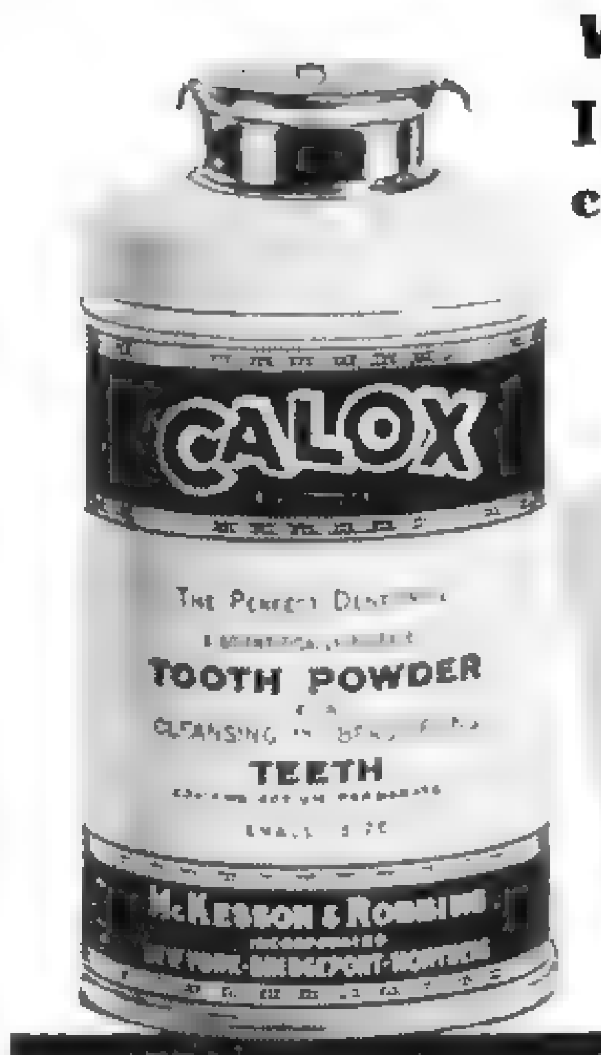
Then Reverend Dr. Peters spoke.

"The fight will go on. This is not the first time the Cause has been betrayed. The fight will go on. Brennecke was not deserving of his martyrdom. I move that we adjourn. I'm getting hungry."

When Tim Brennecke stood up in court the following week and heard himself sentenced to the penitentiary "to be dealt with according to law," there were few in the courtroom to witness his tragic act of betrayal. Judas like he slunk down into the detention pen and away into oblivion. The *Clarion* had dismissed his perfidy with a scathing editorial; the capitalistic press had glossed over the affair lightly and unobtrusively.

In all the great city there was only one so poor to do him reverence. In the rear of the court room sat a young girl in a fuzzy tam o'shanter. She chewed on her pencil as she crowded back the tears that clouded with mist the lenses of her bone rimmed spectacles.

Then Miss Irma Lubetkin left the court, and since it was lunch time, she went across the street to a drug store to order a marshmallow nut sundae. #



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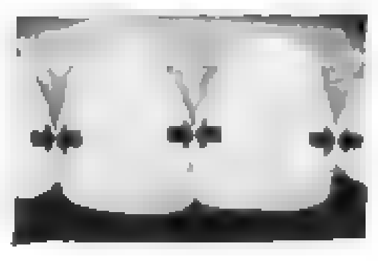

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For a woman prefers
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To a man with his skin
Completely gone.

Yet you *could* be as bronze
As the lad with the discus
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He Who Gets Slap Happy

Continued from page 19

water. Then Howard Lance shouted the outrigger bait was down and your correspondent grabbed the rod and gave the fish plenty of time to get the whole small tuna we were trolling well down before striking. Hooked he made a short but very fast run almost straight down. We pumped him up and had him about fifty yards down when he hooked up straight for shore in a run that melted the line off the 14-0 reel and made it scream in the special high register a man attains when he is dying of lockjaw. There was still a little line on the reel when we turned him and he was coming well, plugging heavily like a huge amberjack, when the rod, the gift of a brother novelist, broke sharp off at the tip. Howard Lance put four rolling hitches and a couple of knots onto the line from another rod and your correspondent worked the fish up. We had him at the side of the boat but in the sun, and Howard was holding the leader ready to gaff him.

"It's a big mako shark," someone yelled. Just then the fish pulled the leader free and sounded again.

"Fecal matter," said your correspondent. "I'll be descended from dogs (Note to Slap Happies. This isn't what was said. It is a joke.) if I'll give any two dollar fish a ten dollar fight."

The fish was pulling very hard down deep. Taking his time your correspondent had him belly up at the stern in fifteen more minutes.

"Canine parentaged mako," said Howie. "No by God *It's a Big Tuna.*"

So it was and it weighed 381 pounds, had a head that seemed made of chromium, a dark blue back, silver sides, was streamlined like a bullet and there were little bright yellow finlets that ran from his anal fin to his tail and still quivered when we got him in the boat. Afterwards we caught another that weighed 319 in 48 minutes. The first one took one hour and twelve. Then we left for Key West, see above report, and worked and while we were gone they ran thick and Kip Farington fishing with Tommy Gifford caught three of 330, 400 and 545.

Then a man named Ripley, you can believe it or not, caught one of 484 lbs. with Howard Lance. So now the Great Myth that you cannot catch them in a half mile or a mile of deep water is dispelled. They are tremendously strong, run beautifully, do not jump, ever, after being hooked, and can and will bend your back and your rod plenty. But for enjoyment of the fight and for a thrill a marlin has them beat three hundred ways.

Lately we have been using a Tommy gun on sharks when they come after a hooked fish. Sharks who are going to hit a fish usually show up first close to the boat. They will make a couple of circles before they go down. We bait them up with small pieces of fish to keep them to the top of the water, then throw out a big bait fish tied to a line and as the shark sticks his head out to take it someone gives him a burst. It works beautifully (incidentally the gun never comes into the U. S. It is loaned by a friend who keeps it in another country) but as Katy Dos Passos says, "It does seem such a long way from Isaac Walton." #

Stage-Door Johnny, Esq.

Continued from page 156

his respectability and potentialities for success. He skitters from one jam to another, the perpetual optimist, radiant with trust and confidence, always assuring you—and himself—that this time at last it's going to come out right; it never does, he meets with nothing but failure; thwarted and confused, he nevertheless clings to his faith; bravely beaming, he picks up his battered body and bruised soul, and rushes valiantly into the next disaster. At its most hilarious, his comedy treads that perfect hair-line on the border of deep tragedy.

As I have said, he is not quite Chaplin's equal at pantomime. Nevertheless, he can keep audiences yelping with laughter by such a fifteen minutes of silent clowning as the sketch in the Theater Guild's *Parade* (yes, that peculiar revue furnished the immediate impetus to this discussion) where, as the owner of a huge can-factory, he attempts to run the machinery himself. And he can dance, handle dialogue, and sing. Chaplin never even attempts those two last accomplishments. There Savo has a big edge.

His throaty quaver puts over lines better than adequately. And his singing-voice is really beautiful. Those clear, bird-like tones are exactly what ought to come from such a wop leprechaun. No, Leprechauns have a reputation for somewhat cruel michievousness, and there's not a penn'orth of meanness in this frolicking small bundle of ludicrous pathos. So, I'll say that when the gratifying piping exudes from beneath those round, sad eyes, I am reminded of a slightly constipated thrush.

In *Parade* Jimmy has no *River, Stay Away From My Door*, nor indeed any but flat lyrics and negligible tunes, with which to charm the customers; yet such is his appeal that he wrings enjoyment out of even such shoddy. He is a riot in his sketches, most of the material for which he must have supplied, for it is difficult to believe that the authors could have been inspired while writing for him and have remained so consistently witless in all the rest of the show.

It is a string of Communistic preachments and denunciatory squawks, in stupefying dialogue and banal verse; if the music were a lot better it would be mediocre. There isn't a good giggle among the proceedings, aside from Savo's gallivantings. Popeyed with Raaavolushonary fury, it isn't quite as captivating as the yips you can hear any day in Union Square or Columbus Circle. Whatever flirtatiousness I may have felt toward radicalism has been driven away by all of these left-wing exhibits except those of the Group. Contact with the audiences and the utterances of the rest of these New Millenialists has disenchanted me. How about "Fewer soap-boxes and more soap" as a dandy motto?

So dull is *Parade* that I suspect another Capitalist plot: Sssshh! The wicked interests got it put on so that the Comrades would shatter possible converts with ennui. That's what they call "boring from within."

Can y' imagine the lift you'll get out of hymns in which martyred wage-slaves chant sentiments like "Life could be so beautiful if only wealth were shared" or "How can we be happy dancing, with the fear of Tomorrow in our hearts?"—those aren't the exact words, but I assure you that the originals are not less pathetic. As the evening dragged along, I would not have been surprised to hear numbers like *Moscow Mammy o' Mine* or *U. S. S. R. spells I Love You.*

At *The Young Go First*, the Tovarischtic essay offered one or two evenings later by the Workers' Laboratory, there was no Savo present to offer relief. This one is an inept, interminable screech against the Civilian Conservation Corps. It's strange that there is so little talent in the script department of Ye Movement. Odets is the only real playwright of the Leftists—and he'd be swell anywhere.

Bad writing is not confined to the champions of the Proletariat—not by any means. Two horrors of the dying season demonstrated once more that the "commercial" theatre, at its worst, is something awful. (Let me hasten to say, incidentally, that however monotonous and dull the Workers may often be in their literature, they are never offensive—not in the manner exhibited in these two.)

The first of these, *Knock on Wood*, announces in vulgar terms, the news that Hollywood contains a number of chiselers, and that many movie-agents are heels. It has moments, but not enough of them.

There aren't even moments in *Them's the Reporters.* This hodgepodge of anecdotes purporting to present a picture of newspaper life — the author has some connection with a Bronx sheet—is as sickening as it is unreal. Pondering many of the ideas and the language in which they are couched, I have come to the conclusion that there must be a good many privies up that-a-way.

The Lafayette all-negro players, after redeeming themselves with a more than passable production of *The Front Page* suddenly curled up and were carried out. Too bad. A friend of mine, one Francis Carpenter, was about to give them a suggestion which might have saved them: he begged them to play *The Captive*, substituting for the violets which were the sinister symbol of the original—watermelons!

One gentle crack concerned with the theatre was made recently by a gent who insists upon anonymity. During a discussion of Sam Behrman's writing, he contradicted the assertion that Behrman is the Jewish Shaw by saying "No. He's more like a silk herring."

For the warm summer nights, a most pleasant escapade may be had on the showboat *Buccaneer*. Bobby Sanford, for an inclusive price which is reasonable, puts you on a Hudson River Day liner, with a good band and pleasant dancing, transports you to the picturesque old schooner where a fairish night-club show amuses for an hour or so, then back in the moonlight (if any). The meals en route are surprisingly good, and the drinks reasonable.

SPECIAL FOR BUSINESS-MEN WHO AREN'T TOO TIRED:—Earl Carroll has a fresh shipment of lovely bodies, surrounded by some jokes you haven't heard since then. Pretty sets and costumes and Ken Murray—well, and some good dancers. It's a passable evening, if the weather's very hot. ⧺

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 100

German. It had to be translated into English.

First off let me tell you that *Paths of Glory* is the sort of book you can't put down once you have started it. Second off let me tell you that Mr. Cobb has a good command of individual idiom, that he knows the theory and practice of military procedure to a T; that he is, as a writer, smooth, resilient, alive and telling; and that he has the gift for expanding an incident, ordinarily needing no more than 1750 words of telling, into a full length novel—a novel which has so caught the imaginations and prejudices of some of my confrères that they have not hesitated to say that not only is this the best of all novels dealing with the World War to date but that it should deal a death blow, finally, definitely, to that obscure mass impulse which leads to your going out to slaughter maybe a distant cousin on the propaganda grounds that your cousin (and, by strictly logical inference, you) are so far removed from ordinary humanity that you like to batter out the brains of babies, cut off the breasts of virgins and ram your bayonet through the bellies of old folks.

But, please, I ask with hand timidly upraised, is this really *the* best novel the World War has yet produced? Is that your consensus? That is the way you feel about it because so many New York reviewers think that way about it too, do you? You agree on all points with that consensus?

Then to hell with that consensus. *Paths of Glory* is one of the cleverest pieces of craparanus I have read since *Appointment in Samarra* but craparanus it is, I assert and so shall do until I am hung from the gibbet by all the well-heeled young Communists who are writing in that I don't understand Marx and therefore should be deprived of my job and say-so by the capitalistic minions who run this magazine.

I am against war, fervently. I cringed at the news reels showing the Russian Soviet's horrendous display of its armed forces on May Day: it made our preparation for eventualities seem like a worked-in background for a feud between James Cagney and Pat O'Brien. I avoided the last war on the quite reasonable and technical grounds that I had a wife and two minor children who had no other support except that provided by myself and that, in the event I survived the war with cracked arms and legs, my temperament is such that I shouldn't join a bonus army demanding that I be allowed to put a foot in the trough alongside of the dollar-a-year men and politicians who were fattening while others were away at the front. I shall avoid the next war on other technicalities. But I don't hope I can counsel or direct my son against getting his guts shot out by machine gun bullets while trying to break through a barbed-wire entanglement on the order of a hard-boiled (i.e., insensitive and brainless) brigade commander who would try the impossible in order to win a completely valueless (on all counts) decoration.

Paths of Glory is O. K. Swell. But don't try to tell me that it is the best war book of all war books. Remember *Squads* by James B. Wharton, *Under Fire* by Henri Barbusse, *Men in War* by Andreas Latzko, *All Quiet on the Western Front*, *The Case of Sergeant Grischa*. *Paths of Glory* is a top-notch, tricky invention, worked out with a maximum of intelligence and resource: its climax—the execution of a chosen number from a regiment by order of their own commander "for disciplinary purposes"—is carefully authenticated in an appendix which gives the books and pamphlets in French involving actual incidents in kind. It has all the elements of a successful novel, a successful movie and a successful

Continued on page 185

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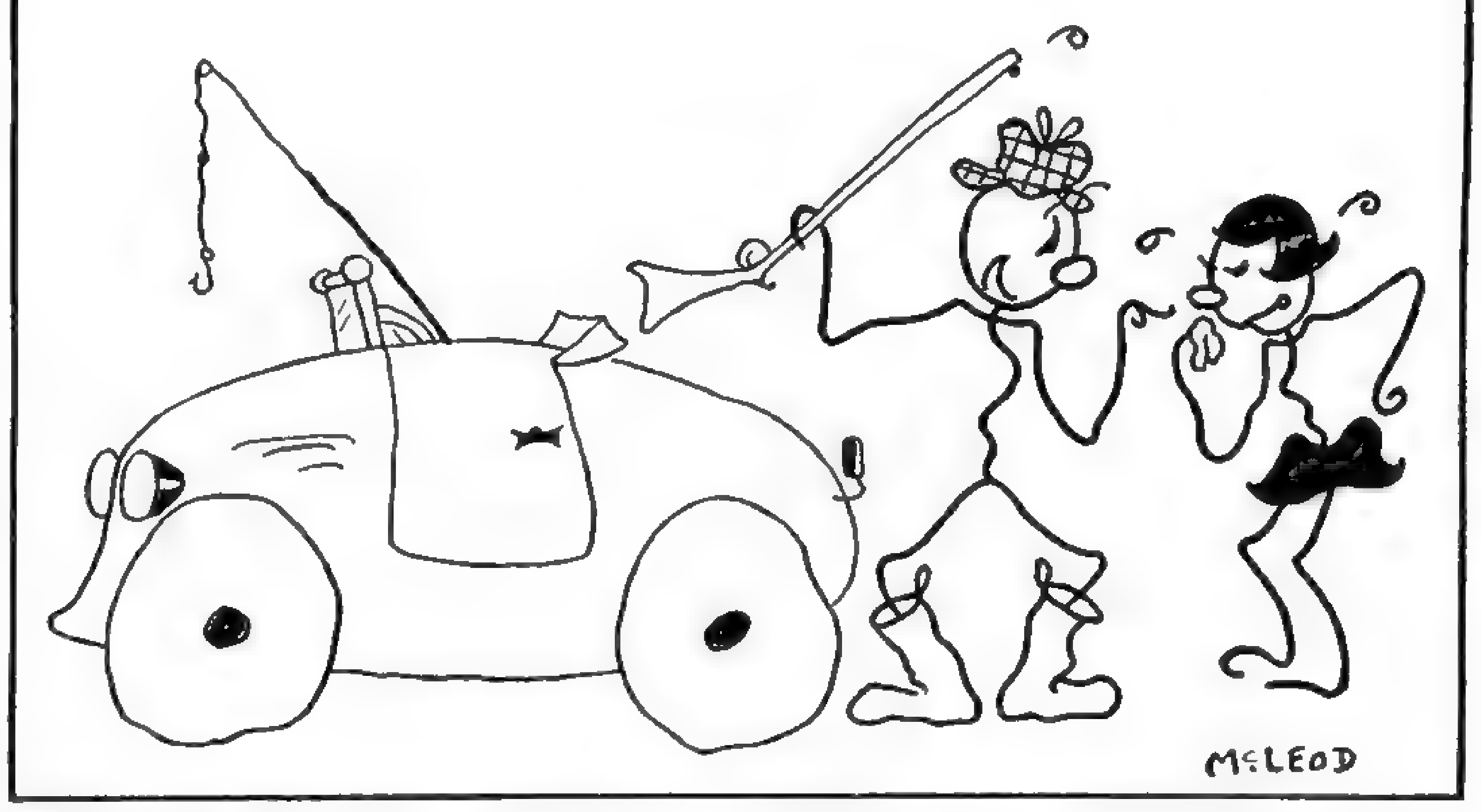
AND DON'T FORGET TO HAVE ABOUT A DOZEN CANS OF DOLE HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE JUICE ON ICE WHEN I GET BACK SWEETHEART.



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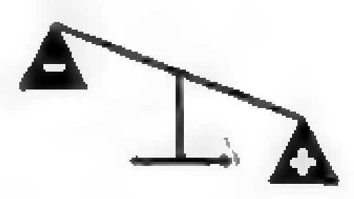
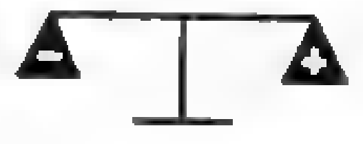
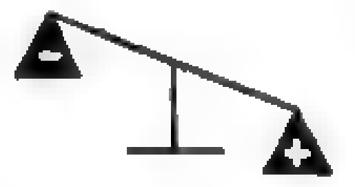
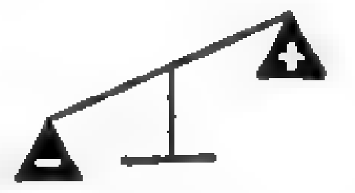
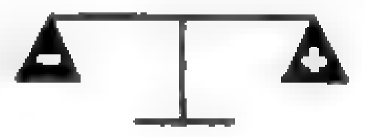
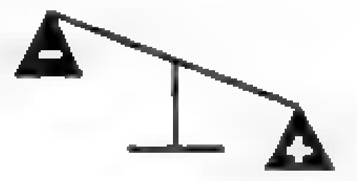
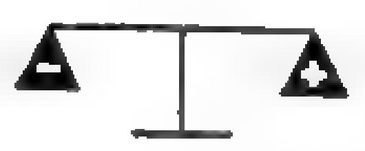
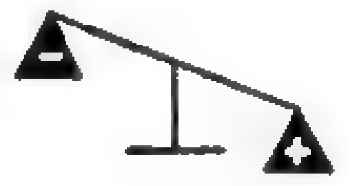
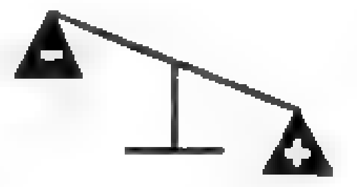
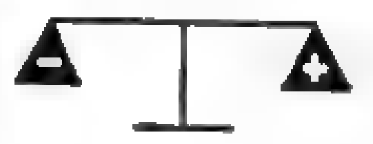
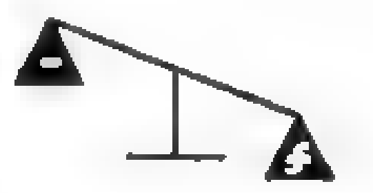
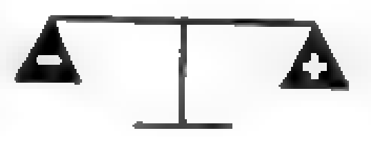
BALANCING THE NEW BOOKS

Title and Author	Type & Taste	Eastern Critics	Mid-Western and Western Critics	Consensus of Critics	Selling Possibilities
FICTION:					
THE CAMBERWELL BEAUTY *By Louis Golding* (Author of *Magnolia Street*) Farrar & Rinehart—$2.50	An adventure story.	*Harry Hansen, N. Y. World-Telegram*—"The entertainment value of the story is in its style, for Louis Golding is one of those who enjoy coddling a phrase and prolonging a conversation and holding their readers by this method. The device is often found in the lighter forms of English fiction, and while it does not give *The Camberwell Beauty* a place beside *Magnolia Street*, it may help harassed American readers to regain some of their serenity and detachment." *Lewis Gannett, N. Y. Herald-Tribune*—"Louis Golding's latest bit of fluff and fantasy." *Saturday Review of Literature*—"A curious but entertaining yarn which flickers back and forth between realistic fiction, in a not unfamiliar British style, and mystery melodrama."	*Ted Robinson, Cleveland Plain Dealer*—"It is all very complicated, extravagant and humorous, and yet there is a sort of realism and speciousness about the whole thing that will not allow you to treat it as mere farce or as a modern fairy tale. It is as vivid with characterization as are Golding's other books, and the mixture of magic, Mafia, Sicily and butterflies is a fascinating one."		Likely to reach a limited but appreciative audience.
CAT ACROSS THE PATH A first novel *by Ruth Feiner*, formerly a German movie actress and a song writer. Lippincott—$2.50	Novel, using as theme music, both modern and classical.	*N. Y. Times Book Review*—"May contain the basis for successful stage and film plays." *John Chamberlain, N. Y. Times*—"*Cat Across the Path* may have been chosen by the English Book Guild, and it may turn out to be 'a world's best seller without question,' as Sylvia Lynd predicts, but it is just one of those things for an idle hour in the old summer hammock, for all that."	*Fanny Butcher, Chicago Tribune*—"In my simple opinion it's just another excellent dime novel in a not too good translation by Norman Alexander." *San Francisco Chronicle*—"With its entertainment, its easy familiarity with the world of modern music in the lighter scale, to which Ruth Feiner has contributed both the songs and the singing of them, it is well deserving of popular approval." *Ted Robinson, Cleveland Plain Dealer*—"This long novel is not at all a happy one, but it is full of romantic interest."		A best seller in England.
FLY-BY-NIGHT *By Eric Hatch*, author of *Five Days* and *Road Show.* Little-Brown—$2.00	Humorous novel for Wodehouse and Thorne Smith fans.	*N. Y. Times Book Review*—"The story is told in Eric Hatch's characteristically gay and irresponsible style." *Saturday Review of Literature*—"This is distinctly a hammock book for the summer; it's nothing more than that. You can get some chuckles and maybe one hearty laugh out of it, and a pleasant little flicker of young romance."	*Joseph Henry Jackson, San Francisco Chronicle*—"Like the author's *Road Show* and *Five Days*, it is lightest of the light; a faintly hysterical, really pretty funny tale, the kind of thing our good friend Pelham Grenville Wodehouse might write if he were an American instead of an Englishman . . . ideal summer reading."		A fair sale.
LADIES IN THE PARLOUR *By Jim Tully*, author of *Jarnegan, etc.* Greenberg—$2.00	A novel for the non-squeamish.	*N. Y. Herald-Tribune Books*—"*Ladies in the Parlour* lacks the elements which might have redeemed its stale story. It is neither amusing nor ironic. It is just something that Mr. Tully has scraped up and strung together by going back to back fences. "This is not a parlor story, either in its language or in the locale of its prevailing action. Mr. Tully, who has made some expert contributions to the literature of hobo life and Hollywood, has now turned out something which will only hold your attention as long as you are inclined to hold your nose."	*Ted Robinson, Cleveland Plain Dealer*—"If Jim Tully had been artist enough to tell his story starkly, brutally and truthfully, he might have made a masterpiece even out of a pre-war bagnio. He has not had the intellectual or artistic integrity to perform this task, and the result is the most unfortunately ridiculous book of the season."		Probably limited by bad press notices.
LANDTAKERS *By Brian Penton*, a columnist on a Sydney newspaper. Farrar & Rinehart—$2.50	A novel of brutality. Background: Australia, 1840-1865.	*N. Y. Times Book Review*—"Harshly veridic reporting. The story has the fascination of the repulsive, but it does not move the reader except in so far as he brings his own interpretative values to it. Only truthfulness prevents the performance from degenerating into a Gothic chamber of horrors." *Saturday Review of Literature*—"A thoroughly realistic picture. . . . There are intricate human situations handled here with a sympathy and artistry that are the hallmarks of a novelist of major stature; this is a first novel."	*Fanny Butcher, Chicago Tribune*—"There is enough of our own remembered pioneer tradition in it to make it understandable and thrilling to American readers, and at the same time enough of the bizarre, the locally vivid to give it the allurement of the unknown. It is a serious book and at times a powerful one."		Limited sale.
OUT OF THAT DREAM *By Katherine Newborg* Doubleday, Doran—$2.50	A first novel for arm chair and actual travelers who like people.	*Daird Tilden, N. Y. Herald-Tribune Books*—"*Out of That Dream* is a youthful book, sensitive and eager as youth is at its best. It has also the grace and dignity that sometimes makes a wise youngster more mature than his elders." *N. Y. Times Book Review*—"*Out of That Dream* is a novel tenuous and intense, but written throughout with extreme delicacy and sensitiveness. What she has to say—and admittedly it is not so very significant—Miss Newborg says freshly and well."	*Fanny Butcher, Chicago Tribune*—"It sounds to me like practically every other first novel of the normally gifted young writers who have a natural way with words and almost nothing to write about."		Small sale though a deserving first novel.
GENERAL:					
AMERICAN MESSIAHS *By "The Unofficial Observer,"* author of *The New Dealers.* Simon & Schuster—$2	A discussion of political problems and figures.	*Herbert Agar, Saturday Review of Literature*—"The importance of this book is partly obscured by the barrage of tawdry phrases which the author has laid down before and behind his subject. The book deals with the wild men of present-day American politics, and the author discusses them wisely and with sympathy." *Wm. M. Houghton, N. Y. Herald-Tribune*—"The book abounds in racy similes and other tricks of rhetoric not unrelated to the wisecrack. . . . *Unofficial Observer* has a penetrating eye."	*Joseph Henry Jackson, San Francisco Chronicle*—"*American Messiahs* is a useful, almost necessary, manual for anyone interested in the cross currents of American political thought today."		BestSellerTimber.
ENCHANTED ACRE *By Gove Hambidge*, author of *Time to Live.* Whittlesey House—$2.50	For all would-be farmers.	*Lewis Gannett, N. Y. Herald-Tribune*—"Mr. Hambidge has a pleasant way of mixing fact and philosophy. His book is packed with practical advice, from books to read to methods of pruning peach trees; but it lacks that irritating know-it-all quality which rises, cloying as the taste of oversweet ice cream, from virtually the entire crop of garden books."	*Joseph Henry Jackson, San Francisco Chronicle*—"Its very charming philosophy—developed between rows of early June peas, perhaps, and appearing here between the lines—should make it the pleasantest kind of reading for hundreds who have the Hambidge family's own inclination toward the country life, if only they could find the way." *Sterling North, Chicago Daily News*—"*Enchanted Acre* tells in realistic, but delightful fashion just what one may expect out of subsistence farming."		Deserves a good size sale.
GOD'S SOLDIER: GENERAL WILLIAM BOOTH *By St. John Ervine*, biographer of *Charles Stewart Parnell.* Macmillan, 2 vols.—$7.50	Biographies of William and Catherine Booth.	*Lewis Gannett, N. Y. Herald-Tribune*—"The life story of General William Booth, founder of the Salvation Army, is as fantastic a drama as any in the history of England. St. John Ervine tells it, piously and at vast length, but with a lay eye to color, in *God's Soldier: General William Booth.*" *Ernest Sutherland Bates, Saturday Review of Literature*—"Whatever its defects of partisanship, and they are many, *God's Soldier* is likely to remain the standard work in its field for many years to come. . . . Mr. Ervine knows how to hold the unflagging interest of his reader through more than a thousand pages of narrative."	*Joseph Henry Jackson, San Francisco Chronicle*—"An extraordinarily lively job of writing. It is biography, religious history and social history all rolled into one." *Fanny Butcher, Chicago Tribune*—"St. John Ervine has done an impressive biography in *God's Soldier.*"		A good sale for a 2-volume set.
THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION *By Wm. Henry Chamberlin*, author of *Soviet Russia, The Soviet Planned Economic Order* and *Russia's Iron Age.* Macmillan, 2 vols.—$10	For all those with their eyes on Russia.	*John Chamberlain, N. Y. Times*—"His history, therefore, is more than a gloss on Trotsky. Yet so closely does he follow the conclusions of the Trotsky history, particularly in his sections that deal with the Bolshevist success in capturing power, that large chunks of this new history will seem supererogation to some." *Lewis Gannett, N. Y. Herald-Tribune*—"In the main Mr. Chamberlin sticks to the records. His industry has been enormous and his task of selection has been skillfully done. If his interpretations are not strikingly new or original, that is not his fault; and his volumes will surely find their place as an indispensable reference book."	*Sterling North, Chicago Daily News*—"Out of the welter of propaganda, self-expression and wishful thinking which passes for iterature on soviet Russia comes a quiet, serious, honest, exhaustive account of the revolution!" *Joseph Henry Jackson, San Francisco Chronicle*—"For the reader who is weary of polemics and who would like to have a chance to look at that extremely confusing phenomenon, the Russian revolution, from a reasonably dispassionate point of view."		Likely to sell slowly but surely for years.
SOUTHEAST OF ZAMBOANGA *By Vic Hurley*, with foreword by *Max Miller* (*I Cover the Waterfront*). Dutton—$3.00	Adventure with yarns about deadly snakes and blood-thirsty Moros.	*Lewis Gannett, N. Y. Herald-Tribune*—"The book has the Max Miller charm and the Max Miller preoccupation with the problem of 'getting away for a while.' . . . He tells some fine snake stories, and makes you believe them; he also convinces you that cocoanut growing is not as easy as it sounds. But you note that he still lives in Zamboanga, and you'd like to join him." *Edward Frank Allen, N. Y. Times*—"The book is a matter-of-fact record of a year's sojourn in the bush of Mindanao, Southeast of Zamboanga, where the natives dance the tanga, the traders sin and drink bad gin, the guns go banga-banga."	*Joseph Henry Jackson, San Francisco Chronicle*—"Though it makes no pretense of being either a weighty study of little-known tribes or a record of hair-raising adventure, his book partakes a little of the nature of both these things and is excellent reading to boot."		Deserves to be a Best Seller.
SEX AND TEMPERAMENT *By Margaret Mead*, ass't curator of ethnology, *American Mus. of Nat. History.* Morrow—$3.00.	An exhaustive study of three savage tribes on the island of New Guinea.	*Lewis Gannett, N. Y. Herald-Tribune*—"An astonishing story . . . a worthy successor to her *Coming of Age in Samoa* and *Growing Up in New Guinea.*" *John Chamberlain, N. Y. Times*—"What history—and its extension into antiquity that goes by the name of anthropology—proves is that human nature, as Dr. Mead says, is 'unbelievably malleable.' So let's have no more dogmatizing by people who say 'It's against human nature' when they mean 'I don't like it.'"	*San Francisco Chronicle*—"This lack of precision in all of the discussion, and the fact that the conclusions seem to be somewhat divorced from the rest of the material, definitely detract from the value of the work as a scientific study. Despite this, the book will be found interesting reading by the layman."		Fair Sale.

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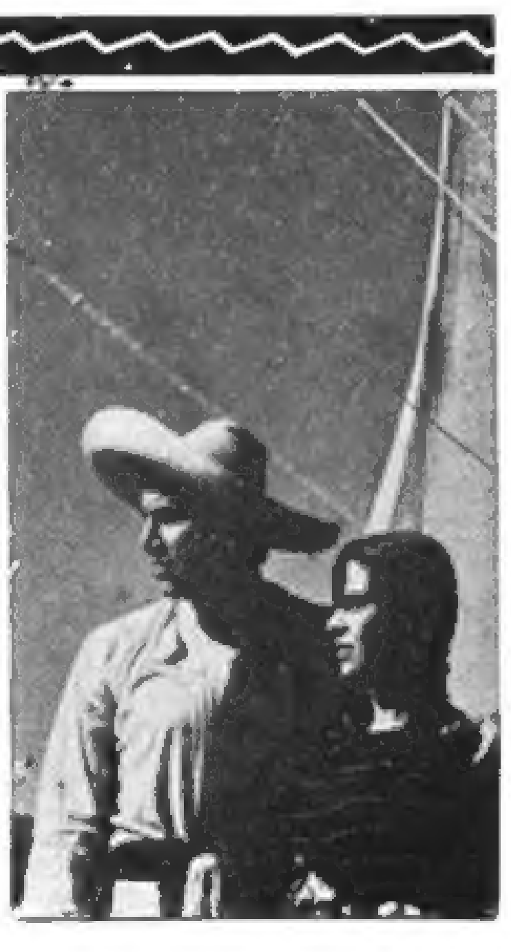

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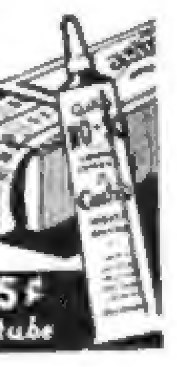

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Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from pages 100-183

play and I predict it will be all of these; but it is all too pat, even to the sharp differentiation between the men whose imposed duty it was to shoot the innocent men from their own company who were condemned by a vain, sadic bastard of a general who wanted the cross of the Legion of Honor even more than he wanted to maintain his reputation as a good and efficient officer.

I have seen the movie, *Ruggles of Red Gap*, three times. I'll see it again every time I see it billed on the marquees of remote nickelodeons. My scouts are instructed to wire me collect whenever they learn that the pix is being shown within a radius of 150 miles of my manor, Dire Straits, Larchmont, New York. Last time I saw it it cost me I don't remember how much money in gas for Buchephalus II, tickets and hamburgers (Liberty steaks) with coffee at Ye Tony Diner. But as long as the money holds out—easy come, easy go—I want to see and enjoy and study how it is done, something I didn't believe could be done: Charles Laughton in the role of Ruggles and the recitation of The Gettysburg Address in a comedy.

I wonder yet. But there it is, my esquires, the superbest (if you will be lenient with my idiosyncratic superlatives) performance you have ever seen Laughton, Charlie Ruggles, Zazu Pitts, Roland Young or any of the regulars in the Westerns on the Paramount lot in. It made me want to go right back and read all the Harry Leon Wilson stories I could get hold of.

And that is how, esquires, you too can read *Ruggles* and *Merton of the Movies* and *Bunker Bean*, because when I looked for these stories I found they were out of print. I persuaded a publisher to bring the batch of them out in one volume at two bucks. I told him I thought it would be a good thing for American literature (and I was right about that) but what I really wanted was a free copy and not to have to go around to second-hand bookshops for hours on end trying to get what I wanted . . . Maybe you didn't like *Ruggles of Red Gap* when you saw it in the movies. If you didn't, all right, goodday, give my regards to your psychiatrist and tell him that fresh air, plenty of sleep and good food are the old reliables, you can't beat 'em.

John L. Spivak, author of *America Faces the Barricades*, is in a camp where I would probably be put in the jug or, at best, be peeling potatoes for duration. So it is probable that he and I could not agree at all on the fine points of the higher metaphysics of Marxism. I say this in courtesy to Mr. Spivak, because I deduce that he is a Stalin Communist from the fact that his writings appear in The Communist organs, *The Daily Worker* and the *New Masses*. I don't want to offend him in any way; and I hope he will be quick to disclaim any traffic with such a bourgeois apple-knocker as I am. But, just between you and me and leaving Mr. Spivak out of it, that bird is the best reporter, in my not at all humble opinion, in the whole United States at the present moment. Name any of them with by-lines and tell me what salaries they get and I'll tell you, I'll *tell* you, that Spivak is top so high that the also-rans look like editorial writers, than which there is no lowlier species in the journalistic world. (I've sunk to those depths and know what I am talking about.)

If I were a capitalist newspaper owner-editor there is only one man I know of at the present moment I should urgently want on my staff. That guy is John L. Spivak. Maybe he wouldn't work for me but I would make the ante so high and the terms so comfortable that possibly I should get him. I should give him a roving commission to investigate anything he wanted to, including me, and guarantee that what he discovered would be published. My circulation would go up by leaps and bounds. And I should have the enjoyment all newspaper men and former newspaper men wish for of seeing a definite assignment thoroughly investigated and covered with a complete absence of editorial comment.

Spivak's *America Faces the Barricades* should be the principal text-book model in all schools of journalism, because it illustrates as no other book before it the ideals of true reporting. Ideal completion of an editorial assignment consists of this: (1) you should have the courage, intelligence and resource to obtain all of the available data concerning any incident; (2) you should report the relevant facts succinctly, clearly and in order and as you know them, for a fact, to be; (3) you should leave your private opinions out of it.

Mr. Spivak has done all this in his investigation of Nazi propaganda in this country, in his investigation of all sorts of group movements, static conditions and other aspects of the current scene. And so nearly perfect is he in his reportorial ideal that I know he is a Communist only from the fact that his services are rendered to Communist publications. There was no Pulitzer Prize awarded this year for especially meritorious newspaper reporting. That is a point in favor of the Pulitzer Prize Committee: there wasn't any.

There was, of course, but you can't expect the Pulitzer Prize Committee to be aware of the *New Masses* and *The Daily Worker*, wherein *America Faces the Barricades* in part appeared. ##

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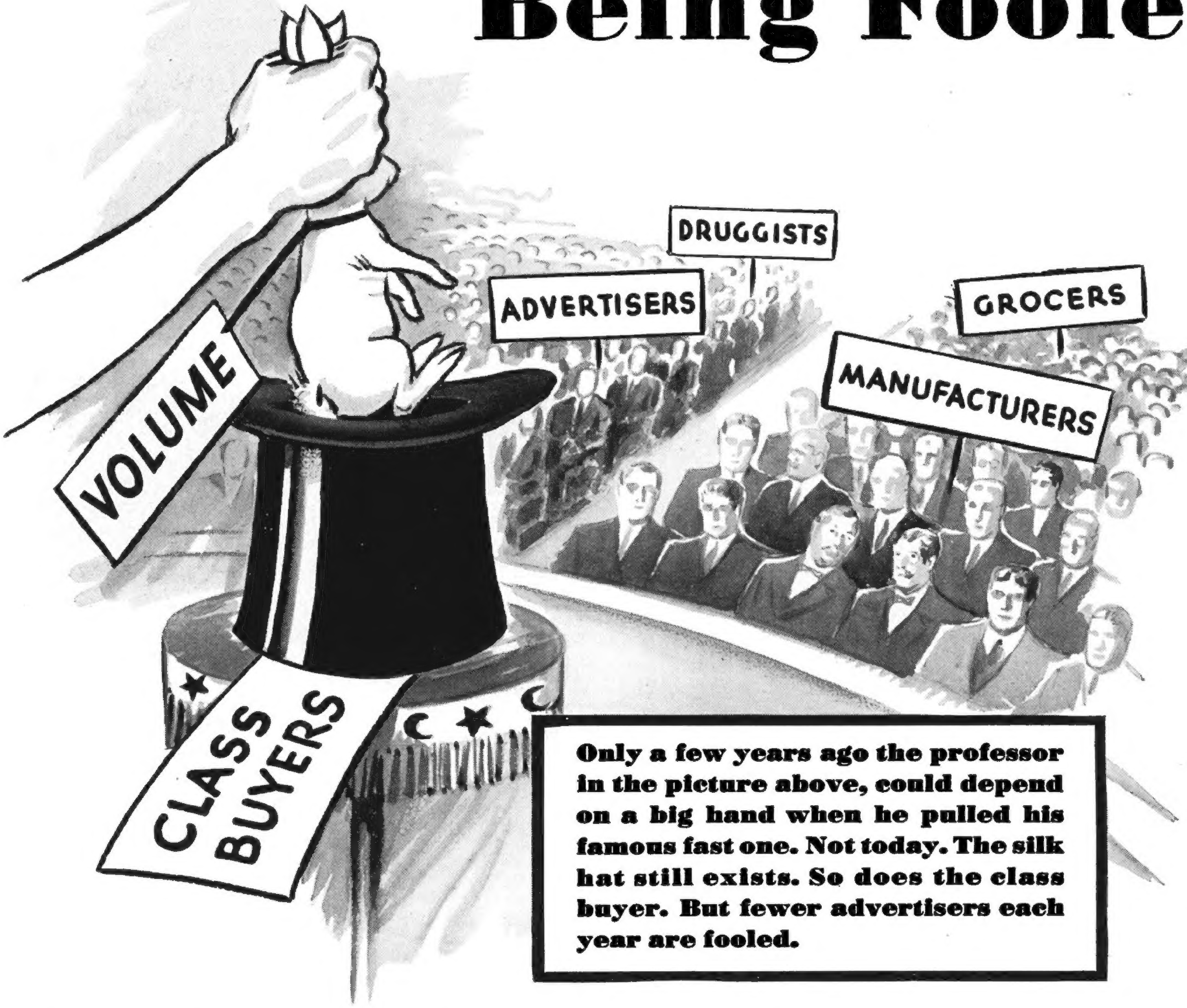
● *To the* EXECUTIVE
Whose Signature Is Required On Advertising Contracts

Is Anyone Here Being Fooled?



Only a few years ago the professor in the picture above, could depend on a big hand when he pulled his famous fast one. Not today. The silk hat still exists. So does the class buyer. But fewer advertisers each year are fooled.

Right now the manufacturer faces this inescapable fact:

The EMPLOYED today represent the sole source of Volume sales; the buying power of the nation rests squarely in their hands.

Make no mistake about this. No amount of expert wishing can change it. Clear, unbiased thinking can lead to no other conclusion.

The immediate responsibility therefore, of the major executive is to determine unerringly *where to reach the* EMPLOYED.

Today there is only one place in the United States where the great army of Earners gathers every day, twice a day, *and that is in the Street Cars.* Here you will find them each day, on their way to and from the very jobs which make them the nation's Volume BUYERS.

If it cost you MORE to reach them, it would be your executive responsibility to plan your budget accordingly.

The amazing fact is that it costs LESS.

You can reach *Today's VOLUME Buyers* through Car Advertising every day *at a lower cost* than in any other *one medium or combination of mediums.*

Facing present-day facts without prejudice must quickly bring executive decision to an advertising plan based squarely upon *continuous daily contact with the nation's Earners.*

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THE PICTURE OF SUMMER FASHION IN

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Interwoven Socks for mid-summer wear are as carefully fashioned . . . as authentically planned . . . as Interwoven Socks for any other season or any other activity. That is why Interwoven remains the greatest name in socks in Summer, Fall, Winter and Spring. The Summer styles are smart, cool-appearing and comfortable because they are actually cool. Let your haberdasher show you the Interwoven Summer creations.

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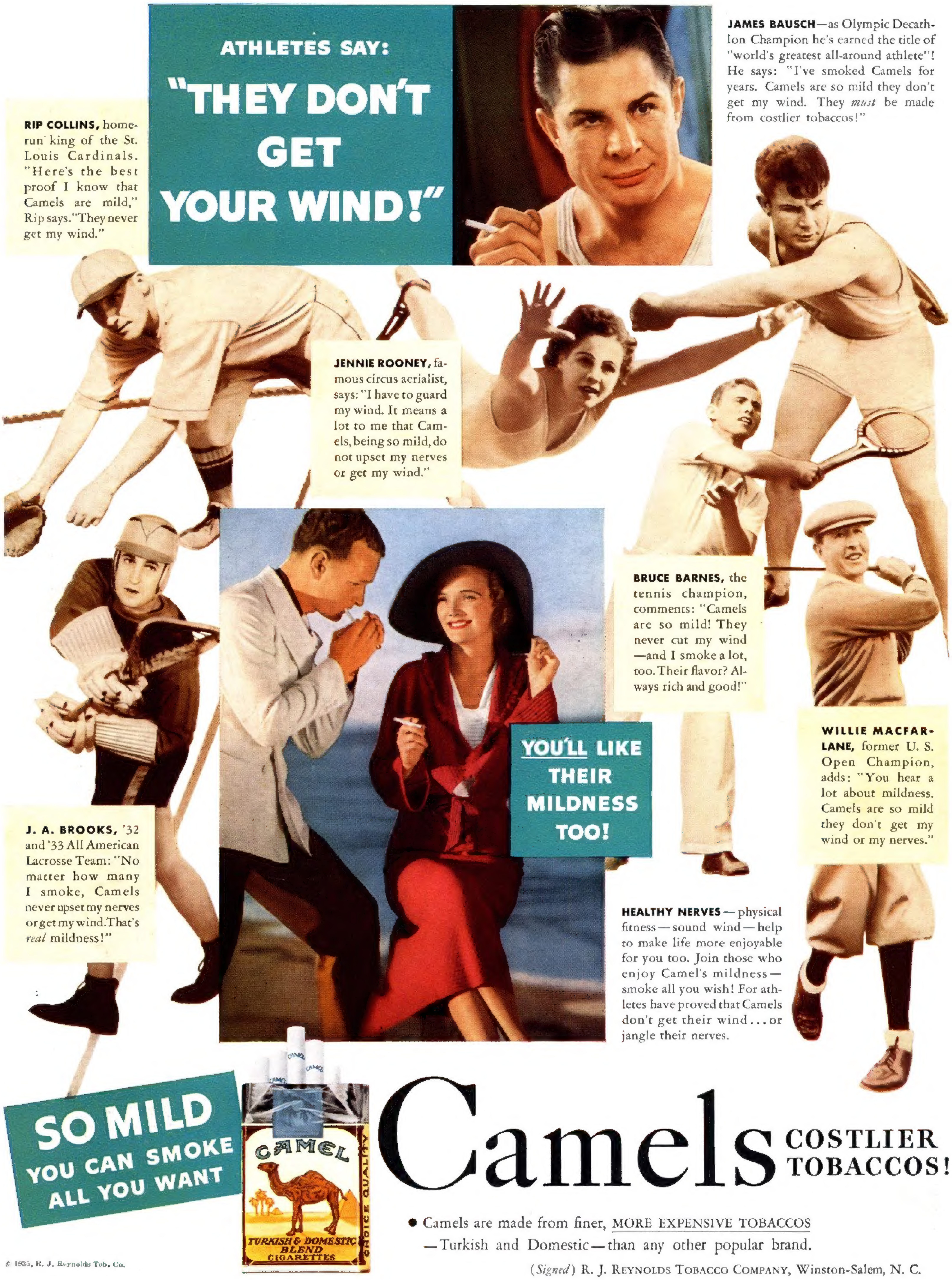

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RIP COLLINS, home-run king of the St. Louis Cardinals. "Here's the best proof I know that Camels are mild," Rip says. "They never get my wind."

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WILLIE MACFARLANE, former U. S. Open Champion, adds: "You hear a lot about mildness. Camels are so mild they don't get my wind or my nerves."

J. A. BROOKS, '32 and '33 All American Lacrosse Team: "No matter how many I smoke, Camels never upset my nerves or get my wind. That's *real* mildness!"

YOU'LL LIKE THEIR MILDNESS TOO!

HEALTHY NERVES—physical fitness—sound wind—help to make life more enjoyable for you too. Join those who enjoy Camel's mildness—smoke all you wish! For athletes have proved that Camels don't get their wind . . . or jangle their nerves.

SO MILD YOU CAN SMOKE ALL YOU WANT

Camels

COSTLIER TOBACCOS!

- Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.

(*Signed*) R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, Winston-Salem, N. C.

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